

PICTURES OF TRAVEL

IN THE

SOUTH OF FRANCE.

BY

ALEXANDER DUMAS.

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PREFACE.

M. ALEXANDRE DUMAS has hitherto been chiefly known to the reading public of England as a novelist, but in his own country, he is read and admired in four distinct departments of literature. Considered as an historian, in which character he has several times appeared, he has not always succeeded in divesting himself of the peculiarities of the romancist. As a novel writer, he takes the highest rank; and in his dramas, whether tragedies, comedies, melodramas, farces, or spectacles, he is not less fortunate than in his novels; while his success in these two departments has not been greater than that which he has more recently achieved as an author of books of travels, or "*Impressions de Voyage.*"

M. Dumas has published the "impressions" produced by his travels through various countries. Sometimes these must have been produced second-hand, if we are to believe certain persons very uncharitable, who deny that the author ever visited the countries the peculiarities of which he has described.

It would have been, however, a work of too much—in fact, of needless—daring, for an author, resident in Paris, to have written

about places in his immediate vicinity without having previously visited them. In the case of the "South of France," there can be no doubt, whatever the ill-natured may say, that M. Dumas did not travel through books alone, but that he has only described what he actually saw.

He has been accused of presuming upon the ignorance of his readers, when writing of scenes of which they knew nothing; but in this instance he has told them of places and objects with which many of them have been familiar during their lives, and yet with every sentence he has told them something of which they have, doubtless, been but partially informed, or entirely ignorant.

M. Dumas, in the following pages, alludes to those tourists who travel a thousand miles to view a wonder, while they have never observed a still greater wonder at their own doors. In fact, the work may be considered as, in some respects, a satire on this class of easy and comfortable persons. At all events, the writer proves, in a manner the most satisfactory, that useful travelling, like real charity, might begin at home.

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PICTURES OF TRAVEL IN THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

CHAPTER I.

THE ARAVAN.



We left Paris on the 15th of October, 18—, with the intention of visiting the South of France, Corsica, Italy, Calabria, and Sicily.

The journey which we were about to undertake was neither an excursion of men of the world, nor an expedition of *savants*, but a pilgrimage of artists. We had no notion of tearing along the roads

in our post-chaise, nor of burying ourselves in libraries, but meant to go wherever a picturesque scene, an historical reminiscence, or a popular tradition might attract us. Consequently we commenced our travels without any fixed route, trusting to chance and good fortune to conduct us wherever there should be anything worth notice, and troubling ourselves very little about the harvests already reaped by our predecessors. For we knew that every ear of God's corn could not be collected into the garner of man, and that no land can be so thoroughly gathered as to leave not a single sheaf for history, poetry, or imagination to glean.

The caravan was composed of Godefroy Jadin, whose paintings in the two previous exhibitions had just placed him among the first of our landscape painters; Amaury Duval, whom we were to join at Florence, where he was studying the old masters, and completing that education in the great school of Raphael which he had commenced in the studio of M. Ingres; myself, who was the director of the party, and "Mylord," who was its attendant.

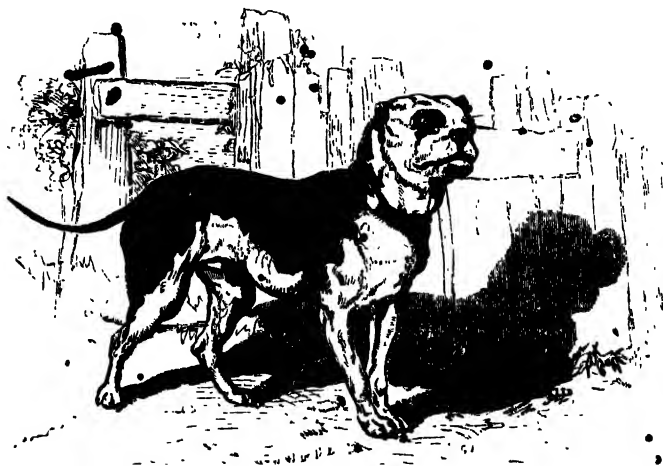
As the three first persons whom I have named in the list of travellers are already more or less known to the public by their works, I shall say no more about their qualifications, physically or morally; but I must beg permission to return to the last of all, who, in the course of this narrative, will play too important a part for me to neglect introducing him from the very first pages to all my readers, by whom he is, I believe, entirely unknown.

Mylord was born in London in the year 1828, at the residence of Lord Arthur G——, in the Regent's Park. His father was a terrier, his mother a bull-dog, both of the purest and most ancient descent; so that the son united in himself the characteristic qualities of each race. That is to say, in a physical point of view, his head was as large as all the rest of his body together, and was adorned with large eyes, which became the colour of blood at the least excitement; and a nose half divided, so as to exhibit a portion of the upper jaw of a mouth which opened to the very ears, and closed like a vice. Morally, he possessed a spirit of combativeness, which, when roused, would exert itself indifferently against every species of animal or thing, from the rat to the bull, from the fusée which flies from the firework, to the lava which darts from the volcano.

Lord Arthur G—— was a great betting man; and often the father and mother of Mylord had been the means of his gaining considerable sums, the first in fighting with animals of his own species, the second in strangling a certain number of rats during a given time. The constant dream of Lord Arthur G—— had long been to unite the qualities of his two dogs in a single one, and several

fruitless attempts had been already made when Mylord came into the world. He was, in consequence, called "Hope;" and at a later period we will mention the circumstances to which the change in his name was owing.

Whether from patronymic influence, or from natural disposition, the young pupil of Lord Arthur G—— soon turned out more favourably, even, than he had promised; in four months, for want of other champions, he would seize delightfully on his father and mother, and when six months old he strangled eight rats in thirty



PORTRAIT OF "MYLORD."

seconds. These qualities, natural and acquired, became developed, as may be readily imagined, with years; so much so, that at the age of two, young Hope, although only at the commencement of his career, had already a reputation which equalled the greatest, oldest, and most noble in London. We need hardly say that we are now only speaking of the canine aristocracy.

Hope was at the height of his glory when Adolphe B——, the son of one of our richest bankers went to pass some time in London, having, amongst other letters of recommendation, one which was addressed to Lord Arthur G——. The Revolution of July had just broken out, and all Europe was forming conjectures thereupon. It was not at that time considered bad taste to avow that one had taken part in it; so that when asked some questions about the proceedings

of the 29th of July, Adolphe at once related a few particulars concerning the capture of the Tuileries, at which he had assisted. Amongst others, he mentioned a curious fact, the authenticity of which we can guarantee.

The people spreading over the palace had penetrated as far as the Salle des Maréchaux, that magnificent museum of our military glory. However, amongst all this array of great names there were some, it must be confessed, which had ceased to enjoy the public favour, and which, in lieu of it, only possessed the power of exasperating the people to the highest pitch. One of these was the Count de Bourmont, who had not been pardoned for Waterloo in consideration of Algiers; and the Duke of Ragusa, whose recent fidelity to Charles X. was far from causing his ingratitude towards Napoleon to be forgotten. Now the names of these two generals were found in the Salle des Maréchaux, the first on an empty frame, for there had not yet been sufficient time to fill it with anything but a piece of red maroon; the second beneath a magnificent portrait painted by Gerard, and representing the officer in full uniform.

The people on passing before the empty frame and reading the name of the Count de Bourmont, threw themselves upon the red maroon as the bull attacks the scarlet cloak of the matador, tore it in pieces, and trampled it under foot. Scarcely had justice been done in this instance, when cries of anger were heard from another quarter, caused by the portrait of the Duke of Ragusa. At the same time several bullets were fired upon the picture, of which three struck the head and two the breast; this was as many as Marshal Ney had received. A second discharge was about to follow when a man, sprang towards the frame, drew it towards him, cut the canvass with his knife, thrust the point of a pike through it, and, raising it above every one's head, made it the banner of the party, of which he appeared to be the leader.

I met this man and offered him all I had about me (fifty or sixty francs, perhaps) for this remnant of a picture, to which I did not think he could attach much artistic importance. He, however, refused the offer. Adolphe, who met with him after myself, succeeded better: he offered his gun, which the man at once accepted. Adolphe, now the possessor of this strange trophy, ran home with it to place it in safety, and returned to assist in that remarkable drama which lasted three days, and gave birth, at every instant, to episodes of such an astonishing nature that any one who was not present can form no idea of them.

Lord G—— was a great amateur, not only of dogs and horses, but of curiosities of every kind. He had Marv Stuart's Bible. Crom-

well's pistols, Charles I.'s hat, Jean Bart's pipe, Voltaire's cane, Tip-poo Saib's sabre, and Napoleon's pen. He felt that a reminiscence of the Revolution of July was wanting to his historical collection, and at once offered to give Adolphe whatever he liked in exchange for his souvenir of the 29th July, 1830.

Adolphe had shown the portrait to all his friends and acquaintances, and now knew no one else to exhibit to. Besides, it began to be understood that such relics might one day compromise the faithful who possessed them. Moreover and above all, he had had this painting a whole year, and that is a period of possession quite long enough to disengage the heart of a Frenchman from far more precious objects. He was acquainted with the brilliant talents of Lord Arthur's dog from having seen them in action, and accordingly promised to forward the desired portrait to England, if he might be permitted to take Hope back with him to France. The bargain was made, and a fortnight afterwards the painting was in London, and Hope was going through his exercises in Paris under the pseudonyme of Mylord, which Adolphe had thought fit to give him, in the first place out of respect to his former master, and secondly from a feeling of propriety, of which those of our readers who are familiar with one of the most honoured names of the moneyed aristocracy of our capital will not require an explanation.

Mylord had soon acquired a reputation in his adopted country, quite equal, if not superior, to that which he had left in the land of his birth. The particular points which his new master cultivated in him were, above all, his instinct for exterminating the feline race, and his implacable hatred towards rats. If he had been left to himself, Mylord would have depopulated the suburbs in a month, and Mont-faucon in six weeks.

From time to time, also, Adolphe would conduct him to the Barrière du Combat, and these occasions were always treats for the boys, who, invariably appreciating true merit, had not been long in estimating Mylord at his real value. Mylord, as I have already stated, was open to anything from the rat to the bull. This was so far true, that on one occasion the public, full of admiration for his exploits, and seeing that nothing could stand against him, called for "Carpolin." Adolphe was asked if he would let his dog fight with a bear. Adolphe replied that his dog was ready to fight a rhinoceros if there happened to be one on the premises. Carpolin appeared amid the acclamations of the people, who made him their idol; but before he had even thought of putting himself on his guard, Mylord had sprung upon him and taken his hold. The bear gave a terrible growl and raised himself on his hind legs. Mylord closed his teeth in

THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

his best style, allowed himself to be lifted from the earth and remained for nearly a quarter of an hour suspended from the ear of his antagonist. The enthusiasm was at its highest pitch, and a butcher actually threw him a crown.



ENCOUNTER BETWEEN MYLORD AND CARPOLIN.

The day after this memorable combat, Baron Alfred de R—— presented himself at Adolphe's residence. He had assisted the evening previously at the triumph of Mylord, and knowing that Adolphe was a great amateur of fire-arms, came to beg that he would choose any one he liked from his collection, and in exchange give up Mylord.

It was already a year since Adolphe had brought back Mylord from England: a year was, as we have already said, the term of his most lively affection. He accordingly jumped into the baron's tilbury, and examined carefully all the fire-arms in his collection. The shooting season was just coming on, and he naturally paused before a magnificent double-barrelled gun, by Devisme. It was a wonderful weapon, mounted in engraved steel, with an ebony stock, and barrels figured with the most beautiful ornaments. Adolphe worked the looks one after the other, tried the trigger, and, shouldering the gun, departed, leaving the baron in possession of Mylord.

Baron Alfred de R—— lived in the house of his aunt, whose fortune he expected to inherit, and who, in order to make him wait patiently, allowed him an income of twenty-five thousand francs a year. That very day he was to make the customary hebdomadal visit to his relative, in which, like a respectful and devoted nephew, he never failed; and as he intended on leaving her rooms to attend the Jockey Club, he went, accompanied by Mylord, whom he wanted to present without delay for the admiration of his Anglo-maniacal friends.

There were three things which the aunt of the Baron Alfred de R—— liked above all others. The first was herself, the second her cat, and the third her nephew. Accordingly, Alfred was very careful on each of these visits to provide himself with a box of sweetmeats for his Aunt Estella, and a bag of biscuits for "the Doctor," which was the name, thanks to her magnificent fur, and her majestic air, that the godmother of the Angola had bestowed on her.

Alfred entered as usual, stepping on the toes of his varnished boots, and holding in one hand the sweetmeats, and in the other the bag of biscuits. He advanced towards his aunt, who was seated in a large, gilt, easy chair, caressing the Doctor, who was lying languidly on her lap. Aunt Estella received her nephew with a smile, while the Doctor, recognising the visitor as one of his best patients, jumped to the ground, drew himself up on his four legs, raised his tail, and rounded his back, with a mew, and then began purring and rubbing himself about the legs of his friend. Hitherto, of course, everything was going on wonderfully; but, unhappily, at this moment a servant opened the door, and Mylord, who had remained outside on the rug, entered the room. The Doctor, with all the insolence and jealousy of a favourite, accustomed as it was to use its claws upon all the greyhounds and King Charles' dogs of the Faubourg St Germain, was about to behave in its customary manner; but this time the antagonist had changed, the Doctor made but one bound, and Mylord bit once. Aunt Estella gave a shriek, and the baron threw himself upon his dog; Mylord had hold of the Doctor by the head; Alfred seized Mylord by the tail, and commenced biting at with all his might, which, as every one knows, is the only means of making a bull-dog let go. Mylord opened his teeth, and the Doctor fell to the ground like a log, extended its paws convulsively, and expired. The baron turned towards his aunt to exculpate himself; but his aunt, upright and pale as a ghost, seemed to be without either speech or life. At last she sufficiently recovered her powers of voice and motion to stretch out her hands to her nephew and curse him; this last act of vengeance having been accomplished, she fell back upon her arm-chair and

fainted. Seeing this, the baron took Mylord by the neck and retreated to his own apartments, leaving the corpse of the Doctor stretched on the floor.

Five minutes after, Aunt Estella came to herself, and inquired for her wretch of a nephew. The servant answered, that, annihilated by the malediction bestowed upon him, the unfortunate Alfred had gone away in despair. At this very moment the report of a pistol was heard.

"What is that sound?" said his aunt

"Good heavens!" cried the servant. "Can it be my young master who, unable to support the weight of his misfortune——"

Aunt Estella heard no more. She gave a second shriek and fainted away a second time.

We have already stated that Aunt Estella loved herself best; after herself, her cat; and after her cat, her nephew. Her first thought on recovering her senses was, that if the Doctor was dead, and her nephew in the same predicament, there would no longer remain either beasts or men in the world to love her, and that her old age would be abandoned to the mercenary care of strangers. She then repented of having shown so much feeling on the death of the Doctor, and ordered the servant to go up to her nephew's room, and return directly to tell her all about him. The servant obeyed; but as he was going up, Alfred came in. Aunt Estella, seeing him thus enter when she thought he might be no more, shrieked and fainted a third time.

On her return to life she was informed that her nephew, unwilling that a murderer like Mylord should survive his victim, had resolved to do justice on the spot, and that the pistol shot, of which she had heard the report, had been fired for the purpose of ridding society of the Doctor's assassin. Aunt Estella became more calm on hearing that her cat had been avenged, and thought that her *manes* required no further sacrifice. She therefore held out her hand to her nephew, in token of reconciliation. The baron kissed it respectfully; and in order that the sight of death might no longer afflict his Aunt Estella, placed the body of the defunct on a velvet cushion, and ordered the servant to carry it carefully into his own room.

Eight days afterwards the Doctor, who had been stuffed by the king's own naturalist and arranged on his cushion, was sleeping the sleep of the just under a magnificent glass case; while Mylord had installed himself on a tiger skin in the studio of Jadin, who had taken him in exchange for a landscape for which the baron had been bargaining with him for a long time.

It was at this period that he passed the two most triumphant years of his life, fighting daily with the greatest celebrities of the

THE CARAVAN.

barrière, and having a little quiet sport in his spare moments with a monkey, whose left jaw he tore away, and a bear, in whose right ear he made a decided incision.

Mylord, who had now reached the height of his reputation, and was covered with scars, having already passed the prime of his life, was counting upon an old age as tranquil as his youth had been disturbed; when, unfortunately for him, the idea came into my head of making the excursion (of which we are about to give the particulars to our readers), and to associate myself for this trip with two painters, of whom Jadin, from our old friendship, and still more from his great talent, was naturally to be one.

The result of this determination was, that on October 15, 18—, at two o'clock in the afternoon, without permission being asked, and without telling him where he was going to, Mylord was placed in a post-chaise which soon bore his master and myself far from the capital.

And now that our readers are tolerably acquainted with the composition of the whole caravan, they must permit us to return to the journey from which this important digression has, for the moment, taken away our attention.





CHAPTER II.

FONTAINEBLEAU.



QUEEN CHRISTINA.

It will be understood that, with the plan of exploration which we had formed, our journey naturally commenced at the barrier. And it is very curious, when one is advancing towards a particular country, to see it approach in a certain manner, to notice where two nations begin to mix with one another, then to unite, and ultimately to separate. The Gauls and the Romans have both passed the Alps, each from their own side; in the one case to seize on the capital, in the other to found Lyons. Since then the French and the

Italians have followed the road cut out by their ancestors: the latter with the Medici, to introduce their immortal acts; the former with Napoleon, to impose on Rome the royalty of a day. Thus each nation

has left at the feet of the mountains which separate one from the other, certain traces which become lost in proportion as they advance into the heart of the opposite country, but which are always and everywhere recognised by the practised eye. No one will be astonished, then, at our making our first resting-place at fifteen leagues from Paris, where we found the marks of the civilization of Leo X. and Julius II.

For the rest, Fontainebleau is so near Paris, there would be nothing astonishing in our finding several things to say about it that were never known before. Every year nearly two thousand persons leave Paris to go and admire the works of Raphael and Michael Angelo, but there are not fifty who will trouble themselves, between the hours of breakfast and supper, to see the only frescoes we have in France, although they are by Rosso and Primaticci.

Moreover, Fontainebleau is a building of historical interest. Louis Le Jeune had the chapel consecrated by Thomas-à-Bécket, and it was there that Philip Augustus fed the poor of the Hotel-Dieu de Nemours with that which remained from the royal table. St. Louis, who called it his desert, contemplated dying there; and Philip the Fair was born there. It was there that Louis XI. commenced the formation of a library which Louis XII. removed to Blois; that Francis I. gave *fêtes* to his enemy Charles V., and Henry II. held tournaments in honour of his mistress, Diana of Poitiers; that Charles IX. signed the pardon of Condé, and Henry IV. the sentence of Biron; that Louis XIII. received the baptism of water, and Henrietta of France the baptism of blood; that Christina caused Monaldeschi to be assassinated, and Louis XIV. revoked the edict of Nantes; lastly, it was there that Pius VII. laid down his tiara, and Napoleon his crown.

It was in 1539 that Charles V., in crossing France for the purpose of entering Flanders, halted at Fontainebleau. Francis I. has been much praised for his magnanimity in not taking advantage of the confidence placed in him by his rival; but, according to our opinion, it is the nobleness of Charles V. which is principally to be admired in the matter. Indeed, of these two kings, one of whom has left the reputation of a warrior, the other that of a politician, Charles V. was always the foremost in courage and honour, whilst Francis I., on the contrary, refused a challenge which was given to him, and broke through a treaty which he had signed. When the warrior broke his three swords at Pavia, it could not be forgotten that the provoked monarch had not drawn his; and those members of his old nobility, who held sacred the religion of the oath even when given to an enemy, always remembered that, although Charles V. went out of France without leaving a ransom behind, Francis I. had entirely forgotten to send

his own to Spain. King John acted very differently after the battle of Poitiers: when he perceived that the treaty of Brittany would be too oppressive on France, he returned to England and died there.

In fact, the monarchy was already in its decline. Influences of a fatal nature were beginning to nullify the wishes of the throne, and the reign of favourites had commenced with the Duchess d'Etampes. She was called the most beautiful of the learned, and the most learned of the beautiful, and it was to her that the king sacrificed the Countess of Chateaubriand. Now also was the period of the loves of Diana of Poitiers (called *la grande Senechale*) and the young dauphin, Henry II. The Duchess d'Etampes could not forget the price at which Mademoiselle de Saint-Vallier was said to have saved the life of her father who had been compromised in the revolt of the Constable de Bourbon, and accordingly, after gaining possession of the king's heart, she pursued her with all the hatred of a rival in her amours with the dauphin. Revengéful, venal, and perfidious, she was the bad genius of the court, as Madame de Chateaubriand had been its angel; and when Charles V. arrived at Fontainebleau, she in no way halted in her infernal mission, for while she was walking before the imperial guest, leaning upon the arm of Francis I., she inclined towards the ear of her lover, and in the same voice with which she would have assured him of her love, urged him to the commission of an act of infamous treason. At this moment the two sovereigns met.

"My brother," said Francis I., presenting the Duchess d'Etampes to the noble traveller, "here is a lady who has just been giving me a piece of advice: it is to keep you prisoner here until you have torn up the treaty of Madrid."

"If the advice be good, you had better follow it," replied the emperor, haughtily, as he walked to the right of Francis I. with as much calmness and presence of mind as if he had just received one of the ordinary civilities offered by a host.

But two hours afterwards, as they were going to dinner, and while the Duchess d'Etampes was on her knees, holding water for Charles V. in a vessel of gold, the lord of Mexico, in washing his hands, left a diamond worth half a million francs at the bottom of the basin. The duchess perceived it, and pointed it out to the emperor, who, again playing the chivalrous part which has been attributed to his rival, replied: "I can see that the ring wishes to change its master; it is in too beautiful hands for me to take it from them." From this moment the duchess changed entirely, and instead of urging her lover to become a traitor to his guest, she herself, for the sake of the guest, became a traitor towards her lover; for in 1554,

that is to say, five years after the scene which we have described, when Charles V. and Henry VIII. attacked Francis I., the Duchess d'Etampes gave up the plan of the campaign to the emperor.

A century had elapsed, and the noise of these great disputes was at an end: king and favourite had gone to render an account of blood spilt, and promises broken. Six crowned generations had passed between the aged Francis I. and the child Louis XIV., when, on the 3rd of October, 1657, some travelling equipages, coming from the direction of Italy, stopped in the court-yard of the Palace of Fontainebleau. From the first coach a little woman was seen to descend, of about thirty or thirty-five years of age, of an irregular but highly characteristic face, and clothed in a sort of fancy costume, which belonged in part to either sex. She was accompanied by two Italians, of whom one, it was said, was her lover; by three Swedes, who fulfilled various offices; and by some Corsican and German soldiers, who acted as her guards. She spoke to each one in his own language, as if that language had been her mother tongue. At this moment the Prior of the Trinitaires having crossed the yard, she addressed him in Latin. This strange woman was the daughter of Gustavus Adolphus, Queen Christina of Sweden, who, having abdicated the throne of her fathers in the Castle of Upsal, June 16, 1654, and having just left Rome, where she had abjured the Protestant faith, had been ordered, at the Convent of Charité sur Loire, to stop at Fontainebleau.

When, in the year 1830, a drama of ours was represented at the Odéon, in which this queen was made the heroine, the principal faults brought against us were the cowardice of Monaldeschi and the cruelty of Christina. Now, when we can no longer appear in the light of a barrister pleading his own cause, we will place before the eyes of our readers the literal account which Father Lebel, the superior of the Trinitaires has left of this event, in order that it may be seen—supposing always that our drama has not been entirely forgotten—whether we have exaggerated anything:—

“On the 6th of November, 1657, at a quarter-past nine in the morning, the Queen of Sweden, who was then at Fontainebleau, sent one of her attendants to look for me. He said that he had orders from her majesty to conduct me to her, as she wished to speak with me, if I were superior of the convent. I replied that I was, and that I would go with him to learn her Swedish majesty's wishes. Accordingly, without waiting for any companion, lest I should keep the queen waiting, I at once followed the attendant to the antichamber. I was left waiting there a moment, but the attendant soon came back, and conducted me into the presence of the Queen of

Sweden. I found her alone, and having paid her my respectful homage, I inquired what her majesty wished from me, her very humble servant. She told me that, in order to speak with greater liberty, I must follow her, and having entered the gallery, she asked me if I had never spoken to her before. I replied that I had had the honour of bowing to her majesty, and assuring her of my humble obedience, and that she had had the kindness to thank me, and that that was all. Upon this the queen told me that I wore a coat which obliged her to trust me, and made me promise to keep the secret which she was about discovering to me, and to regard it as sacred as a confession. I answered her majesty that in matters of secrecy, I was naturally blind and dumb, and that being so with regard to all sorts of persons, I was so by a stronger reason in the case of a queen like herself; and I added that the Scripture said, 'It is well to conceal the secret of a king:—*Sacramentum regis abscondere bonum est.*'

"After this reply, she entrusted to me a packet of papers sealed in three or four places, without any inscription, and ordered me to return it to her when she asked for it, no matter in whose presence; I promised her Swedish majesty to do so.

"She commanded me afterwards to observe the time, the day, the hour, and the place at which she gave me the packet, and without any further conversation I retired with the papers, leaving the queen in the gallery.

"On Saturday the 10th day of the same month of November, at one in the afternoon, the Queen of Sweden sent one of her valets to look for me, and when he told me that her majesty wanted me, I took the packet which she had given me out of a cupboard, thinking that she had sent for me because she wished to have it back. I followed the valet, who, after conducting me past the door of the dungeon, led me into the *Galerie des Cerfs*, and as soon as we had entered, shut the door with a haste that surprised me. Perceiving the queen in the middle of the gallery, talking to one of her suite, who was called the marquis (I learned afterwards that it was the Marquis of Monaldeschi), I approached her majesty; after bowing to me, she asked me, in the presence of the marquis and three other men who were there, for the packet which she had entrusted to me. Two of the three men were at about four paces distance from the queen, the third was close to her majesty. She then addressed me in the following terms:—'Father, return me the packet which I gave you.' I approached her and presented it to her. Her majesty took it, and after looking at it for some time, opened it, and took out the letters and writings which were inside. She then showed them to

the marquis, and, in a loud voice and firm manner, asked him whether he recognised them. The marquis denied doing so, but turned very pale.

“Can you not recognise these letters and writings?” said she, they being in fact merely copies which the queen had herself transcribed. And after allowing the marquis to reflect for some time, she drew the originals from underneath, and showing them to him, called him a traitor, and made him acknowledge his hand-writing and signature. She questioned him on various points, and the marquis answered the best way he could, casting the blame upon different persons. At last he threw himself on his knees before the queen and asked her pardon, and at the same time the three men who were present drew their swords, and did not replace them in the scabbard until after they had executed the marquis.

“The marquis rose and drew the queen first to one corner, then to another, of the gallery, begging her to hear him, and to listen to his excuses. Her majesty did not refuse, but heard him with the greatest patience, without showing the least sign of anger. Then turning towards me, when the marquis was begging her still more to listen to him, ‘Father,’ she said, ‘see and bear me witness (approaching the marquis, who was leaning on an ebony cane with a round top), that I am exhibiting no hastiness towards this man, that I give this perfidious traitor all the time that he requires, and more than he ought to expect from a person whom he has offended, in order to justify himself if he can.

“The marquis being thus pressed by the queen, gave her some papers, and two or three little keys tied together, which he drew from his pocket, and from which a few pieces of money fell; and after an hour’s further conference, the marquis not satisfying the queen with his answers, she approached me and said to me in an excited but solemn and measured voice: ‘Father, I withdraw and leave you this man: prepare him for death, and take care of his soul.’ If this sentence had been pronounced against myself, I could not have been more frightened. Well, at these words the marquis threw himself at her feet, and I did the same, and begged for the poor man’s life, but she told me she could not grant it, and that this traitor was more criminal than those who are condemned to the wheel; that he knew very well that she had communicated her most important affairs and her most secret thoughts to him, thinking him a faithful subject; besides which, she had performed actions with which she would not reproach him, but which excused in kindness all that she could have done for a brother; that she had always regarded him as such, and that his conscience alone ought to be an

executioner to him. After these words her majesty withdrew, leaving me, with the three men who had their swords drawn, with the view of performing the execution. After the queen had gone, the marquis threw himself at my feet, and conjured me with prayers to follow her majesty and to obtain his pardon. The three men pressed him to begin confessing, with their swords in rest, but without touching him, and I with tears in my eyes exhorted him to ask pardon of God. The chief of the three went out in order to implore the mercy of the queen, and to obtain a pardon for the poor marquis; but he came back sadly, his mistress having told him to be quick with the execution, and said with tears, 'Marquis, think of God and your soul, for you must die.' At these words the marquis appeared out of his mind, and threw himself at my feet a second time, conjuring me to go to the queen once more, and try the path of mercy and pardon, which I accordingly did. Finding her majesty alone in her room, with a calm countenance and betraying no emotion, I approached her, fell on my feet, and, with tears in my eyes and sobs from my heart, besought her, by the grief and the wounds of Jesus Christ, to pity and forgive the marquis. The queen testified her regret at not being able to grant my request, after the perfidy and cruelty with which the unhappy man had behaved to her: she said, that after that he ought never to hope for any pardon or mercy, and that many had been stretched on the wheel who had not deserved it so much as this traitor.

"Seeing that my entreaties had no effect on the mind of this queen, I took the liberty of representing to her that she was in the palace of the king of France, and that she ought to be careful in that which she contemplated doing, and to consider whether the king would think it right. Upon this her majesty answered that this was an act of righteous justice, and that she called God to witness that she had no personal enmity towards the marquis, and that she had thrown aside all animosity, thinking only of his crime and his perfidy, which could never be equalled, and which affected all the world. Besides, she said, the king of France did not give her apartments in his palace as a captive; she was mistress of her own wishes to do and execute justice towards her servants in all places and at all times, and that she had to answer for her actions to God alone. She added that what she was about to do was not without precedent; although I made rejoinder that there was some difference, and that when other sovereigns had done anything of the kind, it had been in their own countries, and nowhere else; directly I had said these words, I regretted it, fearing I had gone too far with the queen. However, in going away I said to her

again : 'Madam, by the honour and esteem which you have acquired in France, and by the hopes which all good Frenchmen have in your negotiation, I implore your majesty to avoid this action, although as regards your majesty it may be just, lest nevertheless it should appear to the mind of others to be violent and precipitate. Perform rather an act of generosity and mercy towards this poor marquis, or at least place him in the hands of the king's justice, and prosecute him according to the usual forms; you will have equal satisfaction, and you will by those means preserve the title of *admirable* which has been awarded you for your actions by all men.' 'What, my father,' said the queen to me, 'am I, in whom absolute and sovereign power over my subjects resides, to see myself reduced to a prosecution against a traitorous servant, the proofs of whose crime and perfidy are in my possession, written and signed with his own hand?' 'Very true, madam,' I said, 'but your majesty is partly interested.' The queen interrupted me, and said, 'No, no, father. I shall let the king know of it. Return and take care of his soul, I cannot in conscience grant you what you ask.' And thus she sent me away. But I knew, from the change in her voice during the latter words, that if the queen had been able to put off the execution and change the place she would have indubitably have done so, but the affair was too far advanced for her to alter her resolution without putting herself in danger of letting the marquis escape, and placing her own life in doubt.

"In this extremity I did not know how to act nor what to decide. Go away I could not, and even if I had been able, I saw that I had the duty imposed on me by charity and conscience of assisting the marquis, and preparing him to meet death properly.

"I re-entered the gallery then, and embracing the unhappy man who was bathed in tears, I exhorted him in the best and most pressing terms which I could use, and with which it pleased God to inspire me, to resign himself to death, and to think only of his conscience, since there was no longer any hope of life for him in this world, for while suffering death for the sake of justice, it was in God alone that he ought to place his hopes of eternity, where he might still find consolation.

"At this sad news, after giving two or three loud cries, he flung himself on his knees at my feet (I was sitting on one of the benches of the gallery), and commenced his confession. He had gone through a great part of it, when he raised him twice and cried out. Immediately afterwards I made him go through some acts of faith, and give up all other ideas. He finished his confession in Latin, according as he could explain himself best in his distress. The

queen's almoner arrived as I was questioning him, in order to clear up a doubt, and the marquis having perceived him, without waiting for the absolution, went up to him, hoping for a pardon through his favour. They talked together for a long time in a low voice, holding each other's hands, drawn up together in a corner; when their conference was over, the almoner went out, and took with him the chief of the three who had been entrusted with the execution, and a little while afterwards, the almoner remaining outside, the other man came back alone and said: 'Marquis ask pardon of God, for, without waiting any longer, you must die. Have you confessed?' And saying these words, he pressed him against the wall at the end of the gallery, where hangs the painting of Saint Germain-en-Laye, and I could not turn away without perceiving that he gave him a blow in the stomach, on the right side, and the marquis, wishing to parry it, took the sword in his right hand, and the other, drawing it back, cut off three of his fingers, and found the edge of the sword turned. The marquis then said to one of them that he wore armour beneath his clothes, as in fact he did, having on a coat of mail which weighed from nine to ten pounds, when the same man repeated his blow on the marquis's face, which caused him to cry out 'Father, father.' I approached him, and the others retiring a little on one side, he asked pardon of God with one knee on the ground, and said something more to me, after which I gave him the absolution with the penance of suffering death for his sins, telling him that he must forgive those who caused him to die. This being accomplished, he threw himself on the floor, and as he was falling, another man gave him a blow on the top of the head, which carried some of the bones away, and being stretched on his breast, and making signs to have his throat cut, the same man gave him two or three blows on the neck without doing him much harm, on account of the coat of mail which had risen with the collar of his doublet, and now warde~~d~~ off and lessened the force of the blow. In the meanwhile I was exhorting him to think of God, to suffer with patience, and similar things. At this moment the chief came up, and asked me if he should not finish executing him; I pushed him away roughly and told him that I had no advice to give him on the subject, and that I had been asking for his life, not his death. After this he begged my pardon, and confessed that he had been wrong in asking me such a question.

"After this conversation, the poor marquis was only waiting for the last stroke, when the door of the gallery opened. Regaining courage, he turned round, and seeing that it was the almoner who was coming in, dragged himself along in the best way he could, supporting himself against the hangings of the gallery, and asked to

speak to him. The almoner passed to the left of the marquis, I being on his right, and the marquis, joining his hands, said something to him as if he were confessing, and afterwards the almoner told him to ask pardon of God, and, when he obtained my permission, gave him the absolution. He then retired, telling me to wait near the marquis, and saying that he was going to see the Queen of Sweden. At the same time the man who had struck the marquis on the neck, and who had been with the almoner on his left, pierced his throat with a narrow and rather long sword, from which blow the marquis fell on his right side and spoke no more, but remained breathing for more than a quarter of an hour, during which time I was crying out to him and exhorting him in the best way I possibly could; and thus the marquis lost his blood, and finished his life at three hours and three quarters past noon. I said the *De Profundis* and the prayer to him, and afterwards the chief of the three moved one of his legs and one of his arms, unbuttoned his clothes and searched his pockets, but found nothing except a little book, *The Home of the Virgin*, and a small knife. They then all three went away, and I did the same, in order to receive the commands of her majesty. The queen, when informed of the death of the marquis, evinced regret at having been obliged to order his execution, but said it was only just to do so on account of his crime and treachery, and that she prayed that God might pardon him. She commanded me to take care that the body was removed and buried, and said she wished to have numerous masses said for the good of his soul. I ordered a bier to be constructed, and then had the body placed in a hearse, on account of its heaviness, the fog, and the badness of the roads. It was taken to the parish of Aron, by my vicar and chaplain, assisted by three men, who had orders to bury it in the church near the font; and this was done and executed at about three quarters of an hour past five in the evening."

Louis XIV. heard of this murder, and thought it improper that any other person than himself should assume the functions of sovereign and executor of justice in the kingdom of France. He, therefore, signified his displeasure to Christina through Cardinal Mazarin, and the following is the letter which Christina sent in reply:—

"Monsieur Mazarin, those persons who gave you the particulars about Monaldeschi, my equerry, were very ill informed. I think it very strange that you should employ so many people in order to enlighten yourself as to the facts of the case. Your proceedings, however, ought not to astonish me, mad as they are, though I should never have thought that either you or your conceited young master would have dared to evince the least resentment towards me. Learn

then, all of you, whoever you may be, servants and masters, little and great, that it has pleased me to act thus, and that I neither ought to, nor will I, render an account of my actions to any person whatsoever, above all to braggarts of your sort. You play a singular character for a person of your rank; but whatever reasons may have determined you to write to me, I care too little to trouble myself about them for a single instant. I wish you to know, and to say to any one who chooses to hear it, that Christina cares very little for your court, and still less for you; and that, in order to avenge myself, I have no need to have recourse to your formidable power. I have acted in accordance with the dictates of my honour, and my will is a law which you must respect. Silence is your duty; and many persons, whom I do not esteem more than I do you, would do well to learn what is due to their equals, before making more fuss than is necessary.

"Know, then, cardinal, that Christina is Queen wherever she goes, and that in whatever place she may think fit to reside, she will always find better men than you and your confidants.

"The Prince of Condé might well exclaim, when you were inhumanly keeping him prisoner at Vincennes, 'That old fox will never cease to outrage the good servants of the state, unless the parliament either dismisses or severely punishes the illustrious old coxcomb of Piscina.'

"Believe me, Jules, you had better behave yourself in a manner to merit my good wishes: that is a point which you cannot study too much. God preserve you from hazarding the slightest indiscreet remark about me; even at the other end of the world I shall be informed as to your proceedings. I have friends and courtiers at my service who are as skilful and as watchful as your own, although not so well paid."

A fortnight after the reception of this letter, the King of France, accompanied by Cardinal Mazarin and all his court, paid a formal visit to the ex-Queen of Sweden.



THE ADIEU AT FONTAINEBLEAU.

CHAPTER III.

THE TWENTIETH OF APRIL.



PIUS VII.

THE execution we have just mentioned was not the only one destined to be associated with Fontainebleau; for in 1661 Louis XIV. ordered the arrest of Fouquet, and on the 22nd of October, 1685, revoked the edict of Nantes in the same place. It was this last event which caused Christina, whose communication, as may have been seen from the foregoing letter, showed that she had no intention of abandoning her royal privileges — which caused Christina, we were about to say, to write the

following :—"I look upon France at present as a patient whose legs and arms are being cut off, in order to cure it of an illness which a little patience and kindness would have entirely remedied; but I fear now lest the malady increase, and become at last incurable." Christina was wrong, but it cost France a civil war, which lasted from twenty to twenty-five years.

Towards the close of Louis XIV.'s life, Fontainebleau was abandoned for Marly. On the 26th of October, 1728, Louis XV. caught the small-pox there, which began to undermine the reputation of the favourite palace. As long as his reign lasted, it was certainly marked about the period of the autumn excursions by some of those mean intrigues which distinguished the ascendances of Mesdames de Pompadour and Dubarry, but it was almost completely abandoned under Louis XVI., and during the long interval which separated the last years of Louis XIV. from the earliest of Napoleon, nothing worth recording took place.

The new emperor, unable to assimilate himself to the old dynasties as to the question of birth, determined at all events to do so as far as regarded his mode of life, also made a journey to Fontainebleau, about the year 1804, and seeing into what a state of decay this ancient royal residence had fallen, gave orders for its entire repair. The work was immediately set about with a wonderful activity, for Fontainebleau had now been selected as the place for the coming interview between Napoleon and Pope Pius VII., who was about leaving Rome to anoint him emperor.

But Napoleon was one of those impatient geniuses who are unable to wait. Accordingly he acted towards Pius VII. in 1804, as he did in 1810 towards Marie Louise; instead of waiting for the Pope to make his entry into Fontainebleau, he got into a carriage, and drove towards him. The meeting took place at the Cross of St. Herem, the same place to which Louis XVIII., impatient in his turn like Napoleon, came also to receive Caroline of Naples, the betrothed of his nephew, the Duke de Berry.

Pius VII. stepped into the emperor's carriage, sat down on his right hand, and on the 25th of November, 1804, at about two o'clock in the afternoon, they entered Fontainebleau together, and passed the remainder of the day there.

A year afterwards Napoleon, who had now placed on his head another crown, bearing the following inscription, "God has given it to me, woe to him who touches it!" learned at Genes that a new coalition was being organized against him. He immediately entered his carriage with the empress, and in fifty hours arrived at Fontainebleau; then, whilst his room and supper were being prepared, he

hastened to open the door of his topographical cabinet, and as he partook of some fruit which had been brought to him, and advised the empress to take her rest, he formed the plan of that famous campaign, which commenced with the taking of Ulm, and finished by the battle of Austerlitz.

Whether from a recollection of the days of Louis XIV., or from a grateful remembrance of this night of inspiration, Napoleon re-established those visits to Fontainebleau; and, in 1807, gave magnificent *fêtes* on the occasion of the marriage of his brother Jerome (for whom he had just cut out a little kingdom in the heart of Germany) with the Princess Frederica Catherine of Wurtemberg. It was during the month which the Court then passed at Fontainebleau, that the continental blockade was decided upon, and that Portugal was divided into three parts, the northern portion being given to the King of Etruria, to recompense him for the loss of Tuscany, which came back to France; the southern portion, under the title of principality, to Manuel Godoy, as a reward for his good and loyal services, while the provinces of the middle were left to be dealt with according to circumstances.

In the month of June, 1808, King Charles IV. arrived at Fontainebleau. He had just exchanged his kingdom of Spain, and his possessions in the Indies for a royal prison in France.

In 1809, Napoleon came back to Fontainebleau the conqueror of Wagram and Friedland, and was then at the summit of his glory; one thing only was wanting to fix his power for ever, and that was an heir. It was during this journey to Fontainebleau, that the empress was told formally of the intended divorce: although it is true, that for four years previously this had been her constant and mortal fear. On leaving Milan the empress shed tears as she kissed her son Eugène. "You weep," said Napoleon to her, "you weep for a momentary separation: if the grief of quitting one's children, is so great, it must be a great blessing to possess them; judge then what those must suffer who have none."

This was but a remark, but Napoleon wasted so few words, that everything he said had its signification.

In 1810 Napoleon issued from Fontainebleau that terrible decree, which ordered all the English merchandise to be burned which could be seized in France, and in the different kingdoms over which he had power.

On the 19th of June Pius VII. again entered Fontainebleau; but, this time, without any one going to meet him, for he did not make his appearance as a sovereign pontiff, but as a prisoner.

Towards the commencement of January, 1813, Napoleon returned

to Fontainebleau. The year 1812 had passed like a spectre between the conqueror and his good fortune. His proud nature had been embittered by his reverses, and the unconquered one now understood that he was probably not unconquerable. He, who had for a moment thought himself a god, was obliged to acknowledge that he was only a man.

He was anxious to settle the affairs of the Church before going to Saxony. Accordingly he came to Fontainebleau, and inquired after his reverend visitor. He was told that in spite of the permission which had been granted him to walk in the gardens, and although the imperial carriages had been placed at his service every day, the Pope had refused to put his foot outside his room. "Yes, yes," murmured Napoleon on hearing this, "he wishes it to be said that he is imprisoned here." He then announced himself to Pius VII.

The interview appears to have been long and animated, and yet it led to nothing. Pius VII. saw Napoleon giving way like those images of false gods on which the early pontiffs had exercised their powerful influence, and would yield nothing. Napoleon came away from him the more furious, inasmuch as, owing to the character, and venerable age of the pope, he had been obliged to contain his wrath; but when he met Cardinal Fesch in the Gallery of Diana, he related to him what had taken place, and as the cardinal remained silent, Napoleon said, "Where then does the obstinate old man want me to send him?"

"Perhaps to heaven," replied the cardinal; and this answer at once sufficed to calm even the emperor.

Pius VII. stopped at Fontainebleau until January 24th, 1814, and during the whole of his captivity, that is to say during nearly two years, he remained faithful to his first resolution and refused to pass the threshold of his chamber.

In the meanwhile the northern horizon was darkening more and more; the storm was advancing threateningly towards Paris, each day it approached the capital more nearly, and the cannon of the evening was now to be heard growling like thunder.

On the 30th of March, 1814, at about nine o'clock in the evening, a chariot, coming from the direction of Villeneuve-sur-Vannes, arrived at Fontainebleau at the greatest speed. A courier had come about ten minutes before it, shouting, "The Emperor! the Emperor!" so that the horses were changed in a second. Napoleon had only time to say a few words to the postmaster:—

"Have you heard the sound of cannon in the course of the day?" he asked.

"Yes, sire," was the reply.

"I was not deceived then. In what direction?" continued the emperor.

"In the direction of Paris," answered the postmaster.

"Exactly so. At what time did it leave off?"

"At five o'clock."

And the chariot continued its course as if carried by the wind.

At ten o'clock that evening Napoleon was only at five leagues from the barriers; he changed horses again at Fromenteau and continued with the same rapidity as before. As he reached the fountains of Juvigny he met an *aide-de-camp*, who was himself riding at the greatest speed his horse was capable of. Napoleon recognised the uniform, called to him, exchanged a few words with him, got out of the coach into the road, and seated himself on one of the stone benches which are found at its side, had a long and animated conversation with the messenger, drank a glass of water which was fetched for him from the spring, got into the coach without changing a feature, and in the same voice with which he had previously shouted Paris! now cried to the postillions, "Fontainebleau!"

Paris had surrendered at five in the afternoon, and the enemy were to enter it at day-break.

Five days afterwards Napoleon wrote on a slip of paper the following lines, the most important perhaps ever traced by a human pen:—

"The Allied Powers having declared that the emperor is the only obstacle to the re-establishment of peace in Europe, the emperor, faithful to his oath, declares that he renounces all claims to the thrones of France and Italy, both as regards himself and his children, and that there is no sacrifice, even to that of his life, which he is not willing to make for the interest of France."

The table on which these lines were written is still to be seen at Fontainebleau, but no one knows what has become of the emperor's autograph.

On the night of the twelfth the silence which reigned in the palace was suddenly disturbed by loud cries; there was rushing to and fro, a confusion of persons in the corridors, every one asking his neighbour what had taken place, and a mixture of voices replying—"The emperor has taken poison!"

At this news every one hastened towards the room which Napoleon occupied, but the door had been fastened, and within were Marshal Bertrand, the Duke of Vicenza, the Duke of Bassano, and Ivan the surgeon; no other persons were allowed to enter. Those outside paused to listen, and groans were heard; nothing more transpired.

Suddenly the door opened and shut; Ivan, the surgeon, came out as pale as a ghost. He only replied to the questions put to him by stretching out his hand, and, in obedience to the signal, room was made for him to pass. He descended the staircase rapidly, entered the yard, found a horse tied to the railings, mounted it and disappeared into obscurity.

The following is what is related on the subject:—

Napoleon had heard of the poison taken by Condorcet. At the period of the retreat from Russia, resolved not to fall alive into the hands of the enemy, he had called for Cabanis, and had desired him to prepare a composition similar to the one in question. Cabanis wrote the prescription, and Ivan made it up. During the whole of the retreat Napoleon carried this composition in a little bag suspended from his neck, and, as soon as he arrived in France, concealed it in the secret drawer of a travelling case, which never left him, and which, on his death, he bequeathed to his son.

Now, in the silence of the night, during one of those long periods of sleeplessness which had been habitual to him for the last two or three years, perceiving that every one was abandoning him with his good fortune, that some were ungrateful and others treacherous, he thought of the poison which had lain for two years in his secret drawer. The valet, who slept in the next room to him, heard him get up, saw him, through the crevice of the door, unfold a powder into a glass of water, drink it off, and then go back to bed. During upwards of a quarter of an hour he kept a profound silence: it was the struggle between courage and pain—but at last pain was the conqueror. Hearing the groans which Napoleon uttered, the valet hastened to him, and questioned him about the matter with prayers and supplications; when, seeing that he could obtain no answer from him, he rushed out of the room, and running to the emperor's most intimate friends, raised the cry, at the sound of which every one had hurried forth. As we have already said, Marshal Bertrand, the Duke of Bassano, the Duke of Vicenza, and Ivan, hastened to the room, and, on seeing the latter, Napoleon raised himself in his bed and cried out, showing them at the same time the empty bag, "Everything, then, betrays me now, even poison!" At hearing this, Ivan became distracted, and, without making any answer—without endeavouring to exculpate himself—went out, mounted the first horse he met with, and disappeared.

Go to Fontainebleau, and they will still show the room where this terrible drama took place.

On the 20th of April, at six in the morning, Napoleon heard of two final desertions: his valet, Constant, and his Mameluke had dis-

appeared during the night. At ten it was announced that the last of the commissioners of the Allies, the Austrian General Koller, had arrived. At noon the travelling carriages entered the court-yard of the Cheval Blanc, and were drawn up at the foot of the colossal staircase which forms the entrance. At half-past twelve the imperial guard received orders to take arms and form in line. At one, the gate opened, and Napoleon appeared. On the steps of the staircase were the Duke of Bassano, General Belliard, Colonel Bussy, Colonel Anatole de Montesquiou, Count de Turenne, General Foulcr, Baron Mesgrigny, Colonel Gourgaud, Baron Fain, Lieutenant-Colonel Athalin, Baron de La Place, Baron Leborgne d'Ideville, the Chevalier Jouanne, General Kosakowski, and Colonel Vonsowich.

The names of some of these persons are unknown, but their presence at such a moment will be sufficient to prevent them remaining so.

This was all that remained to Napoleon of that brilliant court of emperors, kings, princes, and marshals, which surrounded him at Erfurt. The Duke of Vicenza and General Flahaut were employed at the time on a mission.

Napoleon paused for an instant at the top of the staircase, took a comprehensive glance at those who surrounded him, gave a sad smile, and then descended quickly, finding some hand to grasp at each step; and advancing into the midst of his soldiers, made a sign that he wished to speak. There was general attention. Then, with that same voice which had vibrated in his addresses before Marengo, Austerlitz, and Moscow, he commenced:—

"Soldiers of my old guard, I bid you farewell! For the last twenty years I have found you constantly in the path of honour and glory. In these latter days, as in those of our prosperity, you have never ceased to be models of bravery and fidelity. With men such as you our cause was not lost, but the war was interminable—it was a civil war—and France would only have been made more unhappy by it; I have, then, sacrificed all our interests for those of our country. I leave you; but you, my friends, must continue to serve France. Its happiness was my only thought, and will always be the object of my prayer. Do not pity my fate: if I have consented to survive myself, it is in order that I may still be of service to your glory: I wish to write of the great things that we have done together. Farewell! my children; would that I could press you all to my heart. Let me once more kiss your flag."

Here his voice failed him, and with the flag, which he had taken into his arms, he concealed and wiped away his tears. Nothing but sobs were heard. All these warriors wept like children about to lose a father!

But the voice of the emperor was again heard. "Farewell! once more, my old comrades," said he; "may this kiss reach all your hearts!" After which he sprang into the carriage where Marshal Bertrand was waiting for him. The carriage starts—disappears from the eyes of his old brothers in arms.

We meet with him next in the island of Elba.

M. Jamin, the author of a pamphlet from which we have borrowed a great many good things, did us the honours of Fontainebleau, ancient and modern, from the room where Francis I. came to visit the dying Lionardo da Vinci, to that in which the emperor signed his abdication.* He next conducted us to the church of Acon, and showed us the tomb of Monaldeschi which, with Father Le Bel's narrative in our hand, we should have recognised at the foot of the *bénitier*, even if a hand less learned than fierce had not traced the short epigraph "*Cy git Monaldeschi*" on the funeral marble.

It is, we are assured, in this very church, that the bowels of Philippe le Bel are buried. The marble which covers them is shown; but only the following words of the inscription, which has been nearly effaced by the feet of the curious, and the knees of the faithful, can be read:—"qui trépassa l'an de l'Incarnation 1215, le jour de Pasques."

On the two sides of the door, let into the wall, are the tombs of Vaubanton and Bezout.

After leaving the church, we wished our complaisant cicerone good-bye, and getting into the carriage proceeded on our route.

* By a singular coincidence the fresco on the ceiling represents Force dictating to Justice.

CHAPTER IV.

DOCTOR M——.



HE same evening, at about nine o'clock, we arrived at Cosne. A young man of my acquaintance was living in the neighbourhood of this town, with his wife and two beautiful children, on an estate which brought him in from ten to twelve thousand francs a year. It took him about ten months to spend the sixth part of this, like a patriarch on his own land: the remainder went in six weeks at Paris. He had often invited me, if my journeys should ever take me towards the mouth of the Norain, to

shoot over his grounds, promising me plenty of game, so that, as it is becoming scarcer and scarcer, we stopped at Cosne in order to profit next day by the invitation. Accordingly, the first thing I did on arriving at the hotel of the Grand Cerf, was to get information about the estate of Marsilly, and my friend Ambroise R——. The estate of Marsilly was situate at a distance of two leagues, and my friend Ambroise R—— was fortunately staying that evening at the very hotel. He had been required at Cosne to give evidence in the case of Dr. M——, who was accused of having poisoned his wife and daughter.

As Ambroise had gone out for a moment, we asked if there were no curiosities to see in the town, while supper, which our host had promised us in half an hour was getting ready. We were informed that there was nothing but the iron works, the forges of which were just going to be set to work.

I have little sympathy for machinery; the action of machines of great power always terrifies me by its impassibility. There are some above all employed for beating out metals, and which do so to an alarming extent. 'Whatever these may happen to seize between their iron teeth, once seized, the thing must pass through a hole more or less great, towards which all fabricable substances are conducted. Of whatever size the thing may be when it goes in, let it be a beam of the greatest thickness, it will come out stretched into a knitting needle of the greatest fineness. As for the machine it merely turns, that is its business, and its duty, and it matters not to it what the substance be which it has to crush and draw out. You offer it an iron bar, the monster draws it to itself and devours it. You don't take your hand back quickly enough, the machine pinches the end of your finger and all is over. You may cry out, but if there be no workmen present with a hatchet to cut your wrist off, after the finger comes the hand, after the hand the arm, after the arm the head, after the head the body. Shrieks, oaths, prayers, nothing will avail you; the shortest plan for your friends or family, is to look out for you on the other side of the machine. You went in a man, you come out a wire; in five minutes you have grown two hundred feet. It is curious but not agreeable.

Accordingly I always treat such sorts of contrivances very respectfully, and in fact all things which are not capable of understanding reason. It resulted from this that being quite unfamiliar with the machinery employed by M. Zeri, the director of the manufactory of Cosne, I stopped on the threshold to make myself acquainted with the locality.

' I have rarely beheld anything more darkly poetic than that great building, the extremities of which it was impossible to see, and which was only lighted by the flames of the two forges then in use. The ever changing fire which rose from the furnaces, gave its colours to the circles which it formed around it, and clothed the men and objects included within these circles, in the most fantastic of tints, from a brilliant red, down to a pale blue. From time to time as the flames appeared to die away, a red-hot iron was drawn from the white embers, and placed by means of enormous pincers on a colossal anvil, where five or six hammers fell upon it in cadence. At each blow that was struck, clusters of sparks darted forth illuminating the innermost darkness of these endless vaults like lightning. Then, and for only a second, one could see unheard of instruments in operation, gigantic, and in form resembling some unknown fish of an undiscovered sea; during the periods of darkness, one could only hear the grating noise which these produced. Some of them like

giants' scissors opened their jaws of steel, and each time they closed cut through bars of iron of the thickness of one's thigh, as if they had been pieces of straw. Others, resembling elephants, let down a mass of chains in order to draw up enormous weights; others again, the form and object of which, it was equally impossible to tell, were at work mysteriously in the dark by themselves, like malefactors, who seek concealment for the commission of some crime. M. Zeni invited us to come in and look at his metallic menagerie more closely, and also to see the last stroke given to the mistress anchor of *La Driade*, who was waiting for it at Rochfort. This anchor weighed more than nine thousand pounds. I felt obliged to take some more adventures in this cave of Polyphemus.

We were wandering in its depths when M. Zeni called us: they were about to melt a cauldron full of metal; we placed ourselves near some sand, into which the burning liquid was to run, the two forges went out one after the other, and the workmen approached on each side. The darkness became more profound, and soon the manufactory received no light, except from the glowing orifice of the cauldron. The master founder commenced the attack with a pair of pincers, and after the third or fourth blow the obstacle which kept back the metal was removed, and like a stream of lava it poured forth in large bubbles from the sides of the furnace, and stretched itself out like an immense serpent of flame, over a length of from sixty to eighty feet. One of the workmen told me, that one day a companion of his, whose attention was being diverted at the time by his neighbour, and who did not follow the progress of the operation, was overtaken by the metal in fusion. The unfortunate man gave a shriek, and fell down like a broken tree; both his feet were cut off above the ankle. As for the absent members, a search was made for them in the lava, but it had completely devoured them, and no vestige remained.

At the end of this story I reminded Jadin, that the half-hour which our host had required for the preparation of our supper had more than expired, and we wished M. Zeni good-bye, leaving our compliments for each of his machines.

Coming back we saw a number of groups in the streets; Cosne appeared to be in quite an unnatural state of agitation. Every provincial town of good life and manners should be in bed at nine; it was now nearly ten, and all the shops in the street were open, all the inhabitants in the streets. We inquired the cause of such an extraordinary sensation, and found out that Dr. M—, the same man who was accused of having poisoned his wife and daughter, had just committed suicide in prison by opening the crural artery. This

news restored Cosne to our good opinion, for surely such an event was a sufficient cause for a town of six thousand inhabitants remaining awake half an hour later than usual.

On coming back to the hotel we found Ambroise R——, who had heard of our arrival, and was waiting for us. We invited him to partake of our supper, but the sight of the dead body of Dr. M——, the identity of which he had just been called on by the authorities to establish, had taken away his appetite.

We asked him after words by what chance he found himself mixed up as a witness in this horrible affair, and he then told us one of those strange histories in which all the *bizarre* effects of human perversity and human weakness are set forth.

Dr. M—— lived in a village at two or three leagues distance from the estate of Ambroise; they had been intimate a long time, were almost school-fellows, and saw each other as often as the distance and their respective occupations would permit.

The doctor had married a young girl from the neighbourhood who had brought him a portion of about a hundred thousand francs which was given to him by the marriage contract in case of her dying without children. At the end of ten months the young woman was confined with a child, and the doctor appeared equally delighted as a husband and a father.

Three years glided by. All at once it was said abroad that Madame M—— had died suddenly. Every one rushed to the house of the dead, as is customary in the provinces; the husband was found in despair; he was embracing his daughter, and said that she alone could now enable him to support life.

Three months afterwards the child fell sick in its turn, and, in spite of the attention lavished upon it by its father, died. For three more months no one, for ten leagues round, spoke of anything but the misfortunes of the poor Dr. M——. He was a long time before appearing even at the houses of his best friends, and when he was seen again, every one considered him terribly altered. For the rest the interest which every one took in him was very profitable to him: in less than a year his practice had doubled.

It was nearly eighteen months since Dr. M—— had lost his own wife, when Ambroise's wife was on the point of being confined. Ambroise immediately mounted a horse and rode in the greatest haste for Dr. M——. Dr. M—— also mounted his horse and came back with Ambroise to Marsilly. It was about two o'clock in the afternoon.

At seven in the evening Ambroise's wife was confined of a pretty little girl. On seeing the child Dr. M—— almost fainted. It

was thought that this sight had recalled his own loss to the poor father, and that the joy of his friend had redoubled his own grief.

At dinner the doctor scarcely ate anything. At nine o'clock Ambroise's servant, who had received the order in the course of the day from the doctor himself, saddled the doctor's horse, and announced to him that when he wished to return home everything was ready for him.

The doctor rose and almost immediately sat down again, turning at the same time very pale. Ambroise noticed this, and took his hand. His hand was cold, notwithstanding which large drops of perspiration were rolling down his forehead. Ambroise asked him what was the matter; the doctor smiled, and said it was nothing. Ambroise also had heard his friend say how necessary it was for him to return home the same evening, and invited him, somewhat undecidedly, to pass the night at Marsilly. The doctor took some steps towards the door, but when he reached the threshold he stopped and, falling back, said—

"Yes, I will stay."

"Do you feel unwell?" asked Ambroise.

"No, but I am frightened," replied the physician.

At this strange answer Ambroise looked his friend in the face. He had known him for twenty years, and had known him to be a brave man. A hundred times in the course of the year his patients called him from home at all hours of the day and night, and he had never shown the least sign of weakness or fear; though certainly, since the death of his wife, several of his patients had complained that when they had required him during the night, although the cases were urgent, he had always found means under different pretexts not to go when he was wanted. Ambroise recollected these complaints, and remembering besides that there was a wood to cross at a quarter of a league's distance from Marsilly, he offered either to have him accompanied, or to lend him his pistols in case he feared being stopped. But the doctor shook his head and repeated twice over—

"It is not that! It is not that!"

Ambroise who required nothing better than that he should remain in case his wife might require fresh attention, did not press the point any more, and gave his servant orders to prepare a bed for his guest. The doctor then asked him whether he should have any objection to the bed being made up in his own bedroom. Ambroise having no reason to oppose this, consented. He then just went to his wife, found that she was asleep, desired that he might be awoken in case anything occurred, and, leaving her in charge of the nurse who was attending her, came back to the room where he had left the doctor.

He found him walking about in an agitated manner and taking enormous steps, but at the moment he did not pay any particular attention to this. Taking up one of the lights which had been burning all the evening he invited the doctor to take the other, and went with him into the bedroom, where, in accordance with the request of the doctor, both were to pass the night.

Ambroise got into bed and blew the light out. The doctor also went to bed, but left the light burning. Ambroise soon fell asleep.

In the middle of the night he was awake by groans. Except by a faint moonbeam which pierced through the blind and cast a feeble gleam of light on a portion of his bed, all the room was in darkness. He thought at first that he had mistaken some dream for a reality, but the groans recommenced—they proceeded from the doctor's bed.

"Is that you moaning so, Louis?" inquired Ambroise. A fresh sigh was the only answer to this question.

"Are you in pain?" he continued, but a species of sob was all the inquiry produced.

"I say! Are you awake or asleep?" asked Ambroise, with a certain impatience, as he got up in the bed!

"I am awake," replied the doctor; for the last eighteen months I have not slept."

"What do you mean?" inquired Ambroise.

"Listen! It has been stifling me too long. I must tell you all, or it will be my death."

"What! are you mad?" said Ambroise. "What can you have to tell me?"

"Wait," said the doctor. "It must be told in a low voice."

In the voice of his companion there was a tone so profoundly deep, that Ambroise felt all his limbs shudder; he looked underneath the table for a match, but the doctor hearing him move, and guessing his intention, cried out—

"No, no! no light, or I will not speak!"

At the same time Ambroise heard him come down from his bed, saw him go to the window and draw the curtain, so as to intercept the moonbeam which fell upon the bed, after which he heard him feeling his way towards his pillow. He stretched out his hand, and it met that of the doctor. The doctor's hand was as icy as a hand of marble, and at the same time covered with perspiration. Ambroise wished to withdraw his own, but the doctor retained it with so much force, pressed his lips to it, and at the same time fell on his knees.

"What, in the name of heaven, is the matter?" cried Ambroise.

"Do you suspect nothing?" asked the doctor.

"What do you imagine I should suspect?"

"Do you not suspect that he who now holds your hand, who is on his knees, close to your bed, is a wretch, a villain, a murderer—worse than all that even—a poisoner?"

Ambroise made so violent a movement that he drew his hand back in spite of the firmness with which the doctor held it.

"Wretch!" he cried, "and why come and tell me that, who forced you to do so?"

"Who forces me? How do I know myself? Is it God, is it remorse, is it my wife, is it my child?" And he pronounced these last words in an almost extinguished voice. Ambroise shrunk to the other side of the bed with horror.

"Yes, yes, I terrify you, do I not? But no matter. I must tell all; it stifles me. When I have told everything I shall feel relieved.—Ambroise, I have poisoned my wife!—Ambroise, I have poisoned my daughter!"

Ambroise raised his two hands to heaven, and could only pronounce these words, "Oh, my God, my God!"

"No one knew it, no one had any suspicion of it, no one would ever have had any, but I have found my accuser within myself; at each moment the fatal secret is on my lips. Without doubt it was some great criminal who first instituted the confessional, for it was apparent to me that if I confessed my crime I should find solace. This morning when you came for me I thought of you, it appeared to me a warning from heaven, and from that moment I was decided. It is true that for a moment I failed, and that I was on the point of going away. If it had been daylight I would have gone, but it was night, and at night"——The doctor stretched his hand out and seized that of Ambroise, "And at night," he continued, "I am frightened."

"But why do you come and tell all these frightful things to me? I am not a priest, and cannot absolve you."

"But you are my friend, and can console me."

"Well, listen then," said Ambroise, approaching him; "I am going then to speak to you as a friend, and not as a priest, since it is advice, and not absolution, that you ask for."

"Speak, speak!"

"One day or other your crime will be discovered. (The doctor shuddered). It will be the scaffold, the prison, or perhaps worse—the hulks. You have a father and a sister; your father will be dishonoured, your sister will be despised by every one. Take my pistols, and go and blow your brains out in the corner of the wood of Margilly. I will accompany you there, and will bring back the weapons."

To-morrow it will be said that you have been attacked by robbers and assassinated."

"And if, at the moment, my courage should fail, and I wound without killing myself."

"Then write on a piece of paper that you are your own destroyer, place it beneath your pillow, and if you fail—why, I will complete the work."

The doctor uttered a groan, let go the hand of Ambroise, and fell back.

"After a moment's silence Ambroise said,

"Well, I see you are a coward! Go to bed, and say no more about it."

"And—and—nothing of what I have confessed to you shall ever come out of your mouth?"

"Wretch!" muttered Ambroise, "do you take me for a scoundrel like yourself?"

The doctor crawled on his knees to bed. Ambroise left the room, and went into his wife's chamber.

The next day he asked what had become of the doctor, and was told that he had gone away at daybreak.

It was six months before he saw him again. At the end of that period he learnt that the doctor had been arrested on suspicion of having poisoned his wife and daughter. The doctor's servant who lodged above him, astonished to hear him walking about, going to bed, and getting up again instead of sleeping, came down stairs one night, looked through the keyhole, saw his master on his knees in the middle of the room, and heard him ask for pardon from his wife and child. This servant was one who had come from his father-in-law's, and who was very much attached to his old master. He related everything to the old man, who was left entirely without family by the death of his daughter and grand-daughter. The old man had had his suspicions, but these suspicions had disappeared for want of proof. He had ceased to visit his son-in-law, and that was all. He was isolated and dying like a tree withering away in a corner, when the tale of this old servant served to wake up his former doubts. He asked the servant if he could let him hear and see for himself that which he had witnessed: the servant replied that nothing could be more easy; that he would conceal him in his room, and as the same thing was repeated every night, he would only have to observe and listen in order to see and hear in his own turn that which he had seen and heard.

The plan was carried out according to the arrangement. The old man, convinced more by the paleness of the murderer than by

his words, went the same night to the *Procureur du Roi*, and made his deposition.

The next day the doctor was taken into custody.

He had scarcely been arrested, when he acknowledged everything, and narrated himself the scene which had taken place at Marsilly, telling the judge, as he had already told Ambroise, that a moment had arrived at which he felt so much the necessity of speaking, that, influenced by a superior force, he had confessed everything.

Ambroise had next been summoned to appear as a witness, and had come to Cosne to give his evidence.

He would have been examined the next day, had not the doctor opened his crural artery, as we have already stated.

Freed from the obligation which he had imposed upon himself, he could from that time relate what had taken place. For the rest, we were the first who heard this strange story. Ambroise, up to that time, had not breathed a word of it, even to his wife.

It will be imagined that there was no talk of our shooting on the following day; besides, Ambroise was obliged to remain at Cosne to make his depositions.

Consequently we took leave of him the same evening, and went away at daybreak towards La Charité, where we purposed making a halt of a couple of hours.



● LA CHARITÉ.



CHAPTER IV.

CHINESE CURIOSITIES.



TOMB OF MONTMORENCY.

WE stopped the carriage opposite the church, which has never been finished, and is, nevertheless, a ruin; then we went on foot to M. Grasset, for whom I had a letter of introduction.

M. Grasset is one of those good and amiable *savans* who, with a holy patience, employ half their life in forming one of these private collections which would often

do honour to the museum of a great town; and spend the other in doing the honours to those importunate persons who come to them with introductions from unknown persons who had no right to give them, but to which the courteous archaeologist pays as much attention as if they came from friends. This was not the case with us; for we went to M. Grasset with an introduction from Baron Taylor, and the first thing he did was to force us to breakfast with him.

After breakfast, as the weather brightened for an instant, leaving us, however, reason to fear rain for the remainder of the day, M. Grasset did us the honours of the town so celebrated in the time of the "*rotseries*," and during the wars of the league, and which owes its name to the sums given away in charity by its founders. It retains nothing belonging to the middle ages, except a castle in ruins, part of a rampart, and the church. We visited all these in half an hour; and as we had now seen all that was to be seen at La Charité, we re-entered M. Grasset's house, pursued by the first drops of that rain with which we had been threatened since the morning. It was just the weather for collections of curiosities, and accordingly we went up-stairs to M. Grasset's museum.

I confess that I expected to see one of those poor collections met with in provincial towns, with three or four stuffed fish hanging from the ceiling; but I was agreeably surprised to find in the very first room magnificent vases by Bernard de Palissy, and a complete collection of stones and minerals from Mount Sinai—a collection which, probably, could not be found in the Paris Museum of Natural History. Unfortunately, I was not sufficiently learned in mineralogy to appreciate it properly; accordingly I turned to a quantity of objects of the middle ages, and above all some locks and keys, which were carved with taste and skill that would have done honour to Benvenuto Cellini.

In this manner we went through four or five rooms successively, which were filled with curious objects, the majority of which had been procured for M. Grasset by one of his friends, a learned and brave sea-captain, who had sailed round the world I don't know how many times, and who had arrived from China about a fortnight or three weeks previously, bringing with him a most singular example, not of the intellect, but of the patience of the worshippers of the Great Dragon.

Amongst the different pairs of trousers which the captain had made for him before leaving Paris, there was one which was considered a master-piece: it was one of those miracles which sometimes issue from the establishments of Humann or Vaudeau, and which envelop the boots, indicate the calf, abolish the knee, mark the thigh, and deny the existence of corporation. Accordingly, thanks to the predilection which the owner entertained for them,

the trousers, after having flourished along the coast, at the Cape of Good Hope, and the Isle of France, arrived at Canton, nearly worn out. Nevertheless, owing to that fashionable cut which nothing, not even the fact of being new, can supply the place of, they still looked very well, when the sailor, who served as the captain's valet, let fall half the oil contained in a lamp which he was cleaning on to the middle of the thigh of the unfortunate pair.

In spite of his philosophy, this blow had such an effect upon the captain, that he had not quite recovered from it when one of his Canton associates came as usual to smoke a pipe of opium with him. He found him in such a state of vexation that he feared some great misfortune must have happened to him, and accordingly he inquired what had taken place to alter his habitual good humour. The captain showed him the unfortunate trousers, which he had now thrown aside:—"There!" said he, "just look! The very pair you were complimenting me on yesterday!"

The friend took the trousers, and turned them about with the most annoying calmness. When he was quite convinced that they could not be worn again, he observed:—

"Well, you must have another pair made."

"Another pair made!" answered the captain. "And who's to make another pair—some of your Chinese fellows?"

"Certainly, some of my Chinese fellows!" returned the friend with imperturbable coolness.

"Yes, and get a sack sent to me, made in their regular style!" continued the captain, shrugging his shoulders."

"They won't make you a sack," said the other; "and if you only give them their model upon which you want them made, they will turn you out a pair of trousers that Vaudeau wouldn't know from his own."

"Really," said the captain.

"Upon my honour," assured the friend.

"Well, I have heard hundreds of times of the fidelity of the Chinese in imitation."

"And all that you have heard upon the subject has been less than the truth."

"By heaven, you make me anxious to try them!"

"Do try, especially as it won't cost you much. How much did you pay for those trousers?"

"Fifty-five or sixty francs, I don't quite remember."

"Well, you can see what they're capable of doing here for fifteen."

"And what tailor must I take them to?"

"The first you come to. Mine, if you like; he lives at the gate."

The captain rolls his trousers under his arm, follows his friend, and arrives at the tailor's.

"Now," said the friend, explain what you want, and I will translate your words to him.

The captain did not want twice speaking to. He spread out the trousers, pointed out their cut, and ended by saying that he wanted a pair exactly like them. The friend translated the order, and laid great stress on the directions.

"Very well, said the tailor, "in three days the gentleman shall have what he wants."

"What does he say?" asked the captain impatiently.

"He says you shall have what you desire in three days."

"Three days! That's a long time," says the captain.

The friend translated the captain's remark to the Chinese, who looked at the trousers again, shook his head, and said a few words in reply to the interpreter.

"Well?" asked the captain.

"He says there's a great deal of work to do, and that three days are not too long in order to have it properly done."

"Well, three days, then; but don't let him break his word."

"Oh," as for that, there is no fear. In three days, at the exact time, he'll be at your house." And the two friends went away, repeating their directions to the artist for the last time..

Three days afterwards, as the captain and his friend were smoking their pipe of opium, the domestic opened the door, and announced the tailor.

"Oh, indeed," said the captain. "Well, let us see if he is as skilful as he is punctual.

"There they are," said the tailor.

"Let's try them," said the captain, as he took the trousers from the hands of the tailor, put them on, and, in order to be certain that they fitted well, told the tailor to draw up the blinds.

"Why, they fit wonderfully," said the friend.

"I should think so," said the captain: "he has given me my old pair. But where are the others, you stupid?" he exclaimed to the Chinese.

The friend translated the remark to the tailor, who gave the other pair with a triumphant look.

The captain changed the trousers.

"Well, I must be mad!" said the captain. This pair now seems to be mine. Where can the new ones be?"

The friend expressed the captain's doubts to the tailor, who held out the trousers upon which he had just finished operating.

"Well, here is the new pair," said the friend.

"No! can't you see they are the old ones?" replied the captain.
 "Why, hang it, there's the spot of grease!"

"And there's one on the pair you have on as well!"

"What fool's wit can this be?"

The friend turned to the Chinese, questioned him, and, upon hearing his reply, burst into a shout of laughter.

"Well?" said the captain.

"Well," said the friend, "what did you order from this good man?"

"I ordered a pair of trousers."

"Like your own."

"Yes, like my own."

"Well, he has made them so like that you can't tell the difference, that's all. But he tells me that his greatest trouble has been to wear them out, and spot them in exactly the same places; and that he must charge you five francs extra, because he failed with two pair before coming to a satisfactory result; now, however, he decides you to distinguish one pair from the other. You must allow that that's well worth twenty francs."

"Indeed it is," replied the captain, as he drew a Napoleon from his pocket, and gave it to the Chinese.

The Chinese thanked him, and asked for the captain's custom as long as he remained in Canton, although, he added, if he always had such difficult work given him, there would be nothing gained by it.

From that day the captain could never tell one pair of trousers from the other, so much were they alike. He brought them both back to France as specimens of Chinese industry, and had promised to make a present of them to M. Grasset. If he kept his word they must be far from being the least interesting things in the collection.

About noon we left M. Grasset's, and three hours afterwards were at Nevers. We only stopped there sufficient time to see the three great curiosities of the place:—the Gate of Croux, by which the unfortunate Gérard de Nevers re-entered the town; the Convent of the Visitandines, where Vert-Vert lies entombed; and Saint Etienne, a Roman church of the eighth or ninth century.

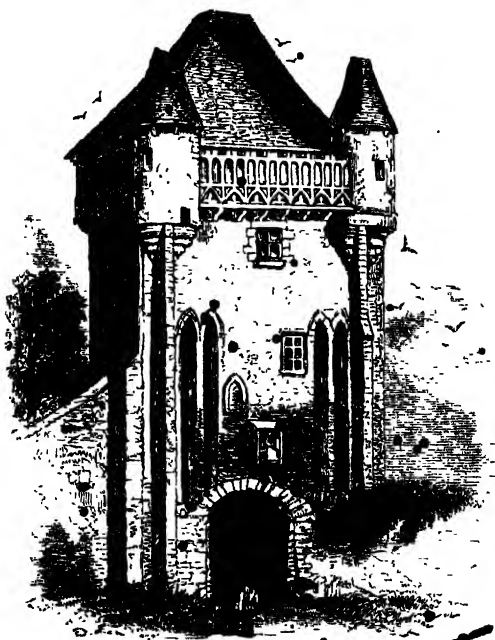
There is a fourth, which we discovered by chance, and which is well worth mentioning: it is a sun-dial, painted on the middle of the façade of the Ducal Palace, and beneath which the painter has written with *naïveté* the three following lines:—

"THIS SUN-DIAL WAS FORMED AT NEVERS,
 AS THE SUN WAS ENTERING THE SIGN OF CAPRICORN,
 BY ORDER OF THE NATIONAL CONVENTION."

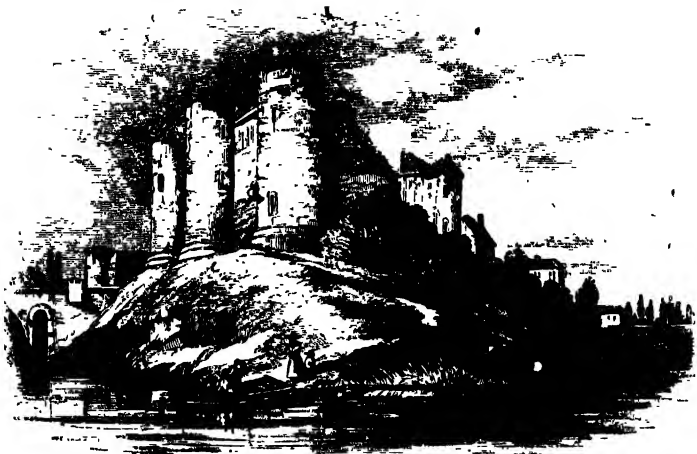
The same night we arrived at Moulins.

A few hours in the morning sufficed us to see the town, which, apart from the peasant girls' caps shaped like hunting horns, presents nothing remarkable, if we except a bible of the thirteenth century, to be seen in the town library, and the tomb of Henri de Montmorency, which rises from the choir of the church belonging to the college: this is the sarcophagus of that same Henri de Montmorency who was decapitated at Toulouse by order of Cardinal de Richelieu.

• This tomb, surmounted by figures *couchant* of the duke and duchess, and containing their hearts in an urn of black marble, which is supported by two funereal cupids, was in danger at the time of the revolution of being destroyed by the people. The blow of a hatchet, of which the trace is still visible, had already made its mark on the marble, when a passing voice cried out: "What are you going to do, citizens?" Montmorency was a brave *sans-culotte*, who was guillotined by order of a tyrant, because he was conspiring against the *calotins*. "*Vive Montmorency!*" cried the people; and the tomb was respected.



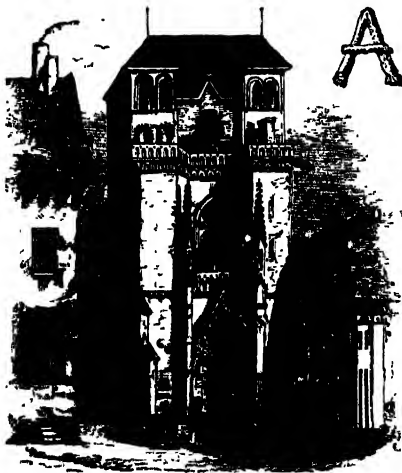
THE GATE OF CROUX.



CADRE OF BOURBON-L'ARCHAMBAULT.

CHAPTER VI.

BOURBON-L'ARCHAMBAULT.



CHURCH OF SAUVIGNY.

A

T two o'clock in the afternoon we left for Sauvigny, the church of which we had heard very much praised. At four o'clock we arrived at this village, and there was just enough daylight remaining for us to visit that edifice. It is a magnificent building, half of the twelfth, half of the fifteenth century, in which the Gothic style is engrafted on the Roman. Two superb tombs, one of the year 1430, the other of 1470, are found in the side chapels, from which the choir can be seen

through a lace-work of stone. One of these tombs is that of Charles of Bourbon and Agnes of Burgundy, daughter of Charles the Bold; the other contains the bones of the good Duke Louis II. and his wife.

The figures reclining on marble slabs present that appearance of simple grandeur which is the unmistakable stamp of the sculpture of this epoch. At the opposite extremity of the church, close to a Byzantine *bas-relief* of the ninth or tenth century, is a gigantic staircase, which leads to a magnificent organ.

• We were examining all this with that archaeological interest which those who do not partake in it can never understand, and in which the architects, above all, have appeared to us strangely wanting, when the curate advanced towards us with that polite friendliness peculiar to men of the world, who have only to exchange a glance in order to be aware that they belong to the same family. He had guessed, at first, from our luggage, that we must be artists. Our carriage had for an instant given him some doubts on the subject; but on coming into the church he found Jadin, pencil in hand, and his opinion was then fixed. He came to invite us home to his house, and the invitation was given with so much good grace, and accompanied with entreaties so natural to an unfortunate Parisian in exile, —there was, in fine, so much frank cordiality in his words, that we accepted it, and followed him to his domicile.

• We were introduced into a room, the shelves and tables of which were full of the works of our modern authors, and of albums enriched by the drawings of our best painters. Some portraits of contemporary men were hanging from the walls. I recognised my own by the side of Lamartine and Victor Hugo, and I confess that, independently of the honour of such society, I felt happy at having been preceded by my likeness in the hermitage which we were visiting. It was there that M. de Chambon, which was the name of our host, fancied he recognised me. Having no motive for keeping an *incognito*, for I was neither a prince nor a dancer, I at once acknowledged my identity. Ten minutes afterwards we were all in a drawing-room in the Faubourg St. Germain.

I know of no recreation more agreeable in the country, after the thoughts of Parisian life have been for a long time shut up within one's own breast, with one's literary friendships and objects of special admiration (from the want, not only of sympathetic minds who can understand you, but also of such memories as can retain other names besides those which are forgotten),—I know of no recreation more agreeable than that of discovering, by means of some electric word, that you have at last found a man amongst the animated vegetation which surrounds you. Then your heart swells with joy, all your reminiscences present themselves at once, they are on your lips all at the same time, and at last rush out simultaneously and in confusion, like the poor children who are kept in school all the week, and

whom the prison doors are opened on Sunday. Then your conversation is without connection, without rule; you quote the titles of books, and nothing more. It is only when you are quite certain that you are creatures of the same species, experiencing the same sensations in presence of the same objects, reproducing these sensations by similar words, and forming identical opinions, that you put something like order into the conversation; you then proceed to periods, and conclude with arguments.

This is what happened with us at the end of ten minutes. M. de Chambon knew all the modern authors by their works, but none of them personally, and we passed an hour in pointing out to him resemblances between the men and their productions. The unconscious men whose qualities we were illustrating were brought before us at our will, each in his turn to the little corner where their phantoms were being summoned. We threw a purple mantle over the shoulders of some; others we sent away stripped of everything. Suddenly formed into a conclave, we played with sceptres and crowns, we deposed emperors, and created new ones; and, perhaps, some of those whom we elected will be one day consecrated.

We were interrupted by the announcement, so agreeable to travellers, that dinner was ready, our host's entertainment having been improvised with that wonderful facility of resources which the country offers. The first course, it must be confessed, put an end to the conversation; it assumed some sort of form during the second; but was not in thorough action until the desert.

Without losing its artistic character, it seemed to have, at the same time, taken a religious tendency. M. de Chambon belonged to the young Catholic school, and consequently there was complete harmony between our social opinions. Instead of complaining, as many do, that faith and piety were becoming extinct, he perceived in all minds a wonderful disposition towards the spirit of the Catholic ideas, and that gave him hope, both as a priest and an artist; for the centuries of belief are always those which have produced great and, above all, complete works.

Why are the churches of the fifteenth century so admirable? Because in their details, and as wholes, they are in harmony with the mysteries which they are destined to see performed. Thus the two turrets which rise from each side of the front represented the two arms which the Christian lifts to heaven in prayer; the twelve chapels extending from left to right were equal in number to that of the apostles; the Roman cross formed by the columns which sustained the porch was made after the image of that of Golgotha; the porch inclined a little more to the right than to the left, because

Christ leaned his head upon his right shoulder while dying; to conclude, three windows gave their light to the tabernacle, because the Godhead is composed of three persons, and because all light is from God. Now what man, however irreligious, can cross the threshold of Notre-Dame, and continue the frivolous conversation of the street in this wonderful cathedral? No, he uncovers his head, and speaks in a low voice, he knows not why. It is because the grand Catholic sentiment, which has presided at the construction of that edifice, has moved all his senses at the same time, and penetrated to his heart.

We had got so far in our conversation, when a man entered, and whispered to our host, who rose immediately. "Gentlemen," said he with a smile, "let us go and finish this conversation in a more inspiring place: you have seen my church by day, come and see it by night."

- We followed him immediately. • It was a beautiful moonlight night; the heavens were looking down upon earth with eyes of fire. A profound calmness had come with the evening, and the first sleep of nature was undisturbed by any noise.

We entered the church, the door shut behind us, and we at first thought that we should be unable to distinguish anything in the darkness, such had been the effect in our eyes of the soft, limpid light with which they had just been filled. However, after taking a few steps, we perceived that the choir was illuminated, although we could not see the torches from which the light proceeded, marked as it was by the dark shadow of the altar, with its cross, its tabernacle, and its flameless candles. As for the opposite side, with the staircase and the Byzantine *bas-relief*, it was plunged in such darkness that my gaze became lost in its shadows long before reaching the walls. From place to place the large arched windows, through which shone the rays of the moon, cast their resplendent reflections on the gray marbles, with their mosaic work, representing saints with halos of gold, and robes of red and blue. Sometimes a gleam of light would shine on some column, leaving its base and capital in darkness, and rendering visible only that part which immediately received the light. At this moment, at the opposite extremity of the church, which, as I have said before, was plunged in obscurity, a man appeared. He bore a torch, (which, spreading its light in a circle around it, drove back the darkness to the depths on either side,) and commenced ascending the immense staircase. By degrees, as he ascended, the dark shadows regained their domain, and followed after him, like Death in the pursuit of Life. He soon disappeared, turning to the left behind a pillar, and little by little the light disappeared along the walls, and all was again night. • Suddenly, in the

midst of this silence and darkness, a loud voice resounded: it was the organ, the sounds of which rushing one upon the other like the waves of a sea of harmony, passed over our heads, and extending to the furthest depths of the cathedral, at last broke upon its walls. At the same instant human tones were heard, married to this wondrous music, and the *Stabat Mater* of Pergolèse rose upwards in sadness to heaven.

I am ignorant of the effect which this profoundly religious scene produced upon my companions. For myself, I reached the chapel of the Duke Louis II., which was in complete darkness; leaned on the monument where, according to the touching custom of those poetical ages which made the tomb a second nuptial couch, he is sleeping by the side of his wife; and gave myself up to the influence of the thrilling harmony. I then understood the ecstasy, the rapture, of the visions of the cloister, and, like Joad, felt ready to prophecy a new Jerusalem.

Let those who disbelieve, listen at midnight to the groans of the organ, and the sobs of the *Stabat Mater*.

I was still listening to them when both had ceased. My friends had no doubt been looking for me some time, for suddenly I heard my name called out in the midst of the silence. I gave a shudder, so little was I prepared for this human voice calling me back to earth. I opened my mouth to answer, but dared not; it seemed as if it would be a sacrilege to speak aloud. I rejoined Jadin, and M. de Chambon, then in silence, and found them throwing the light of their torches on an arch, in which was represented a woman whose figure is of an almost Grecian delicacy, and who is seen sporting with a shadow, a symbol of the artist's intelligence engaged in a contest with his fancy.

For the rest, the inhabitants of Sauvigny losing sight among the generations of their fathers, of the manner in which their church was erected, and not believing such wonders could be accomplished by human hands, attribute its construction to the fairies. A shepherdess who had gone to sleep near her flock, awoke at dawn and saw it rise through the mist of the morning, with its pointed spires, its festooned galleries, and its grand entrance, in the place where in the evening before a fountain murmured, and beautiful trees grew. Struck with astonishment the poor woman remained motionless, and in her place a stone statue was found, which still remains in the angle formed by one of the towers.

On the 10th of July, 1830, the Duchess d'Angoulême, returning from the waters of Vichy, visited the priory of Sauvigny. She caused the vault where her ancestors sleep to be opened, and knelt

down and prayed for a long time before their tombs. On rising she fixed her eyes on the escutcheon of the house of Bourbon, from which the three blue *fleurs de lis*, and the word *hope*, which is the motto of the order of the golden shield, had been scratched out. She asked whose work this mutilation was; and on being told that it was done by the people, said: "As to their effacing the *fleurs de lis*, that I can understand, but the word *hope*, where are we henceforth to look for it, if it is made to disappear even from our tombs."

Twenty days afterwards, the daughter of St. Louis went for the third time into exile.

I don't know what o'clock it was when we continued our journey. I only know that at the first dawn of day we perceived, at a quarter of a league's distance, and crowning the summit of a mountain, the battered ruins of the old Castle of Bourbon-l'Archambault, surmounted by its three colossal towers.

The house at which we alighted was the same in which Madame de Montespan died. It belonged to a young man, who had undertaken a noble and laborious task, which he was not destined to complete—to our young friend Achille Allier, author of the *Ancien Bourbonnais*.



ADAME DE MONTESPAN.

There it was that he pursued in silence and in faith, slowly and conscientiously, that work which death came to interrupt. The monument which he was erecting so laboriously for futurity, remained unfinished; and the chisel fell from his hands before he had the happiness of carving his name on the last stone. Poor Achille; how he must have regretted dying!

He showed us the room where the celebrated favourite, who had been as powerful as a queen, breathed her last sigh. Her state of isolation at death formed a strange contrast with her life: no friendly voice, but that of a priest, was there to sustain and fortify her at the last moment; and even before expiring she closed her eyes, doubtless in order to lose sight of the strange and indifferent faces which surrounded her.

Two hours after she had breathed her last, a post-chaise stopped before the house of death, a man descended from it precipitately, mounted the staircase with rapidity, hurried into the room, and rushed forward.

her bed. Do not imagine that it was to shed tears over the corpse—it was in order to untie a key, which was fastened by a black ribbon to the neck of the deceased; having gained possession of it, he opened a little box, took the papers which it enclosed, and went away without taking any part in the funeral. This man was her son!

Madame de Montespan had left her heart to the convent of La Flèche, her body to the Abbey of St. Germain des Prés, and her intestines to the priory of St. Menoux, distant three leagues only from Bourbon-l'Archambault. La Flèche and St. Germain received their legacies; and, in order that the wishes of the deceased might be fulfilled in every point, a peasant was ordered to carry to the neighbouring church that portion of the remains which had been destined for it. Unfortunately, they forgot to tell him the nature of the burden which he had to bear. In the middle of his journey, he was seized with a desire to know what it was he was carrying; he opened the case, and fancying he was being made the plaything of some practical joker, threw the contents on the side of a ditch. At this moment a herd of pigs passed by, and the bowels of the haughtiest of women were devoured by the most unclean of beasts.

On leaving Achille's, we found ourselves on the Place des Capucins, where are the basins and reservoirs of the hot springs. These reservoirs form three large wells, at the bottom of which, the water seems, at the first glance, to be in a constant state of ebullition. With a little attention one finds out that the bubbling is caused by the disengagement of gas, and this disengagement gives birth to a vapour, which, although imperceptible in hot and dry weather, becomes apparent as soon as there is any moisture in the atmosphere; and at the approach, and during the prevalence of storms, forms a mist, which is sometimes sufficiently thick to prevent one's seeing from one side of the basin to the other. This phenomenon is explained as follows: the more the atmosphere presses on these waters, so much the less does the heat cause dilation, the gas disengages itself, and vapours arise; whilst, on the contrary, the less these waters are compressed by the atmospheric air, which becomes lighter in stormy weather, so much the more does the heat cause dilation, and in like proportion gas is disengaged, and the vapours produced. We were witnesses of this difference in aspect after an interval of only four hours. The colour of these waters is greenish, especially in the basins, where it is more exposed to the air than in the springs and reservoirs; the smell is that of sulphuretted hydrogen. This odour is trifling enough in the neighbourhood of the reservoirs, and disappears altogether when the water has remained for some time in a tub; whilst, on the contrary, it increases with the vapour, and some-

times becomes so strong in bathing rooms, that one would be stifled in them, if the precaution of opening the ventilators were not taken. As for their taste, it is that of an hydro-sulphurettic alkali; left to get cold, they lose their sharp lixiviel flavour for one decidedly alkaline; and when warmed up, they are nauseating.

• In the time of Cæsar, Bourbon-l'Archambault was already celebrated for its hot springs. The Roman legions, accustomed to the warm sun, the mild air, and the soft waters of Italy, after having forced their way with their bucklers through the snows of Auvergne, looked upon these rushing waters, which sprang up before them, like gifts from Heaven. They founded an establishment there, which disappeared with their civilization, and was destroyed by the conquest of the Franks. The barbarians, who succeeded them, had no idea of the medicinal application of the mineral waters, as known by Aristotle, Hippocrates, and Galen. Avicennius is the first who speaks of them again, towards the ninth century; but it was not until the sixteenth century that, thanks to the experiments of Gemmer, Baccius, Bautrin, and Fallope, they began to regain favour. A century afterwards, Gaston, the brother of Louis XIII., re-established his health at the waters of Bourbon-l'Archambault, and laid the commencement of a celebrity and a vogue, which were still more increased by the frequent journeys which Madame de Montespan made to them.

Allier observed to us that a storm was brewing, and recommended that we should continue our route immediately. The next thing which detained us was the Quinquengrogne, which is an isolated tower, raised, some say, by Archambault the Great, others by Louis I., in contempt of the rights of the townspeople. Jealous of their prerogatives, they armed, in order to recover them; but the builder of the tower ascended the ramparts with his soldiers, and, opening his engines of war upon the malcontents, cast the following insulting words in their teeth from the top of the walls:—" *On la bâtit, qui qu'en grogne !*" (It shall be built, whoever grumbles at it!) The anger of the people suggested a name for the lord's structure, and its despotic title has stuck to it to the present day.

In the meanwhile the gigantic skeleton of the castle was attracting us; we directed our course towards it, and found its old ruins peopled by poor peasants, who had sought refuge, like sparrows and swallows, in every corner where the feudal stronghold offered them a nest. As elsewhere, the strongest were the best provided for.

In raising my eyes to measure the height of the turrets, I perceived at the summit of one of them an animal, which appeared to me to bear a singular resemblance to a rabbit. I pointed it out to Jadin, who, convinced that it was not the place for such a quadruped

tained that it was a cat. A discussion having set in between us, I raised my gun in order to terminate it, and took aim at the animal; I fired, and down it came at our feet, like a thrush, only it was a rabbit.

The discussion now became more animated as to why these animals, which we had always seen burrowing in the earth for their houses, should, at Bourbon-l'Archambault, on the contrary, have chosen the most elevated point of a castle for the establishment of their domiciles. A peasant, who came to claim his property, soon relieved us from doubt. He valued the defunct at twenty sous; we gave him thirty, and for the surplus obtained the following explanation:—

Some of the poor inhabitants of the ancient manor of the dukes of Bourbon, observing that the summits of each tower presented a solid surface of thirty or forty feet in circumference, thought of turning this spot, which God had given them, between heaven and earth, to some account. In consequence they carried earth from the fields there in panniers, baskets, sacks, in short, all the recipients which they could procure. When the three summits were covered with this improvised soil, they commenced their sowing, the sun shone on their harvest, and they gathered enough corn for all the year round. But as, on Sundays and holidays, it is desirable to eat something else along with one's bread, and as one good idea generally suggests a great many others, they reflected that rabbits would thrive wonderfully on what was left from the best parts of the corn. The lofty field became a warren; and that explains how the incongruous dweller in these modern gardens of Semiramis had given rise, while leaning over the boundaries of his aerial domain, to a discussion which ended for him in so tragical a manner.

This scientific point, which, without the above explanation, might have occasioned great doubts in natural history, having been once cleared up, we separated, Jadin to take a view of the castle and the town, myself to put down a few notes in my album. I accordingly lay down beneath the shade cast by a projection from the wall; and then, separated from the world, listening to the noise of the wind which moaned through the ruins, alone with my historical recollections, I began to go back into the past. The most remarkable reminiscence connected with the town, with the exception of Cæsar's having stopped there to lay its foundations 51 years A.C., and Pepin the Short having proceeded there for its destruction in 762, was its compulsory abandonment by the constable in 1523.

For both a magnificent prince and a brave captain was that high and mighty Lord Charles Duke of Bourbonnais and of Auvergne, Count of Clermont in Beauvoisis, of Montpensier, of Forez, of la Marche, and of Clermont in Auvergne, Dauphin of Auvergne, Vis-

count of Carlat and of Murat, Lord of Beaujolais, of Combailles, of Mercœur, of Annonay, of Roche in Regnier, and of Bourbon-Lancy, Peer and Chamberlain of France, and Lieutenant-general of the King in the countries of Burgundy and Languedoc. He had fourteen fortified castles and seven pleasure houses, which he possessed, either through his own family or by marriage; and the dependencies of which covered the seventh part of the territory of France. He held the office of constable, which had remained vacant since the death of the Count de St. Pol, and which was the complimentary gift of Francis I., on his accession to the throne. This post gave him the



CHARLES, DUKE OF BOURBON.

right to execute justice, high and low, not only in his own dominions, but also in the countries of Burgundy and Languedoc. All seneschals, bailiffs, provosts, mayors, guards, governors of towns, castles, and fortresses, bridges, harbours, and passages, were to obey him as king; so that he was so rich in peace, that when he accompanied Francis I., who had just assumed the crown at St. Denis, he was clad in a dress of cloth of gold, containing twelve ells, each ell of which cost two hundred and eighty golden crowns; and in his cap were rings and jewellery to the value of three hundred thousand livres. And he was so powerful in war that, when at the age of seventeen, he accompanied the king, Louis XII., who was going beyond the mountains to conquer back his seigneurie of Gênes, which had rebelled, he had a hundred men-at-arms and a hundred archers, which he kept at his own expense, costing nothing to the king except two thousand livres as Count of Montpensier; and when he returned there, in 1509, to conquer back the country of Cremona, which the Venetians had usurped, and were retaining, to the injury of the Duke of Milan, he led to the battle of Trévis (which restored to the king Cremona, Cermo, Bergamo, and Brema) one hundred and twenty gentlemen, and a hundred and twenty archers of his own house; and finally, when he crossed the Alps the third time, as Hannibal had done, and as Napoleon was destined to do, taking with him six hundred men-at-arms and twelve thousand men on foot to gain the battle of Marignano, the scene of which history has marked between that of Inna-

simen and of Marengo, he lent ten thousand crowns to the king, who already owed him a hundred thousand livres, and this without counting the life of his own brother and his own blood—things which are not lent, but given, and which he gave generously and loyally.

Now, he had accomplished all these things at the age of twenty-five. He was a young and noble knight, although there was something sad and grave in his physiognomy, which was perhaps occasioned by his long hair in the style of Louis XII., and which he would not allow to be cut, in spite of the order of Francis I. He had married Madame Suzanne de Bourbon, daughter of the Duchess Anne and the Duke Peter, and niece of King Charles; and, although she was deformed, he remained so faithful to her that he refused the love of the greatest lady in France, Madame Louise de Savoy, mother of the king, but who nevertheless was then only thirty-three years of age. The consequence was that her rejected love became soured, and turned into hatred. This was so much the case that, when the king led his army into Picardy, he, at the instigation of his mother, gave the command of the advanced guard, which belonged by right to the constable, to the Duke of Alençon; and this did not prevent the former doing his best and restoring to the king the towns of Hesdin and Bouchain;—it was so much the case that, when Madame Suzanne de Bourbon died without children, Madame Louise de Savoy, not thinking herself sufficiently avenged, assumed to be the heiress of the dominions of the constable, and, as being the mother of the king, gained a law-suit which deprived her enemy of all his wealth and all his titles. And this was the reward for his gold, and the blood with which he had watered the *fleurs de lis* so copiously that they had put forth new blossoms from it.

It was then, and under these circumstances, that the Emperor Charles V. and King Henry VIII. offered to restore to him more than Francis I. had deprived him of; and yet the constable hesitated. Francis I. heard of these offers, and this hesitation, and treated the constable as if he had already accepted them, sending for his capture the Bastard of Savoy, Grand-Master of France, the Marshal de Chabannes, the Duke d'Alençon, and M. de Vendôme, each with a hundred men-at-arms. This was a final honour; for an entire army was raised to take a single man.

Learning this, the constable left his castle at Chantelle by night, on the 10th of September, without a page and without attendant, but with one single gentleman, who was the Lord of Pomperan, and whose life he had saved. Constantly pursued by, and constantly avoiding, his enemies, he crossed Auvergne, Dauphiné, Savoy, and ~~France~~ and descended, for the fourth time, into those plains of

Piedmont which were so well known to him by his victories. It was there that the messengers of King Francis I. came up with him, and demanded from him his sword of Constable and the Order of France : "Go and tell your master," replied Bourbon, "that as for the sword of Constable, he deprived me of it the day when he gave the command of the advanced guard, which belonged to me, to the Duke of Alençon; and that as for the medal of the Order of France, I left it at Chantelle behind the pillow of my bed, where he can go and get it." And that was all the more just, as to the last point especially, "inasmuch," says Du Bellay, "as the queen-mother had already caused all the furniture to be seized in Bourbon's houses, at the said Chantelle, at Moulins, and elsewhere, being the most beautiful which could be found in the house of any Christian prince."

That is how and why the Constable of Bourbon left France, which was his native country, and became a traitor, and was accustomed to cite the following answer of a Gascon officer to Charles VII., who asked him if anything could take him away from his service:—"No, sire, not even the offer of three kingdoms like your own; but *Yes*, sire, one single insult!"

And we must not say adieu to the constable, even on leaving the old castle which records his memory; for Bourbon-l'Archambault is only the nest from which the eagle has taken his flight; we shall find him again hovering over the town of Marseille, and flapping his wings in the plains of Pavia and the walls of Rome; we shall search for the mark of his beak and claws in the crown of Francis I. and the tiara of Clement VII.; for, in the words of the Castilian song: "France gave him his milk, Spain his adventures and his glory, and Italy his tomb."

This tomb, which was seen by Brantôme, was erected at Gaeta; for the soldiers of the constable durst not leave his body at Rome, lest, after their departure, it should be profaned. Above it, floated the yellow standard which Bourbon had adopted on entering the service of the emperor, and which represented a kite with flaming swords; and underneath, the word *hope*, signifying that he had been obliged to leave France with the quickness of a kite, but that he had the terrible hope of returning there with sword and fire. On the front, which looked towards the church door, was the following epitaph, an exaggerated but curious proof of the reputation which the Coriolanus of the middle ages left at his death:—

Charlemagne the chivalrous, out of something made a great deal;

Alexander the Great, out of a little made something;

But Charles Duke of Bourbon, who reposes here,

Made more than either of them out of nothing.

The goods of the Constable of Bourbon remained the property of

Madame Louise de Savoy and Henry II. until the period when Francis II. restored a portion of them to Monseigneur Louis de Bourbon, Duke of Montpensier; but the Castle of Bourbon-l'Archambault was not among them, and it remained in the hands of the Valois until the day of Henry III.'s assassination; at the time of which, by a singular coincidence, the lightning struck the chapel which stood at the feet of these towers now remaining; carried away the motto of the house of Bourbon; and leaving the three *fleurs de lis* untouched, made them the escutcheon of France. In our days, also, a popular storm has broken out on the descendants of the Bourbons as it broke out then on the race of the Valois; but this time the thunderbolt, falling on the Tuileries, has destroyed motto and escutcheon together.

Commenced by John II., continued by Peter II., and only finished in 1508, the period at which Gothic architecture was in its greatest glory, this lady-chapel, sister and rival of that in Paris, combined the wonderful fancy which distinguished the art of the fifteenth century with the perfection and finish of the period of the *renaissance*. It possessed windows of the richest glass, covered with holy legends, the most delicate wood-work carved in oak, lace-work cut in stone, shrines of gold set with jewels, statues of massive silver, and a golden reliquary all studded with rubies, containing a piece of the true cross, which St. Louis had himself brought back from the Holy Land, and had given to his son, Robert of France, Count of Clermont. This precious relic was kept in a subterraneous chapel, called the Treasure. Mounted in pure gold, it formed the cross of a Calvary, in which were the statues of the Virgin, St. John, and the penitent Magdalen. One of those great, but unknown artists, who lived in the fourteenth century, had grouped the kneeling figures of John, Duke of Bourbon, and Jeanne of France, his wife; a golden crown surmounted the cross, and bore this inscription:—

Louis de Bourbon, the second of that name, had this cross decorated with gold and jewels in the year 1393.

Four centuries later, year for year, a poor priest of the parish church found this piece of the true cross in the dust, torn away from its golgotha of silver, and despoiled of its gold and its rubies. He placed it in an old reliquary, which could tempt the cupidity of no one; and this humble act was doubtless as pleasing to God, as the sumptuous offering of Louis de Bourbon.

In the meanwhile, in this lady-chapel, bereft of its gold and its diamonds, there still remained treasures of art and poetry; less rich as to materials, but more valuable as to workmanship, than those of which profane hands had just pillaged it. There was a Jesus with his Twelve Apostles, which held the same place in the statuary of the

middle ages which Niobé and her children did in ancient sculpture; there was a genealogy of the house of Bourbon, executed in bas-relief, with all the luxury of ornament that imagination's dream could invent; there was an Adam and Eve, a beautiful group in stone; a figure of St. Louis, in *terra cotta*; and two equestrian statues of white marble, one of which represented Peter II. with his hand placed in the pommel of his large sword, with its scabbard covered with *fleurs de lis*, while the other was his wife, Anne of France, and daughter of King Louis XI., who was seen holding a falcon on one wrist, while with her other hand she caressed the mane of her palfrey.

One day an army of philosophers left Moulins, with a drum at their head, and a piece of cannon dragging after them, to take this lady-chapel by assault, and exterminate its garrison of marble. Three centuries of veneration, which formed its only defence, did not stop the besiegers. The cannon roared in the nave, and at one blow all the windows were dashed to pieces, to the greater glory of the republic, one and indivisible. Gods, saints, and aristocrats were afterwards guillotined, and the band then retired, leaving the lady-chapel blackened and in ruins, but at all events still standing, still grand, rich, and poetical, like a gigantic skeleton, a colossal spectre.

Under the Restoration, when the Bourbons ought to have reconstructed this work of their family, all that remained of the lady-chapel was offered for sale; a mason bought it for the purpose of demolishing it, and selling or using the materials; for in the whole department, from the prefect down to the member of the municipal council, not one honest citizen was found who even thought of turning it into a barn or a hay-loft. It was demolished to the foundations. The tradesman who had bought it, and who wished to make his money by it, did not leave the old and sacred monument until he had reached its roots of stone; and he was right, for four feet beneath the ground he found immense marble slabs, which covered immense tombs, in which were immense bones. He sold the slabs for paving kitchens, and the tombstones for sharpening knives; as for the bones, he threw them to the winds, and to the mud, for they were worth nothing. They were, nevertheless, relics of the house of Bourbon, which now reigns (1841) in France, Naples, and Spain.

It was poor Allier who told me all these things, and pointed out to me the powerful vegetation of the country, which was already beginning to spread over this fat soil. Unhappily he was only a child, when this sacrilege took place. "For," said he, "I would have sold even the house of my father to save that of God." Accordingly, when in 1832 the old castle was offered for sale, as the old chapel had been offered previously, he wrote to the royal prince, telling him that it

he, the Duke of Orleans, did not buy those towers crumbling with decay, he, Allief, must purchase them. The Duke of Orleans, an artist himself, understood this letter from another artist; the castle was immediately bought; and Bourbon-l'Archambault is at least certain to keep for some centuries to come this symbol of the family, of which it was the cradle—this page of history, written in stone, and in which we read, “Grandeur and ruins.”

If we chose, we could write a good and noble book, full of nothing but the good and noble things which the Duke of Orleans has already done.*



THE QUINQUENGOONE.

We found Jadin holding an animated discussion with the secretary of the mayor. From the spot where he had stationed himself

* A year since, in answer to a letter from Victor Hugo, he sent him four thousand francs, which were to be applied by him to saving an old man and his family from despair; and this without even asking the name of the old man from the great poet who had made himself the interpreter of his distress. A week ago, at my simple request, he granted the life of a young man—a far more difficult thing to grant than gold, for the death of this young man, whose life he spared for me, was looked for as an example by all the army.

to make his sketch, he perceived the Quinquengrogne; and on the Quinquengrogne; a weathercock. Now this weathercock, by some accident or other, had become bent; and Jadin, as a conscientious landscape painter, had reproduced it in all its crookedness. This historical fidelity had wounded the self-love of this functionary, who was criticising its exercise, and who had naturally enough entertained some fear lest this irregular weathercock might give a false notion of the public monuments in his part of the country. This was all the more painful to him, inasmuch as, on the Thursday preceding, the municipal council had voted unanimously for a new weathercock, and it was to be substituted immediately for the other. Jadin was informed of this, but paid no attention to it, and continued his sketch without making the unfortunate weathercock in the least degree straighter. This obstinacy had driven the unfortunate official to despair; and we only managed to calm him by reminding him that he had the right of advertising the true state of the case in the newspapers.

We left Bourbon-l'Archambault the same evening, one day having been sufficient for us to search its ruins and unfold its history. Achille Allier wished to accompany us as far as Moulins, which we were to quit the next day; and accordingly he took a seat in our carriage, and off we went.

The weather had been heavy throughout the day, and threatened one of those late storms which wander into the autumn. The reservoirs of hot water disengaged a vapour which resembled a water-spout. Night had arrived earlier and more dark than usual; we could not see four feet around us, except when the sky was torn asunder by a flash of lightning, and then the whole landscape became illuminated with a blueish tint which gave the plain all the appearance of a lake. Seen by this fantastic light, the most common-place spot assumes a poetic character which is so much the greater in proportion as the instant during which it appears passes quickly; we had, therefore, thrown back the top of our carriage, in order to lose no part of this sight. A pilgrimage in search of novelty is a delightful thing, provided three or four young men of artistic feeling travel together, for they meet with the beautiful in places where the vulgar would not even suspect its existence; thus, at the moment when every one was doubtless hastening home to avoid the storm, we were telling our driver to slacken his pace that we might not lose a single flash.

In a short time we saw an opaque body rising between the storm and ourselves, which intercepted our view of the heavens in the place where it appeared. As we approached it, this body, behind which from time to time a brilliant light appeared, took the form of a

church, and again was lost in darkness as the electric flame disappeared. We were soon near enough to distinguish its dark shadow each time the lightning flashed behind it. Its roof was bristling with spires, and amongst them was one, more lofty, more elegant, with more open work than the others, for the light penetrated through its stony lucc.~ Achille called my attention to it, for there was a history attached to that spire.

The Priory of St. Menoux, before which we now were, is a Roman church of the tenth century, which began to fall into ruins towards the end of the fifteenth. Although the saint under whose patronage it was, enjoyed a great reputation in the neighbourhood, above all for curing madness, and although it was the third daughter of the Abbey of Cluny, it was so poor that Don Cholet, its minister, did not know how to meet the repairs which decay rendered necessary. He was very much embarrassed then, when a sudden inspiration seized him: he would go to the Holy Father, who still resided at Avignon, and obtain some indulgences. This favour, which only cost a signature, was easily obtained. Four copies, stamped with the papal seal, and with the holy name of the Sovereign Pontiff were put into the hands of four monks, the most vigorous that could be found. They went away the same day, at the same hour, from the same place, walking in the direction of the four cardinal points of France. A year afterwards, on the same day, at the same hour, they returned to the same place, bringing back the indulgences worn by the lips of the faithful, and four hundred thousand francs, as a proof of the sincerity of those kisses.

Then these good monks commenced the work of repair; the Gothic flourished as if it were grafted on the Roman architecture, and soon spread its ornaments around the natural stem. As was the custom at this period of instinctive and Christian art, each sculptor undertook a niche, a pillar, or a chapel; and a young architect, named Diaire, the only one whose name has been preserved, took for his task the steeple, which was to lift its head from the midst of the ten spires with which, according to the usual plan, the roof of the church was to be decorated.

He had commenced his work with the faith of a Christian and the ardour of an artist, when he was chosen by Duke Gilbert de Montpensier, who was accompanying King Charles VIII. to the conquest of Naples, to form part of his retinue. This was unfortunate, for the architect had as much dislike for war as he had attachment to his own art; accordingly, at the fourth halt, he disappeared from his company. The captain reported the circumstance to the Duke Gilbert, who wrote to his domains, ordering that if the refractory person should be caught, he was to be hanged without mercy, what-

ever excuse he might make for his desertion : this direction having been given, he continued his route and arrived at Pouzzoles, where he died loyally and was buried.

In the meanwhile the deserter had returned to his family, and was living concealed with one of his brothers. During this time, also, the architects, his companions, had finished their spires, to the greatest glory of the saint, to the greatest joy of the monks, and the greatest admiration of the faithful. Diaire's steeple alone, which nevertheless ought to have been the loftiest and the most handsome, showed, shamefully enough, only one layer of stone, the sculpture of which scarcely showed the mark of the chisel. This was a singular disgrace to the church ; so that, after a deliberation on the subject, it was decided that the completion of the work should be entrusted to whichever of the other architects should offer the plan most in harmony with the part already done.



TOMB OF ST. MENOUX.

The day after this decision was made known, it was observed with astonishment that the steeple appeared to have increased in height during the night by an entire layer of stone. However, not much attention was paid to it, when, during the following night, the miracle was repeated in so evident a manner that there could no longer be any doubt upon the subject. An invisible hand was employed in this nocturnal work, and from the superior boldness with which it was executed, and the fineness of the sculpture on the eight sides of the column, people began to think that some supernatural work-

man had undertaken the work, and that the fairies who had built the church of Sauvigny wished to form a pendant to it, by completing in so miraculous a manner that of St. Menoux. This opinion acquired additional credence from its being remarked that it was only during dark nights that the mysterious architect devoted himself to his task : as long as the daylight lasted, on the other hand, the work ceased, only to be resumed when the revealing orb had completely disappeared from the heavens.

In the meanwhile one of the architects, whose faith was less firm than that of his brethren, resolved to elucidate the fact : he ascended his particular steeple in the evening, concealed himself there like a sentinel in his box, and was not long before, in spite of the dark, he could distinguish a being decidedly material, who lifted up certain stones ready cut and sculptured on to the church, which he afterwards arranged in their proper places. He thus beheld the work of this man until the day was about to break, when the nocturnal workman disappeared, leaving his steeple increased in height by another row of stones.

The following night each spire had its man, so that, directly the mysterious workman made his appearance, he was surrounded and seized. A dark lantern was held to his face, and the deserter Diaire was recognised.

The artist had not been able to keep away from his steeple ; when near it he had not had the courage to let another person finish it, and had continued his work at the risk of his life.

Diaire's sentence had been already pronounced. His trial, therefore did not occupy much time, and he only demanded a respite of one month to finish his steeple, which was accorded to him.

The day after the steeple was finished, Diaire was hanged.

Art is a religion, which has not been without its martyrs.

Just as Achille Allier was concluding this legend, the authenticity of which can be established by several descendants of the unhappy workman, and who still bear his name, the rain commenced falling so heavily, that the coachman, who had not the option of placing himself under cover like ourselves, begged us to seek some place of shelter. The church presented one. Allier knocked at the door of the sacristan, who came to us with the keys, a lantern, and two torches ; and we employed the time which we were obliged to lose in visiting the church of St. Menoux.

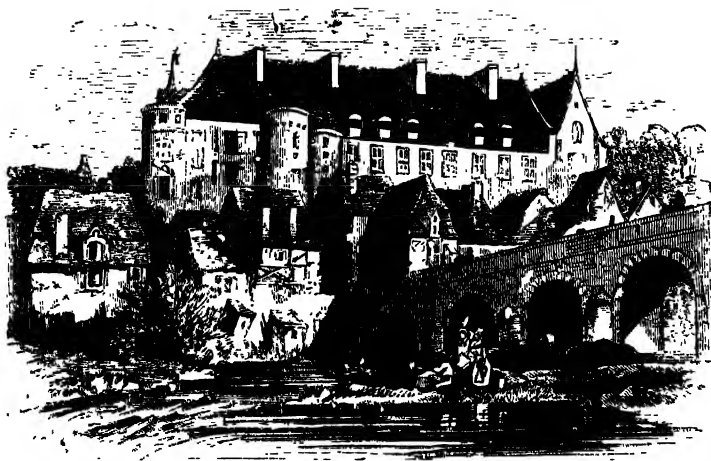
It is, as I have already said, an old building of the tenth century, repaired and embellished in the fifteenth, but of which the principal characteristics are still Roman. It possesses the tomb of the saint from whom it takes its name ; it is a very simple monument, in the form

of a bier, and contains the heart of the holy man enclosed in a box of cedar wood. A round hole is formed in the tomb itself, to admit the faithful to the performance of an act of faith: every believer who has the misfortune to be bitten by a mad dog may come into the church, push his head through the hole, leave it there sufficient time for the repetition of five *Paters* and five *Aves*, and the sacristan has no doubt but that he will be cured.

A convent of noble nuns was formerly attached to the church of St. Menoux. The qualifications for admission were not very severe; but every young lady who committed a fault after entering the order, was painted as a man, and her portrait placed in a gallery, which was intended, by the exhibition of these singular transformations, to bring humility to the heart of the guilty one. We remarked that one of the prettiest sinners, not only wore male attire, but was even dressed in armour: she must in all probability have committed some enormous crime. The gallery contained from a hundred and fifty to a hundred and sixty paintings.

During our visit to the new Chevalières d'Eon the weather had cleared up, and we were now able to continue our journey. On repassing Sauvigny, Allier pointed out to us a tower situate at the corner of the space before the church; it is all that remains of the ancient chateau of the Dukes of Bourbon, who, towards the fourteenth century, abandoned the residence of Sauvigny for that of Moulins.

We went back to our hotel at about eleven o'clock, and for three hours afterwards talked by the fireside of ancient historical recollections, old and marvellous legends, and time-honoured popular traditions, of which Allier was making a collection for his great work, on which he had concentrated all his faculties and all his hopes. At last he went to his bed-room, which was adjoining ours, and for some time afterwards we exchanged words through the partition. The next day he accompanied us about a quarter of a mile out of the town. Then we embraced one another, little thinking that it was for the last time.



CASTLE OF CHABANNES.

CHAPTER VII.

THE ROMANS IN GAUL.



JAMES DUKE OF CHABANNES.

THE next day we arrived at Lyons, nothing having detained us on our road excepting the old and almost abandoned castle of James II. of Chabannes, Seigneur of la Palice. It was shown to us by a sexagenary porter, a living ruin in the midst of dead ones, the family having ceased to inhabit the residence of their ancestors. Taylor had advised me not to pass through the village marked by the Gothic walls without going into the post-master's yard, where the tomb of the conqueror of Ravenna, a master-piece of the sixteenth century, was in use as a trough for watering the horses.

I had been painfully struck with a truly national indignation at hearing him mention this circumstance: not satisfied with profaning his

name, they had not even spared his ashes. I did not fail then to attend to Taylor's advice, but the tomb was no longer to be seen; it had been purchased and removed to the Museum of Avignon; as for the bones, no one knew what had become of them.

We visited then the ruins which, in the days of their splendour, had been inhabited by one of those men whom Richelieu found so influential, that he had to decapitate the entire race. James II., Duke of Chabannes, was a giant among giants. He was a man like Bourbon, a man like Bayard, a man like Trivulce, who were three men more powerful than the king. He conquered Naples with Charles VIII., and Milanais with Louis XII. He was *juge du camp* the day Sotomayor was killed; he was general the day Ravenna was taken; he was marshal at Marignan, with Francis I. the conqueror; he was a soldier at Pavia, with Francis I. the conquered. There it was, when he had fallen from his horse, in the midst of the enemy, who were dying beneath his hand, that his sword, which he still held, was disputed by Castaldo, an Italian captain, and Busarto, a Spanish captain: as he would surrender it to neither, but preferred death, being too old to be conquered and taken prisoner, Busarto placed the end of his arquebus against his cuirass and beat in his chest, and it was only then that he let go the weapon so eagerly sought for by his conquerors. "Thus it was," says Brantome, "that, having begun well, he ended well."

Be, then, the sword of three monarchs, the comrade of Bayard, the conqueror of Gonzalves, the friend of Maximilian, and the avenger of Nemours; stain with your blood the trenches of Barlette, the ramparts of Rubos, the plains of Agnadel, and the fields of Guinegate; be reckoned among the conquerors of Marignan, and the unconquered of Pavia; die, then, rather than give up your sword on a field where the King of France did give up his; and all this in order that the cradle of your infancy may become a ruin, your name a by-word, and your tomb a trough for the convenience of thirsty horses. To some persons posterity is more ungrateful than kings!

The only descendants of the Marshal de la Palice are two young and brave officers who have already each fought three or four duels in consequence of bearing one of the most glorious names in France.

At Lyons we find the first visible traces of the domination of the Romans. Now, then, that we have arrived at Lyons, we will give a short account of the manner in which the Roman domination commenced and extended itself in Gaul.

Before that period it belonged almost entirely to that people who, as it declared, feared nothing but the fall of the sky, and who sent one of its leaders to burn Rome, and another to pillage Delphi. Its soil was rich, not only in rivers, harvests, and forests, but also in mines. The Alps, the Pyrenees, and the Cevennes possessed veins of

gold and silver, which were scarcely concealed by a light surface of earth. The shores of the Mediterranean supplied that granite so fine and brilliant that it might well have been the fabulous carbuncle of the ancients, which the moderns have sought for in vain. In fine, the Ligures procured around the island of Hieres that magnificent coral with which they decorated the necks of their women and the hilts of their swords. At this time Tyre was flourishing, and its sailors darkened the Mediterranean and the ocean with their thousand galleys. Amongst her sons she counted a god; this god was Hercules—Hercules, who was born the very day the city was founded; Hercules, the intrepid traveller, who pushed back the boundaries of the world and assigned it new limits; Hercules, who was nothing more nor less than the genius of Tyre, at the same time warlike and commercial, powerful both by the sword and by riches, which nothing can resist, and who represents to the eyes of those who have endeavoured to see into the symbols of antiquity, not a man, not a hero, not a god, but a people.

Hercules landed near the mouth of the Rhone, and had only proceeded a few leagues into the interior, when he was attacked by Ligur and Albion, children of Neptune. He exhausted his arrows and was about to succumb, when Jupiter came to his assistance with a shower of flints, by which the plain of Crau has remained covered up to the present day. Hercules, the conqueror, then founded a town, which he called Nemausus, in memory of his son. This town is Nîmes, the modern name of which still gives some indication of its ancient one.

In this the allegory is transparent, and the symbol evident. Civilization, ignored and despised by the barbarians, landed in the west. Barbarism was overcome; and, as a trophy of the victory of the plain over the mountain, a town was founded. The mission of Hercules in Gaul was now accomplished. Finally the gods saw him, says Silius Italicus:

Scindentem nubes, frangentemque ardua montis.

And from that time there was a road which led from the mountains of Gaul to the plains of Italy across the Collo di Tenda. This was the first road known; it dates from a thousand years before Christ, and, although now twenty-eight centuries old, it is still called the Tyrian Road.

Tyre, condemned by the prophet Ezekiel, and besieged by the armies of Nebuchadnezzar, was approaching its decline. Its languishing colonies were struggling far from the metropolis, like limbs to which the heart sends no blood. The civilization of Rhodes had entirely failed to revive the institutions of those whom she succeeded in the empire of the seas; these Dutchmen of the ancient world soon disappeared in their turn, after having built Rhoda, or Rhodanousia, near the mouths of the Rhone; and on their departure the trade between Gaul and the East, once so active, was almost entirely at an end.

The natives of the country profited at this moment of reaction.

during which the civilization of the east abandoned the southern shores of Gaul for the northern coasts of Africa, when Carthage was beginning to flourish. The Ségobriges, a free Gallic tribe among the Ligures, extended then from the Var to the Rhone, and the western barbarism was beginning to efface the traces of eastern civilization, when a Phocæan vessel cast anchor on the east side of the Rhone. Its captain was a young adventurer who had left Asia on a voyage of discovery; he landed, and demanded hospitality from the barbarous chief who ruled on those shores.

It happened by chance to be a holiday: King Nann was celebrating the marriage of his daughter, who was named Pella according to Aristotle, and Gyptis according to Justin. All those warriors who had pretensions to her hand had just sat down on bundles of hay and straw, around a very low table, covered with venison and cooked vegetables. At the end of the repast, the young bride, whose choice was not yet known, had to enter, bearing in her hand a cup of Italian wine, for the vine had not then been naturalized in Gaul, and to present this cup to him whom she selected for her husband. It was at this moment that Euxène presented himself. Nann rose to receive him—for in Gaul the stranger was as welcome in the palace as in the hut—and, seating him on his right hand, invited him to take part in the festivities.

Towards the end of the repast the door opened, and the daughter of Nann appeared. She was one of the most beautiful maidens of Gaul, with an elegant figure, as flexible as a reed, fair hair, and blue eyes. She paused for a moment on the threshold to choose from among this assembly of warriors him who should be made the king. It was then, in the midst of these savage soldiers of lofty stature, with their hair reddened by the mineral water, and their moustaches of the same colour, parted and fastened underneath the chin with a metal clasp, that she perceived a young man of a beauty unknown in her own country. He had brown eyes and eyebrows, long black hair, which was scented; he wore a white chlamyde, which showed his naked and somewhat effeminate arms, a cap, a tunic, and purple sandals. Whether from fascination or caprice, she could not remove her gaze from the stranger; she walked straight towards him, and, despising the warriors who surrounded him, offered him the cup with a sweet smile. Instantly all the guests rose, amid general murmuring. But, says Aristotle, Nann thought he could recognise in this action an impulse from above, and the wish of the gods. He stretched out his hand to the Phocæan, called him his son-in-law, and gave, as dowry to his daughter, the very gulf where her husband had landed. Euxène sent back his galley immediately to Phocis, with the third part of his companions, who were ordered to recruit for colonists in

the mother country; and with those who remained he commenced the foundations of a town on the promontory, which runs into the Mediterranean, and called it Massalia; at a later period, and successively, it was called Marsilia by the Romans, Marsillo by the Provençaux, and Marseille by the French.

In the meanwhile the messengers from Euxène, having returned to Phocis, narrated what they had seen, and how their captain had become the son-in-law of a king, and the founder of a colony, and begged for a new swarm from the material hive, in order to people his new town. At the recital of this wonderful history, adventurers presented themselves in numbers; the public money supplied them with provisions, utensils, and arms; they provided themselves with vines and olive trees; and, at the moment of weighing anchor, they transferred to Euxène's vessel a portion of the fire belonging to the sacred hearth of Phocis, to be kept burning for ever at Massalia, which thus received the emblem of life,—part of its mother's very existence. The long Phocæan galleys, which Herodotus states to have possessed fifty oars, then set sail for Ephesus, where the oracle had ordered the emigrants to land. Here they found a woman of noble family, who had had a revelation from the great Ephesian goddess, in which she had been ordered to take one of her statues and carry it into Gaul. The Phocæans welcomed the priestess and the divinity with joy, and, after a favourable passage, they landed at Massalia, where Aristarchus established the worship of Diana.

Massalia thus grew in the midst of the surrounding nations, which at first attempted to oppose its prosperity; but, being soon occupied themselves with internal quarrels, allowed it to build its houses of thatch on its soil of sand. "For," says Vitruvius, "they reserved the marble which they obtained from Dauphiné, and their tiles, which were formed of so light a clay that they floated in the water like wood, for public or sacred buildings." However, the days of downfall, which had already arrived for Tyre, and were not to be long absent from Carthage, now came to Phocis, the mother country. Cyrus, who had conquered a part of Asia Minor, ordered one of his lieutenants to attack it. After a heroic resistance, the besieged, perceiving that they could hold out no longer, thought of their compatriots, who had found hospitality in the land of the west; and carrying with them in their galleys their most valuable goods, their families, and their gods, they weighed anchor, after extinguishing that sacred fire in their temples, which they were to meet with again in Gaul and in Corsica, at Massalia and at Alalia.

But Corsica was at that time uncultivated. Besides, the Phocæans were sailors, not agriculturists; they had sixty galleys, and not one

plough. They turned pirates, and intercepted the trade between the Carthaginians, the Sicilians, the Spaniards, and the Etruscans. From this time Carthage and Massalia were enemies, until they at length became rivals; so that when Hannibal, by way of accomplishing the oath which he had made as a child to his father, formed the gigantic project which was to have made Carthage the queen of the world, he had hardly made his appearance on the summit of the Pyrenees, than, owing to the exertions of the Massaliotes, Rome was informed of the danger which threatened her, and knew where she could find a friendly port to send her vessels to, and a road leading from it for her legions to march along and oppose the passage of the Rhone and the Alps.

When we get deeper into the south, we shall endeavour to discover the traces of that wonderful passage; but at the present moment we are dealing with the fortune of Massalia, not of Rome. The results of the second Punic war were immensely advantageous to it. Massalia inherited the whole of the trade with Africa, Spain, Greece, and Sicily. The Roman eagle, being unable to devour all, abandoned its leavings to the Massiliot lion; and for a brief moment the Phocis of the west collected in its port the trade of the whole world, from which Tyre, Carthage, and Rhodes had disappeared. Then it was that she considered that her power could not be solidly established unless she became a territorial as well as a maritime power, and made some advances on the right bank of the Var. These advances raised her old enemies from their sleep: the Ligures, the Oxibes, and the Decates. They rose simultaneously, ill-recovered as they were from their ancient hatred, and invested Antipolis and Nicæa,* two of the principal colonies of Massalia. The daughter of Phocis, in her turn, threatened in her own possessions, sent ambassadors to Rome to complain of their neighbours. Rome delegated certain arbiters, who were ordered to pronounce on the differences which had just arisen. The galley which bore the three heralds of conciliation landed at Cegitna, which belonged to the Oxibes. This people, being exasperated at the sight of these strangers, who had constituted themselves judges in the matter of their dispute, attacked them the moment they disembarked. Two of the Romans fell at the first blow, and Flaminius, who endeavoured to defend himself, was sorely wounded. However, he effected the retreat of his companions and regained the vessel, but pursued so closely that he had not time to draw up the anchor, but was obliged to cut the cables. This was more than enough for the warlike policy of Rome, who, now that Italy was subjected and Carthage conquered, already aimed at the empire of the world. She appointed the consul, Quintus Opimius, to take satisfaction for the offence, and placed four

* Antibes and Nice.

legions at his orders. The consul assembled them at Placentia, conducted them across the Apennines, traversed the Collo di Tenda at their head, and descended into the country of the Oxibes by the old Tyrian road which Hercules had formed in the middle of the clouds.

The Oxibes and their allies, the Deccates and the Ligures, were conquered, and their land given over to the Massaliotes; while Rome, to be certain that the treaty was carried out with exactitude, left her legions in the military positions and principal towns of the conquered enemy.

Two consuls succeeded Q. Opimius. The first was M. Fulvius Flaccus, who, on a fresh complaint from the Massaliotes, declared war against the Salytes and the Vocontii, and conquered them as his predecessor had conquered the Oxibes, the Deccates, and the Ligures; the second was C. Sextius Calvinus, who, carrying his legions along the entire shore, drove back the Vocontii beyond the Iser, and forced all the inhabitants of the plain into the mountains, forbidding their approach within fifteen hundred paces of the landing-places, and a thousand from any other part of the coast.

In the meanwhile winter came, and Caius Sextius ceased hostilities, and took up his quarters on a little hill situated at some leagues from Massalia. He had determined upon this locality in consequence of the almost miraculous co-existence there of a river and springs of cold and hot water; and he had no sooner seen how much might be made of so admirable a spot, than the ambition of founding a Roman colony, and giving his own name to a town, made him change his palisades into walls and his tents into houses. The rising city took the name of *Aquæ Sextiæ*, and this was the first town the Romans possessed on the transalpine territory.

As for Lyons, where we have now arrived, the town was so small at the time of the conquest of the Gauls, that Cæsar passed by it without seeing it, and without naming it; but he made a halt on the hill where Fourvières now stands, stationed his legions there, and surrounded his temporary camp with lines so deep that nineteen centuries, which have passed since, have been unable to fill up entirely those trenches which he dug with the point of his sword.

Some time after the death of this conqueror, who subjugated three hundred nations, one of his clients named Lucius, with an escort of a few soldiers who had remained faithful to the memory of their general, and seeking a place for the foundation of a colony, were stopped at the confluence of the Rhone and the Saone by a sufficiently large number of Viennese, who, being trampled on by the tribes of the Allobrogi, had come down from their mountains and erected their tents on this tongue of land, which was fortified naturally by immense canals formed by the hand of God, and in which a large stream and a

rivulet flowed with abundance of water. The proscribed made a treaty of alliance with the conquered, and, under the name of Lucii Dunum, the foundations of that town soon arose, which, in a short time was to become the citadel of the Gauls, and the centre of communication for the four grand ways traced out by Agrippa, and which are still indicated in modern France from the Alps to the Rhine, and from the Mediterranean to the ocean.

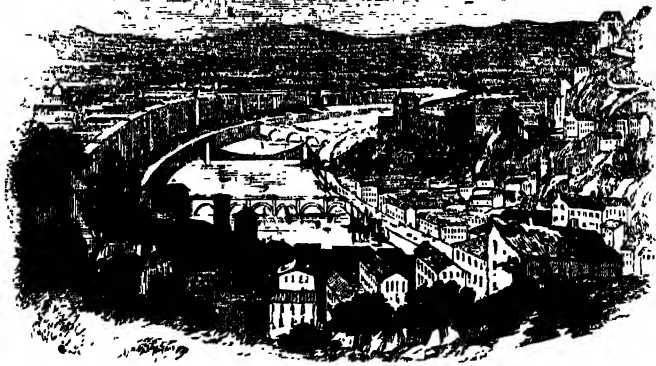
Sixty cities of Gaul acknowledged Lucii Dunum for their queen, and at their joint expense erected a temple there to Augustus, whom they acknowledged as their god.

Lucii Dunum was only one century old, and this city of the day before already challenged the magnificence of Massalia the Greek, and Narbo the Roman, when a fire, which was attributed to lightning, reduced it to ashes; "and this so rapidly," says Seneca, the concise historian of this vast conflagration, "that between an immense town and no town at all, there was but the space of one night."

Trajan took pity on it. Under his powerful protection Lucii Dunum began to rise from its ruins. In a short time a magnificent edifice, intended as a public market, sprung up on the hill which overlooked the town. Hardly was it open than the Bretons hastened there with their bucklers of many colours, and the Iberians with those weapons of steel which they alone knew how to temper. At the same time Corinth and Athens sent, by way of Marseilles, their paintings on wood, their sculptures, and their bronze statues; Africa transmitted its lions and tigers thirsting for the blood of the amphitheatres; and Persia its horses so light that they equalled the reputation of the Numidian coursers, "whose mothers," says Herodotus, "were made fruitful by the breath of the wind."

This monument, which crumbled away about the year 840 of the Christian era, is called by the authors of the ninth century, *Forum Vetus*, and by those of the fifteenth, *Fort-Viel*; but of this compound word the moderns have formed *Fourvières*, the name which is still borne by the hill on which it was built.

Lyons followed the destiny of the other Roman colonies. At the period of the downfall of the metropolis, she threw off its rule, and, uniting herself to the kingdom of France in 532, from that time mixes up her history with our own. A Roman colony under the Cæsars, and the second town in France under our kings, the tribute of illustrious names which she paid to Rome as an ally were those of Germanicus, Claudius, Caracalla, Marcus Aurelius, Sidonius, Apollinarius, and Ambrosius; those which she gave to France as an ally were Philibert de Lorme, Coëstou, Coysévox, Suchet, Dughot, Camille Jordan, Lemontey, Lemot, Dugas Montbel, and Ballanche.



GENERAL VIEW OF LYONS.

CHAPTER VIII.

CINQ-MARS AND DE THOU.

THREE monuments are still standing at Lyons, which seem like marks placed there by different centuries, at almost equal distances, as types of the progress and decay of the architectural art: these are the Church of Ainay, the Cathédral of St. John, and the Hotel de Ville. The first of these buildings is contemporary with Charles the Great, the second with Saint Louis, and the third with Louis XIV.

The church of Ainay is built on the exact site of the temple which the sixty nations of Gaul raised to Augustus. The four pillars of granite which sustain the dome are even borrowed by the Christian sister from her Pagan brother. At first there were only two columns, each double the size of those now seen, and surmounted with a statue of Victory. The architect who built Ainay caused them to be cut through the middle, in order that they might not interfere with the Roman character of the rest of the edifice.

The height of each is nearly thirteen feet, from which it may be supposed, that in their original state, when the four only formed two, each of these measured, at least, twenty-six feet.

Above the principal entrance is an antique bas-relief, representing

three women holding fruit in their hands. Beneath these figures are the following abridged words:—

MAT. AUG. PH. E. MED.

They are thus explained:—

MATRONIS AUGUSTIS, PHILEXUS EGNATICUS, MEDICUS.

The Cathedral of St. John does not at first appear to be so old as it is said to be. Its portico and façade evidently belong to the fourteenth century, and were either rebuilt or else finished at that period. However, the real proof of the date of its birth is to be found by the archaeologist in the architecture of the nave, the stones of which bear all the trace of *souvenirs* brought back from the Crusades, and exhibit the progress which oriental art has just effected among the nations of the west.

One of the chapels which form the sides of the church, and which generally extended to the number of seven, in memory of the Seven Mysteries, or twelve, in honour of the Twelve Apostles, is called the Chapelle Bourbon. The motto of the cardinal, which consists of these three words, *N'espoir ne peur*, is reproduced in several places. Pierre de Bourbon, his brother, added a P. and an A., interwoven; these letters being the initial of his Christian name and that of Anne of France, his wife. As for the *chardons*, (thistles) with which it is adorned, they are intended to indicate that the king made him a *cher don* in giving him his daughter. We are anxious to state, that the carving is better than the pun.

One of the four steeples, which, contrary to the architectural rules of the period, flank the building at each corner, contains one of the largest bells in France—it weighs thirty-six thousand pounds.

The Hotel de Ville, situate on the Place des Terreaux, is probably the edifice which Lyons takes the greatest pleasure in showing to strangers. Its façade, erected after a design by Simon Maupin, presents all the characteristics of the cold and heavy grandeur of the architecture of Louis XIV. In descending its steps, the visitor finds himself in the presence of one of the most terrible historical associations connected with the criminal history of France: at his feet is the ground which received the falling heads of Cinq-Mars and De Thou.

Thanks to Alfred de Vigny's beautiful novel, this fatal event has been made popular in the present day; the scene which closes it is one of the most beautiful ever imagined, and written; and we think we shall give our readers pleasure, by affording them the opportunity of placing the positive and naked statement preserved by the pen of the recorder, by the side of the romance which has emanated from

the poet's brain. } Thus these two great goddesses will be seen together, of whom one presides over poetry, the other over history; the one Imagination, the other Truth:—

"On Friday, September 12th, 1642, the chancellor entered the court-house at seven in the morning, accompanied by the commissioners deputed by the king, for the process of M. M. Cinq-Mars and De Thou.

"The advocate-general of the king at the parliament of Dauphine, on this occasion, did the duty of the advocate of the king.

"When they had arrived at the council-chamber, the officer on guard was sent to the *chateau* of Pierre Cize, to fetch M. de Cinq-Mars, who was brought to the court at eight o'clock in a hired carriage. On entering, he said, 'Where are we?' He was told that he was at the court, upon which he appeared satisfied, and ascended the staircase with much resolution.

"He was then called into the council-chamber, before the judges, and remained there about an hour and a quarter.

"At about nine o'clock the chancellor sent the officer on guard a second time to the castle of Pierre-Cize, and, with the same hack-carriage, in search of M. de Thou.

"About an hour afterwards, M. de Laubardemont, counsellor to the parliament of Grenoble, and M. Robert de Saint-Germain, left the room, to prepare the prisoners for their sentences, and to reconcile them to death. This they did, and exhorted them to call forth all their strength of mind and courage, in order to show their resolution at a time which unnerves the most firm. At this they fortified their minds, and gave evidence of a most extraordinary resolution, avowing that they were really guilty and deserved to die. M. de Thou then, laughingly, said to M. de Cinq-Mars: 'Well, sir, I consider that, as a man, I might complain of you; you were my accuser, and you are the cause of my death; but God knows how well I love you! Let us die, sir,—let us die courageously,—and let us go to paradise!' They then embraced, saying, that since they had lived such good friends all their lives, it was a great consolation for them to die together.

"They next embraced the commissaries, assuring them that they felt no regret at dying, but that they hoped that death would be the commencement of their happiness. Patierue, the criminal recorder of the presidial of Lyons, was then called to read their sentence to them.

"After sentence was declared, M. de Thou said with great feeling: 'God be blessed! God be praised!' He then gave utterance to some beautiful words with an incredible fervour, and which lasted him till death. M. de Cinq-Mars, after the declaration of the sentence which

condemned him to the torture, said: 'Death does not frighten me; but I must own that the infamy of the torture shocks me. Yes, gentlemen, and I think it very extraordinary that it should be applied to a man of my rank and age. I believe that the law protects me from it; at all events, I have heard so. Death does not frighten me; but, gentlemen, I own my weakness, I cannot bear to think of the torture.'

"Each then asked for his confessor: M. de Cinq-Mars for Father Malavette, a Jesuit; and M. de Thou for Father Maubrun, also a Jesuit. The persons in whose charge De Thou and Cinq-Mars had hitherto been, now, by the order of the chancellor, placed them in the hands of M. Thomé, provost-general of the marshals of the Lyonnais.

"Father Malavette having come, M. de Cinq-Mars embraced him, saying: 'Father, they wish to put me to the torture, and I have great trouble in making up my mind to it.' The priest consoled him, and fortified his mind as much as possible in this unfortunate affair. He was at length resolved; and when M. de Laubardemont and the recorder approached him, in order to take him to the chamber of torture, he felt quite reassured, and, on passing M. de Thou, he very coldly said to him: 'Sir, we are both condemned to die; but I am much more unfortunate than you, for, besides death, I have to suffer the torture, ordinary and extraordinary.'

"They then took him to the chamber of torture, and on passing by a room full of prisoners, he said: 'My God, where are you taking me to?' And then he continued, saying: 'How horribly it smells!' He remained half an hour in the chamber of torture, and they then took him back without his being touched, inasmuch as it had been said in the *retentum* of the sentence that he should only be presented to the torture. On his return, the person who brought him back bid him adieu in the chamber of audience, and, after having conversed with him a short time, he departed with tears in his eyes.

"M. de Thou then embraced M. de Cinq-Mars, exhorting him to die firmly, and not to fear death. Cinq-Mars replied, that he never had feared to die, and that he had not expected to escape death for one instant since his capture. They remained together for about a quarter of an hour, during which they embraced two or three times, and asked pardon of each other with demonstrations of the most perfect friendship.

"Their conference was ended by M. de Cinq-Mars saying, 'It is now time to put an end to our conversation.'

"Quitting M. de Thou, he asked for a separate room wherein to confess himself, which he had great trouble in obtaining; he then

made a general confession of all his life, and expressed his repentance at ever having offended God. He begged his confessor to bear witness to the king and to the cardinal of the great regret he felt at his fault, and to say that he most humbly asked their pardon.

"His confession lasted about an hour; and he then told the priest that he had eaten nothing for the last twenty-four hours, and the priest went and fetched him some fresh eggs and wine; but he only took a very small piece of bread, and a little wine and water, with which he merely washed his mouth out. He told the priest that nothing so much astonished him as finding himself abandoned by all his friends; and he told him that all the time he had been in the good graces of the king, he had been trying to make friends, and that he had persuaded himself that he had succeeded, but that he now knew that all friendship was but dissimulation. The priest told him that that had always been the way of the world, and that he ought not to feel surprised at it; he then recited those two lines from Ovid:

Donec eris felix, multos numerabis amicos :
Tempora si fuerint nubila, solus eris.

"Cinq-Mars repeated them two or three times, so much were they to his taste; and, having learnt them by heart, he again repeated them several times.

"He then asked for pen, ink, and paper, in order to write to his mother, whom he begged, amongst other things, to pay certain debts, the bills of which he delivered up to the priest for her, that he might first show them to the chancellor. The substance of his letter was a request that she would cause masses to be said for the salvation of his soul. He ended in the following manner: 'For the rest, madam, as many steps as I next take will be the number of steps that will carry me to death.'

"In the meanwhile, M. de Thou was in the chamber of audience with his confessor, and was in the most divine transports. As soon as he saw his confessor, he ran and embraced him, saying: 'Father, I am out of all trouble; we are condemned to death, and you have come to show me the way to heaven. Ah! what a short distance it is from life to death! What a very short road it is! Come, father, let us go to death, let us go to heaven, let us go to true glory! Alas! what good can I ever have done to enable me to receive so much kindness in according me an ignominious death, in order that I may attain sooner to a life eternally glorious?'"

I must here employ the simple account of this good father, who relates what he witnessed as follows:—

"When M. de Thou saw me in the audience chamber with him,

he embraced me, saying that he was condemned to death, and that he wished to employ the short time that was remaining to him in this life in a proper manner, and begged of me not to leave him, but to assist him to the last. 'Father,' said he, 'since they have pronounced sentence on me, I feel more tranquil than I did before. The awaiting of the sentence, and the issue of the affair generally, put me in a state of perplexity and disquietude. I will now think no more of the things of this world, but of paradise and of death. I have no bitter feelings nor ill-will towards any one. My judges have judged me like honest men, equitably and accordingly to the laws. God has thought fit to make use of them, in order to place me in his paradise, and has been willing to take me to him at a time when, through his goodness and mercy, I think I am prepared for death; for I can do nothing of myself, and the firmness and little courage that I possess are proofs of his favour.'

"He then repeated several short prayers, for the love of God and in contrition and repentance for his numerous sins, and called on him repeatedly. It must here be remarked, that during the first three months of his imprisonment he had prepared himself for death by taking the sacrament, by praying, by meditation and reflection on the divine mysteries, by communication with his spiritual pastors, and by reading religious books, particularly one by Bellarmin on the Psalms, and another called *De Arte bene moriendi*, by the same author. He selected certain verses from the Psalms for his short prayers, and told me that he understood and appreciated these sentences from the Holy Scriptures more deeply than he did formerly.

"He saluted all those whom he saw in the room where we were, desired that he might be mentioned in their prayers, and held them to witness that he died contentedly, and that the judges had judged him justly and according to law. Seeing M. de Laubardemont, who had been the reporter on the trial, approaching, he went to him, embraced him, and thanked him for his judgment, saying: 'You judged me like an honest man;' and this with so much tenderness and cordiality that he drew tears, not only from his assistants and guards, but from the judge, who cried bitterly whilst embracing him.

"A man sent by Madame de Pontac, his sister, came to bid him her last adieu. M. de Thou, thinking that it was the executioner, ran towards him, saying: 'It is you who are to send me to heaven to-day.' But on being told that he was a man sent by his sister, he said to him: "Friend, I beg your pardon; it is so long since I have seen you, that I did not know you. Tell my sister that I hope she

will continue in her devotions, and that I now know better than ever that this world is one mass of falsehood and vanity; that I die contented, and a good Christian; and say that I beg she will pray to God for me, and not pity me any more, as I hope to find happiness in death. Adieu.' The man went away without saying a single word; and De Thou felt his strength and courage so great for death, that he was afraid it was vanity, and, turning to me, said: 'Father, is there no vanity in this? O God, I protest before your Divine Majesty that I can do nothing of myself, and that all my courage comes from your goodness and mercy, and that if you leave me, I should totter at every step.'

"He asked now and then if the hour for going thence to the place of execution had arrived; he begged he might be told when the executioner came, that he might embrace him; but he did not see him until he was on the scaffold.

"About three o'clock in the afternoon, four companies of the Lyons citizens, making altogether about twelve hundred men, were drawn up in the midst of the Place des Terreaux, so that they shut in a space of about eighty paces square, within which no one, unless absolutely required, was allowed to enter.

"In the midst of this space a scaffold was erected, about seven feet in height, and about nine feet square; in the centre of which, a little towards the front, a portion was raised to the height of about three feet, and before it was placed a block of the height of half a foot, so that the front of the scaffold looked towards the Boucherie des Terreaux, by the side of the Saône; and against the scaffold, on the same side as the Daines de St. Pierre, was placed a ladder with eight steps. All the houses, all the windows, walls, roofs, and scaffoldings erected for the purpose, and all the points, in short, commanding a view of the place, were filled with persons of every condition, age, and sex.

"At about five o'clock the officers asked Father Malavette's companion to tell him that it was time to depart. M. de Cinq-Mars judged what was wanted from seeing the lay-brother whispering to the confessor.

"'They are in a hurry,' said he, 'and we must go.'

"One of the officers, however, still detained him some time in his room, upon leaving which, the *valet de chambre*, who had served him ever since Montpellier, presented himself and asked for some recompense for his long services. 'I have nothing to give,' said Cinq-Mars; 'for I have given away everything that belonged to me.' He then went into the chamber of audience to M. de Thou, and said to him: 'Let us go, sir, for it is time.' M. de Thou then said: '*Lætatus*

sum in his quæ dicta sunt mihi, in domum Domini ibimus. They then embraced and left the room.

"M. de Cinq-Mars walked first, holding Father Malavette's hand as far as the door-steps; he then stopped, and saluted the people with so much grace and kindness, that every one present shed tears but himself, and he remained as firm as he had ever been, and continued so the whole of the way excepting once, when, on seeing the priest give way to tender feelings at the sight of the tears shed by all around, he said: 'How is it, father, that you are more sensible to my interests than I am myself?'

"M. Thomé, provost of Lyons, with the archers of the short robe, and the officer on guard with his men, now received orders to lead them to the place of execution.

"M. de Thou, whilst on the steps of the palace, seeing a carriage awaiting them, turned towards M. de Cinq-Mars, and said: 'What? are they going to take us in a carriage? Is that the way they take us to paradise? Why, I expected to be bound, and taken in a hearse; these gentlemen treat us very kindly in not binding us, and in taking us in a carriage.' As he was getting into the carriage, he said to two of the soldiers on guard: 'See my friends, we are going to be taken to heaven in a carriage!' M. de Cinq-Mars was dressed in a handsome brown coat made of the best Holland cloth, and covered with gold lace two fingers wide; his hat was turned up *à la catalane*; he had green silk stockings, over which were white lace ones, and a scarlet cloak.

"M. de Thou was dressed in a suit of mourning made of Spanish cloth, and a short cloak. They both seated themselves at the back part of the carriage, M. de Thou sitting on the right side of M. de Cinq-Mars; and there were two Jesuits at each door, namely, the confessors, with their companions; there was no one in the front part of the carriage.

"The executioner followed on foot; he was a street porter, an elderly man of ungainly figure, and dressed like the men who work for the masons; he had never taken part at an execution, but had reserved himself entirely for the torture chamber, and would not now have come forward had there not been but one regular executioner in Lyons, and he had broken his leg.

"They went over the *Litany*, the *Miserere*, and other prayers and short orisons in the carriage; they discoursed on eternity, on the constancy of martyrs, and of the torments they had undergone. They saluted the people, with whom the streets were filled, from time to time with great civility.

"A short time afterwards, M. de Thou said to M. de Cinq-Mars:

'Sir, I wonder you do not feel more regret at dying than myself; you are younger, and you rank higher in the world; you had great hopes, and you were the favourite of a great king; but let me tell you, sir, that you are right in not regretting it, for, after all, what I have mentioned is nothing; we might have been lost, we might have been damned, and God will now save us. I hold our death to be an infallible mark of our predestination, and we ought to feel more thankful to God than if he had given us all the riches of this world.' These words almost moved M. de Cinq-Mars to tears. They from time to time inquired whether they were far from the scaffold, upon which, Father Malavette asked M. de Cinq-Mars whether he did not fear death. 'Not at all, father,' answered he; 'and it is for that very reason that I am troubled. Alas! I fear nothing but my sins:' this fear had moved him strongly since his confession.

"As they approached the Place des Terreaux, Father Maubrun exhorted M. de Thou to seek for pardon by means of a medal that he had given him, over which he was to say 'Jesus' three times.

"On hearing this, M. de Cinq-Mars said to M. de Thou: 'Sir, as I shall die first, lend me your medal to join to mine, and when I am gone the executioner will take care of them for you. Then came a discussion as to which of the two ought to die first.

"M. de Cinq-Mars said that he ought to do so, as he was the most wicked and the first sentenced, adding that if he was to die last it would be as bad as killing him twice; M. de Thou demanded the right of dying first, as he was the eldest; but Father Malavette now spoke, and said to M. de Thou: 'Sir, you are the eldest, and you ought to be the most generous.' M. de Cinq-Mars being of the same opinion, M. de Thou replied: 'Very well, sir; you open the road to glory for me!' 'I descend the precipice before you,' said M. de Cinq-Mars; 'but we only precipitate ourselves into death in order to rise to life eternal.' Father Malavette here ended the controversy in favour of M. de Cinq-Mars, judging that it was better that he should die first.

"On nearing the scaffold, M. de Thou stooped, and, on beholding it, stretched out his arms and clapped his hands in a lively manner; and with a face smiling, as though he was delighted at the sight, and turning to M. de Cinq-Mars, he said: 'Sir, it is from here that we hope to go to paradise!' Then turning towards his confessor, he said: 'Is it right that so wicked a person as I am should to-day take possession of eternal happiness?'

"The carriage stopped at the foot of the scaffold. The provost having come to tell M. de Cinq-Mars that he was to ascend first, he bade M. de Thou good-bye with a show of great affection, saying

that they should soon see each other in another world, where they would be eternally united to God. M. de Cinq-Mars then descended from the carriage, holding his head up with a smiling countenance. An archer of the provost's having come forward to demand his cloak, saying that it belonged to him, the confessor advanced and prevented him taking it, and asked the provost whether the archers had any right to it. Being answered in the negative, the priest told Cinq-Mars that he might dispose of it in whatever manner pleased him best. Cinq-Mars then gave it to the Jesuit who accompanied the priest, saying that he gave it to him in the hopes that he would pray to God for him.

"After the three customary sounds of the trumpet, Pallerue, the criminal recorder of Lyons, who was seated on horseback near the scaffold, read aloud their sentence, but they neither of them heard a word of it. The attendants now placed a blind over the window of the carriage at the side next the scaffold, in order to prevent M. de Thou from seeing what was going on.

"After having saluted those who were nearest the scaffold, M. de Cinq-Mars gaily mounted the ladder. Whilst on the second step, the provost's archer advanced on horseback and took his hat from off his head; he stopped, and turning round, said, 'Leave me my hat.' The provost, who was by, was very angry with the archer, who immediately replaced the hat upon his head, and after arranging it as suited him best, he ascended the ladder courageously.

"He took a turn upon the scaffold, as he would have done had he been walking upon the stage of a theatre. He then stopped and saluted all those who were in sight, with a smiling countenance. He afterwards placed himself in a firm posture, with one foot forward and his hand to his side. He looked on the immense assembly with a collected expression, and then took two or three turns.

"His confessor having ascended, he embraced him, throwing his hat before him on the scaffold. The priest exhorted him to perform some acts of devotion towards God, and he did so with great ardour.

"He then went on his knees at the foot of his confessor, who gave him the last absolution, which having received with humility, he rose and went and placed himself on his knees on the block, and said, 'Is it here, Father, that I must place myself?' And as he knew that it was there, he laid his neck down; then, getting up, he asked whether it was necessary for him to take off his doublet; and being answered in the affirmative, commenced undressing, and said to the priest, 'Father, I beg of you to help me.' The priest and his companions then helped him to unbutton and take off his doublet. He kept on his gloves, which the executioner took off after his death.

"The executioner then went up to him with his scissors in his hand, in order to cut off his hair; but M. de Cinq-Mars took them out of his hand, not wishing that he should touch him, kissed them, and gave them to the priest, saying, 'Father, I beg you will grant me a last service in cutting my hair.' The priest gave them to his companion, so that he might do it, and he did it. He looked calmly on the people who were round the scaffold, and said to the priest, 'Cut it properly, I beg of you.' Then raising his eyes towards heaven, he said, 'Ah, my God! what is the world composed of?' After his hair was cut, he lifted his hands to his head, in order to arrange it properly; the executioner, who had come close to him, retired at a sign made by Cinq-Mars, who took the crucifix and kissed it, after which he again knelt upon the block before the post, which he embraced, and on seeing a man belonging to the Grand Master he saluted him and said, 'I beg that you will tell M. de la Melleraye that I am his most humble servant.' Then, after having paused for a minute, he continued, 'Tell him that I hope he will pray for me.' These were his own words.

"The executioner now came behind with his scissors, in order to cut off the collar which was fastened to his shirt. After having had his collar taken off, he opened his shirt, in order to expose his neck better, and then joined his hands upon the block, which served him as an altar, and commenced praying.

"They offered him the crucifix, which he took in his right hand, holding the block with his left, he kissed it, returned it, and asked his confessor's companion for his medals, which he kissed, after having said 'Jesus' three times. He then returned them; and turning towards the executioner, who was standing close by, but who had not yet taken his axe from out of a bag that he had brought upon the scaffold, he said, 'What are you doing? What are you waiting for?' His confessor having drawn back to the ladder, here called him, saying, 'Come, Father, and help me to pray to God.' He approached, and kneeling down by the side of Cinq-Mars, recited in a clear voice, and with great feeling, the *Salve Regina*, weighing each word, particularly when he arrived at *Et Jesum benedictum fructum ventris tui nobis post hoc exilium ostende*, &c. He then bowed down his head, raising his eyes with devotion to heaven, and with an expression of delight. The confessor here begged of those who were present to say a *Pater noster* and an *Ave Maria*.

"Whilst this was going on, the executioner had drawn his axe (which was something like those used by butchers, only larger and more square) from out of his bag. Cinq-Mars, after having raised his eyes to heaven, said with great firmness, 'Do your work! God

have pity on me!’ Then, with the most incredible firmness, he balanced his neck upon the block, with his face towards the front of the scaffold. Holding the block tightly in his arms, he shut his eyes and mouth, and awaited the blow from the executioner, who was standing on his left side, holding the axe in both hands. On receiving the blow, he cried out in a loud voice, ‘Ah!’ to the executioner, who was nearly smothered by the blood; he then lifted his knees from off the block, as though he were going to get up, but he fell back in the same position.

“The head not being entirely separated from the body, the executioner passed behind him to his right, and taking the hair of the head in his right hand and the axe in his left, cut the tracheal artery, and a part of the skin that had not been divided; after which he threw the head upon the scaffold, from whence it bounded to the earth, when it was remarked that it turned half round and palpitated for a short time. The face was turned towards the convent of Saint Pierre, and the top of the head towards the scaffold, with the eyes open.

“The body remained as straight as the post which it held in its embrace, till the executioner drew it away, in order to strip it. He then put a sheet over it, and covered it with his mantle. The head having been replaced on the scaffold, it was laid by the body under the same sheet.

“M. de Cinq-Mars being dead, they opened the door of the carriage, and M. de Thou came out with a smiling countenance, and after saluting those who were nearest, ascended the scaffold quickly, holding his mantle on his right arm, as, with outstretched arms he embraced his executioner, saying, ‘Ah, my brother, my dear friend, how much I love you! I must embrace you since you are to-day going to send me to eternal happiness.’ Then turning towards the front of the scaffold, he took off his hat and bowed to all present. He then threw away his hat, which fell at the feet of M. de Cinq-Mars. Then turning towards his confessor, he said with great ardour, ‘Father, *spectaculum facti sumus mundo, et angelis, et hominibus.*’

“The priest having recited a prayer, to which he listened very attentively, he said that he had still something to say which concerned his conscience. He then knelt down and told him what it was, and received the last absolution. He now rose, took off his doublet, knelt down again, and commenced the hundredth and fifteenth psalm, which he recited by heart from beginning to end with great fervour mixed with a holy pleasure. ‘I have,’ said he, ‘too great a passion for death, and I am afraid that there is much harm in that. Father,’ said he, smiling and turning towards the priest, ‘I am too well

pleased : is there no harm in it ? for I do not wish that there should be any.'

"This was all accompanied with such joy and lively manifestations, that those who were furthest from him thought that he was angry, and declaiming against those who were the cause of his death.

"After the psalm, remaining still on his knees, he looked towards his right, and seeing a man whom he had embraced in the palace because he had met him with a lawyer of his acquaintance, he made a bow, and said in a lively tone, 'Sir, I am your very humble servant.'

"He then rose ; and the executioner coming forward to cut his hair, the priest took the scissors from out of his hands and gave them to his companion ; M. de Thou, perceiving it, took them from the priest, saying, 'What ! Do you imagine that I fear him, Father ? Did you not see me embrace him ? I have embraced this man, and have embraced him twice. There, my friend, do your duty, and cut my hair.' The man began ; but as he was excessively awkward, the priest took the scissors from him, and made his companion do it. Whilst the operation was being performed, De Thou looked on those who were nearest with a firm and smiling countenance, and every now and then he raised his eyes lovingly towards heaven, and then rising, he pronounced this beautiful sentence from Saint Paul :—

"Non contemptibus nobis quæ videntur, sed quæ non videntur : quæ enim videntur, temporalia, quæ autem non videntur, æterna.

"His hair being cut, he again knelt down upon the block and made an offering of himself to God, in such words and with such feeling that it would be difficult to express them. He asked for an *Ave Maria* and a *Pater Noster*, to be said in words which pierced the heart ; after kissing the crucifix, he asked for the medals, in order to gain indulgence, and said, 'Father, will they not bind me ?' And as the priest told him that it rested with him, he said, 'Yes, father, I must be bound.' And looking at those who were nearest, he said, 'Gentlemen, I own that for myself I am a coward, and that I fear to die. When I think of death, I tremble, I am covered with perspiration, and my hair stands on end ; and should you see any firmness in me, attribute it to our Lord, who performs a miracle, in order to save me ; for to die in the state I am in, it requires a deal of resolution ; I have not any myself, but God gives me some, and strengthens me exceedingly.'

"He then put his hands in his pockets in search of his handkerchief, in order to bind himself ; and having torn it in half, he tied the ends together, and asked for a handkerchief from those below. He immediately had two or three thrown to him, took one, and with

great civility told those who had thrown them that he would pray to God for them in heaven, it not being in his power to grant them that service in this world. The executioner then came to bind his eyes with the handkerchief; but as he did it very badly, letting the corners of the handkerchief fall over his mouth, he undid it, and tied it himself.

"He afterwards placed his neck upon the block, which the confessor's companion had wiped with his handkerchief, it having been covered with blood, and asked him whether he was well placed. He told him that he must advance his head a little more, which he did. The executioner perceiving that the strings of his shirt were not untied, advanced to undo them; De Thou feeling his hands, said, 'What is the matter? Must I take off my shirt?' and he commenced taking it off. They told him that it was not necessary to do so—that all they wanted was to undo the strings."

"Having placed his head upon the block, he pronounced his last words, which were—'*Maria, mater gratia, mater misericordia, tu nos ab hosti protege, et hora mortis suscipe;*' then, '*In manus tuas, Domine.*' His arms then began to tremble as he awaited the blow, which was given quite at the top of the neck, and too near the head; and the neck being cut only half through, the body fell on its back to the left of the block, with the face upwards, the legs and feet being convulsed as the hands were raised feebly towards heaven.

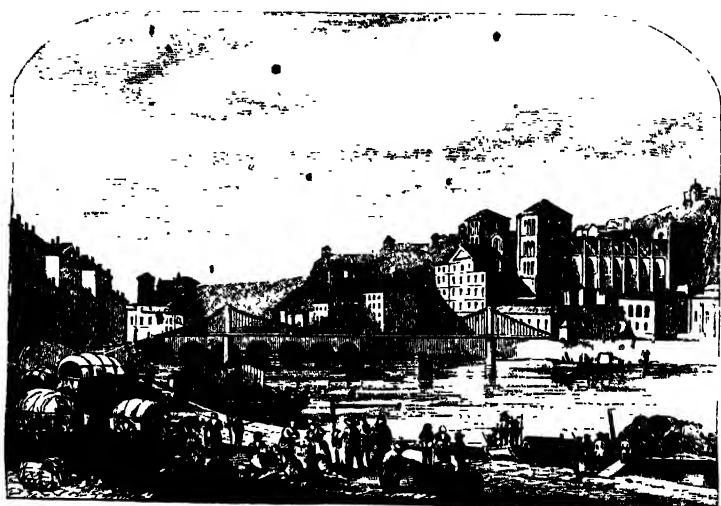
"The executioner tried to turn the body over, in order to complete his work as he had commenced it; but, frightened by the cries directed against him, he struck three or four blows on the throat, and thus cut off the head, which remained on the scaffold.

"The executioner having stripped him, carried his body, covered with a cloth, into the coach which had brought them there; he then placed M. de Cinq-Mars' beside it and the two heads, the eyes of which were open, and this was particularly the case with the head of M. de Thou, which appeared to be alive. They were then carried to the Feuillants, where M. de Cinq-Mars was buried before the principal altar. M. de Thou was embalmed, and placed in a leaden coffin, to be removed to his own place of interment."

"Such was the end of these two persons, who certainly ought to have left to posterity something besides their death to be remembered by.

"I leave each man to come to whatever opinion he may please thereupon, and content myself with saying that it affords us a great example of the inconstancy of fortune."

I do not know where anything can be found, whatever imagination one may have, to equal the above recital, of which truth forms the sole merit. Imagination is a goddess, but truth is a saint.



CHAPTER IX.

MODERN LYONS.



IN order to form any-
thing like a favourable
opinion of Lyons, it is
necessary to arrive there
by the Saône. The dull,
dirty, and monotonous
appearance which it pre-
sents, when seen from
other approaches, as-
sumes then a little gran-
deur, and a great deal of
picturesqueness. First
we meet with the island
of Barbe, which appears
to come towards the tra-
veller, in order to do him
the honours of the town.
If you wish to stop there,
there are some ancient
remains to be seen—a

well, said to have been bored in the time of Charlemagne; and the ruins of a church of the twelfth century. Going further on, we pass by the foot of the rock of Pierre Scise, which Agrippa cut through when he made his four military roads, one of which, coming from the direction of Vivarais and the Cévennes, led towards the Pyrenees; while the second went towards the Rhine, the third towards the sea at Brittany, and the fourth towards Gallia Narbonensis. A fortified castle, which was formerly used as a state prison, rose formerly from the summit of the rock, and we have seen that it was from its dungeons that M. M. de Thou and Cinq-Mars were brought to make their death pilgrimage to the Place des Terreaux.

At three hundred steps from Pierre Scise lies another rock, surmounted, not by a state prison, but by a man without a head, and holding a purse in his hand. This statue is that of a brave German, who consecrated a part of his income to marrying the young girls of his district. I am ignorant as to whether the gratitude of the wives, or the devotion of the maidens, which erected this monument to him; but one thing is certain, that the anger of a husband placed it in the deplorable state in which it has been for more than ten years.

In passing the rock which bears the headless man, we perceive Lyons in all its extent. Continuing to follow the course of the river, we pass before the Church of St. John, which is, I think, the only building to be remarked, until we arrive at the bridge of La Mulatière, which marks the junction of the Rhone and Saone. At the extremity of this bridge, the railway to St. Etienne begins. The first obstacle which had to be overcome in order to establish it, was a rock, which it was necessary to bore through to the extent of nearly two hundred paces, and which forms a tunnel, in which it is dangerous to find oneself, as the following inscription, which the paternal solicitude of the Mayor of Lyons had placed on one of the sides, sufficiently proves:—

"The public is cautioned not to walk under this arch, under pain of being crushed."

This notice, concise as it looks at first sight, was not, however, it appears, quite sufficient; for it was found necessary to put up another prohibition of a more severe nature, which runs as follows, and forms an excellent pendant to the first:—

"The public is cautioned not to walk under this arch, under pain of being fined."

If, after forming a general opinion of the inhabitants—thanks to the above inscriptions—the traveller should desire to form a true one of the town, he will walk along the Chemin des Etroits, where Rous-

seau passed so delightful a night, and Mouton Duvernet so terrible a day, and will ascend to the Church of Notre-Dame de Fourrière, a virgin of great renown, and as full of miracles as a Roman madonna. Looking out from there, he will see, close to him, a mass of houses, which are rendered more dingy and dirty by the silvery reflection of the river and rivulet which surround them; beyond these, green plains and landscapes, here and there slightly indented by a few mountains; and further still, the immense chain of the Alps, the snowy peaks of which become lost in the clouds.

At a few steps from the church is the house of the Abbé Caille, from the terrace of which Pius VII., during his forced journey to France, gave his blessing to the townspeople kneeling at his feet. Besides the religious incident which this terrace calls to mind, a view of Lyons, in its greatest extent, is commanded from its balustrade.

Although this town was, as we have already said, the birth-place of Philibert Delorme, Coustou, Coysevox, Louise Labbé, Dugast Montbel, and Ballanche; although it possesses an academy—a daughter (as Voltaire said) who has been so well brought up, that she never does anything which can get herself talked about; although it rejoices in a school of painting which has given us Dubost and Bonnefond,—its spirit is entirely mercantile. It is the place where fourteen high roads and two rivers meet, bringing with them orders, and taking away goods. The divinity of the town is Trade; not the trade of sea-ports, redeemed by the dangers of navigating some distant ocean, where the tradesman is captain, and his workmen sailors; not the poetic trade of Tyre, Venice, and Marseille, round which the sun of the east throws a halo, the stars of the south form a crown, the fogs of the west a veil, and the ice of the north a girdle; but the mean, inactive trade, which seats itself behind a counter, or leans upon a loom—which enervates by the want of air, and brutalizes from the absence of sky—which takes sixteen hours of work from the twenty-four, and in return gives only half the amount of bread required by the cravings of hunger. Yes, Lyons is actually a lively and animated town, but it is the liveliness and animation of a machine; and the tic-tac of its frame is the only pulsation which its heart is acquainted with.

And when the beatings of its heart cease from want of work, the town is like a paralyzed body, to which no activity can be restored, except by the *mora* of a ministerial measure, or the galvanism of a government supply. Thirty thousand frames stop, nearly sixty thousand persons are without bread; and hunger, the mother of insurrection, is soon howling through the tortuous streets of the second city in France.

When we passed through Lyons, it was just recovering from one of these mortal crises: its streets were still disfigured, its houses broken down, its pavements bloody; and this was the second time in three years that this struggle had occurred; and we shall be awakened to it again some day by the sound of the tocsin. Unhappily, commercial revolts are very different from political insurrections. In politics, men grow older, their minds get calmer, and interests become amalgamated; in commercial matters, the wants are always the same, and are renewed each day; the question with them is not the probable success of some social Utopia, but the means of satisfying physical wants. A man can wait for a new law, but he dies for want of a crust of bread.

To crown the misfortune, Lyons, the manufacturers of which have hitherto gained the day, both as regards superiority of designs, and softness of material, over England, Belgium, Saxony, Moravia, Bohemia, Prussia, and Austria; Lyons, of which the velvets equal those of Milan, and the *gros de Naples* those of Italy generally, has just witnessed the establishment of a terrible competition, which it was difficult to foresee, and will be impossible to obviate. This laborious city, which produces manufactures annually to the value of two hundred million francs, used to find a market in America for goods to the amount of fifty million francs; and America threatens to supply herself, henceforth, from another quarter. For the last three or four years, they have bought nothing but patterns, and these patterns they send to China, where the warmth of the climate allows the silkworm to form its cocoon in the mulberry tree itself, and where the few wants of the inhabitants can be satisfied for an entire year with wages which would scarcely suffice in France for three months. The result is, that the Chinese people, without taste, variety, or invention, but possessing mechanical and imitative talents, arrive, both in fabric and in design, at the same degree of excellence as the workmen of Lyons; and that, as the original material and the workmanship have been obtained at the very lowest price, a saving of nearly one-third is effected by the American speculator who purchases at Canton.

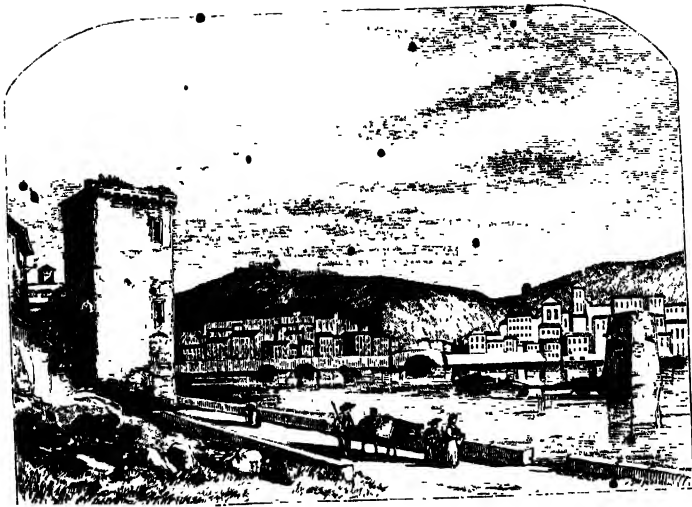
Lyons presents the aspect of an immense manufactory, which absorbs in its own profit all the faculties of its children. If one of them have a head which appears organized for mechanics, he dreams of the reputation of the great, and applies all his imagination to the discovery of some new embroidery frame; if another be born a painter, instead of being allowed to emulate the reputation of Raphael or Rubens, his pencil is confined within the limits of fancy-work; he must reproduce nothing from nature, except flowers of graceful forms.

and brilliant hues; his compositions are only applauded when they exhibit bouquets or garlands in some novel manner; and by this art, or rather trade, he can gain ten thousand francs a year, that is to say, more than Ingres and Delacroix have gained during any one of the ten years of their artist life, and yet, these men are the two greatest geniuses of modern painting!

It can be understood that the unfortunate wretches, whose tastes urge them towards poetry, history, or the drama, must require a superhuman valour to contend, not merely with the indifference, but even the contempt which is exhibited for their writings. The aristocracy of Lyons, composed as it is of commercial men, who have risen through their success in trade, is equally regardless, with the tradespeople, of every effort made by the human mind for any purpose but that of the improvement of weaving or embroidery. This is so much the case, that two librarians are sufficient for the supply of the second city in France, while one theatre is more than enough to satisfy its curiosity.

In the midst of this population, pre-occupied as it is entirely by material matters, I was nevertheless aware that I should meet one of the most poetical natures of our time—Madame Marceline Valmore, whom I had long known by her works, and for a year or two personally, and who was kept at Lyons by her duties as a mother and a wife. The unfortunate prophetess in exile, who in Paris would have been the honour of our drawing-rooms, was here almost as unknown as if she had been living in some village in the Landes, or Brittany; and she kept her *incognito* with the greatest care, fearing that the least manifestation of her fine talent would frighten away the little circle of friends among whom she passed her days. She received me as a brother in the same faith, a faith unknown in Lyons, and to which she only dared address her sublime prayers in solitude and concealment. After some trouble, I prevailed upon her to open the drawer of a little writing-desk, with a secret spring, in which lay concealed from all eyes the most beautiful flowers reared in the shade; one of the freshest and softest of these she allowed me to take.

What a humiliation for the city of Lyons, if it could have known that, within sound of its looms, such verses had been produced! Fortunately, it would have been able to console itself by the reflection that Madame Valmore was not connected with trade.



VIEW OF VIENNE.

CHAPTER X.

VIENNE THE BEAUTIFUL—VIENNE THE HOLY—VIENNE THE PATRIOTIC.

IF, as we have said, Lyons be the first point at which, coming from Paris through the Bourbonnais, we meet with traces of the Roman civilization, on leaving that town, the traveller, who is proceeding to the south in the direction of the Rhone, continues throughout to tread the land which the mistress of the world called her cherished province, her beloved daughter. Then it is only occasionally and rarely that the buildings of the middle ages are found in greater numbers and perfection than those of antiquity. Nearly all the remains we meet with are two thousand years old, and the ruins of that distant period are so gigantic, that, fallen as they are, they smother beneath their shade everything which has grown up around them; for of all the civilizations which have successively invaded the world, none other has filled the ground so deeply with its roots of stone, expanded so widely beneath the sun, nor risen so loftily towards the heavens.

As we advance towards the south, we begin to form some idea of the grandeur of that nation which built towns for its armies to halt in, turned rivers aside to form a cascade, and left small hills when it erected its monuments. From time to time, however, some grand

Gothic recollection, or Gothic building, is met with, such as Louis IX. embarking near the ramparts of Aigues Mortes, the Count of Toulouse making the *amende honorable* on the steps of the basilisk of St. Gilles, or the Baron des Adrets precipitating the Catholics from the heights of Mornas. But all these, we must confess, disappear before the triumphal arch of Orange, the passage of Ahenobarbus before Arles, and the memory of Constantine. In fine, the south of France is so beautiful and so Roman, that Rome appears less beautiful and less great to a person who has visited it.

Lyons had first introduced us to antiquity; for, in default of any external proofs, we had seen in its museum the bronze table on which was engraved the speech pronounced by Claudius (then only censor), in order to obtain for his native town the title of Roman Colony; and four mosaics, the first of which represented a chariot race, the second Orpheus playing the lyre, and the two others a contest between Cupid and Pan. Vienne was to show us more remains still standing; and finally, Orange, Nîmes, and Arles, were to initiate us into their mysteries. We resolved, then, to stop a day or two at Vienne; and, landing opposite the hotel called the Table Ronde, we left our steamer to continue its course towards Marseille.

Whether Vienne was built, as the Dominican Lavinius says, by Allobrox, who ruled the Celts at the time when Ascaladius ruled the Assyrians, and whether, consequently, it be contemporary with Babylon and Thebes—whether it was founded, as Jean Marquis maintains, by an exile from Africa who entered Gaul at the period when Amasias was reigning in Jerusalem, and consequently was anterior to Rome by one hundred and eight years—whether it is of Autochthon foundation, or whether it owes its birth to the migration of a colony—it is easy to see, at the first glance, that Vienne is built on a spot marked out by nature for the residence of man. Sheltered by five mountains, which form a half-circle round it, and protect it from the wind of the north and the sun of the south; divided from east to west by the little river Gère, which turns several mills; bounded from north to south by the Rhone, which is here a wide and magnificent river, and serves to carry its productions to the sea. Vienne was the capital of the Allobroges at the period when Hannibal came down from the Pyrenees, passed the Rhone, and crossed the Alps. Of the early and mysterious civilization, which was contemporary with the conqueror of Thrasy-mene, and the conquered of Lama, nothing remains but one of the stones so common in Brittany, and so rare in the south. This *peulvan* lies on the confines of Vaulx in Vevey, and Decène in the canton of Mervieux: all the others were destroyed at the time of the

conquest of the Romans, or, at least, during the sojourn they made in this capital of *Allobrogia*.

It is from this time only, that is to say, from about sixty years before Christ, that we can, as it were, rebuild the town, and form an exact idea of what it must have been. The Roman boundary is still easily found, for the ramparts are standing in several places, and where they have fallen, we can discover and follow the foundations. The stones missing from the ramparts were employed in building the churches, hospital, and college. Within the walls were an imperial palace, a senate house, a pantheon, a temple to Mars, a temple to Victory, a theatre, amphitheatre, and forum; and, in order to retain its conquest, Rome, like a jealous mistress, after enclosing it in an arena of stones, built a fortress on the top of each of the mountains which command *Vienne*.

But the space within the ramparts soon became too confined for the population, which spread on both sides: houses, temples, and palaces rose, to the south, over the ground which is now the plain of *L'Aiguille*; and to the north, over the site of the modern *St. Colombe*, and *St. Romaine*; a bridge extended across the *Rhone*, uniting the suburb to the town; the hills were soon covered with rich villas, which gave it the appearance of a vast amphitheatre; miracles of architecture abounded on every side; rich and pleasing meadows were to be seen varying the banks of the *Rhone*. It was then *Vienne* was called *Vienne the Beautiful*—that *Cæsar* gave the mother eagle for its arms, and *Augustus* made it the capital of the Roman empire in Gaul.

Of this second civilization, there remains standing part of the ramparts, an ancient temple, the pyramid of *Septimus Severus*, which is in perfect preservation, and the tower of *Plautus*, which is falling to pieces by the *Rhone*.

Towards the end of the fourth century, a man entered this heathen city, alone and unarmed, but bearing the word of the Gospel, and more powerful with this than an emperor would have been with an army. The Pantheon, which put the north of the town under the protection of all the gods, appeared to crumble away, as if an earthquake had shaken its foundations, and on the place where it had stood rose a basilisk, dedicated to *St. Stephen*, the first martyr of the Church. From this time *Vienne* assumed a new appearance, for a new era had arrived; Christian civilization, of which *St. Louis* was the type, was striking its first roots into the crevices of the Pagan monuments. Then the first kings of Burgundy built their castle on the site of the imperial palace; a square tower arose in the forum, the church of *St. George*, and the cathedral of *St. Maurice*, raised

their heads from the ground; the town descended from the mountains and approached the Rhone. To the golden eagle with its spreading wings, succeeded a shield bearing an elm supporting a golden chalice, and surmounted by the Host in silver, as a memorial of the Burgundian kings having administered justice under a tree of this sort, and in commemoration of the Council of 1311, by which the feast of the Holy Sacrament was instituted. Vienne the Beautiful, now became Vienne the Holy.

The privileged town preserved this name till the end of the last century; but, disfigured by the Baron des Adrets, who mutilated the cathedral; dismantled by Cardinal Richelieu, who blew up the castle of Labatie; injured by the dragoons of Louis XIV., forgotten by Louis XV., and by Louis XVI., Vienne, which had hitherto cherished the recollection of its prosperity with ardour, adopted the popular movement. In opposition to Lyons, which had welcomed the royalists, Vienne threw itself into the arms of the republicans: confounding liberty with royalty, it forsook its sacred coat-of-arms, placed a red cap on its pyramid, and Vienne the Holy disappeared to make room for Vienne the Patriotic.

In the present day the metropolis of the Allubroges, the queen of the Roman empire in Gaul, the capital of two kingdoms of Burgundy, is but a second-rate town, with badly-built houses, and dirty, crooked streets. We tried for a long time to find out from what spot it presented the most picturesque appearance. While ascending the mountain, on the top of which are the ruins of the old castle of Labatie, we had a view through a hole in the wall of a large part of the town on each side of the Gère, which winds in a green and foaming torrent between the houses, above the roofs of which St. Maurice's Cathedral looms heavily, like Leviathan, above the waves of the sea. Beyond this an iron bridge, so light that it looks like a cord, stretches from one side of the river to the other, and unites Vienne and St. Colombe—the mother and her child, as if with a riband; while, above it, a broken pillar of the old Roman bridge raises its head from the water, and appears to look with astonishment at its slight and elegant successor, and at the pointed pyramid, which forms the southern extremity of the town, and which some think marks the centre of the ancient city, and others the burial place of Septimus Severus. The time was well chosen for our view. In front, the town was covered with clouds of dark and light smoke; behind, sparkled the Rhone, as if its waves were liquid silver; and on the horizon, the summits of the mountains, gilded by the setting sun, were lost in a warm yellow. At the first glance we saw that from no other spot could we obtain so complete a view, and, consequently

Jadin and myself set to work directly—he to make a drawing, and I to obtain from Chorier Schneider, and Mermet, the historical notes just read.

On descending from our observatory, which the inhabitants of Vienne call the Mountain of Solomon, from a corruption of the two Latin words *salutis mons*, we turned towards the museum, which was about to close. Luckily, we met the conservator there, M. Delorme, who, with an obliging hospitality only to be met with in the provinces, permitted us to prolong our visit beyond the fixed time, and even acted as our cicerone, doing himself the honours of his splendid collection of antiquities. Curious as were the memorials collected in the old temple, which now serves as a museum, the first thing which drew my attention was a modern portrait representing a young man whose face was known to me. As, however, I could not recall his name, I asked M. Delorme, who replied that it was Pichat. My thoughts turned to seven or eight years back, and I recollected where I had seen this face: it was on the evening of the performance of *Leonidas*, which, owing to the merit of the work, the talent of Talma, and the excellent getting up, superintended by Taylor, had made a tremendous hit. Then very young, and never hoping to reach the goal which Pichat had just attained after eleven years' labour and expectation, I had come as a novice to study his first work—too highly esteemed then, too much forgotten now. Going out after the fifth act, I saw, in the corridor, a young man, who was surrounded and carried off by his friends. He had a fine, handsome head, evidently full of genius; the fever, which afterwards destroyed him, sparkled in his eyes; and his hair thrown back showed a countenance radiant with joy. On seeing him pass thus full of smiles and joy, how I envied the fate of that man! What would I not have given to be in his place! For who could have thought, at that time, that this man, so full of happiness that he must have felt like a god, had but a few days to live; and that, in a short time after him his work, to which Talma had given such vigorous life, would descend into the tomb, never again to leave it? For who thinks now of Pichat, or of *Leonidas* except the writer of these lines, who, closing his eyes, sees them pass before his memory like shadows in the night?

These modern recollections, which belonged to a very different chain of associations from those necessary for a visit to the museum of Vienne, perhaps injured the effect of the antiquities which were under my eyes, several of which are, however, well worth a careful examination. The museum owes its existence to an antiquary, whose name we have already given once or twice. When twenty years of age, a young painter left his family, set out from Heringen, in Thur-

ingia, where he was born in 1732, and undertook a voyage to Italy, to improve himself by a study of the old masters; passing through Lyons, he came to Vienne, and, pausing before an ancient ruin, stopped on his journey to explore it. He went from one to another, and falling in love with the old capital of Allobrogia, resolved on stopping a month, and ultimately passed his whole life there, dying in 1813, after having collected, during the fifty years he spent in the town, the greater part of the valuables which, by his will, he bequeathed to it.

The most remarkable of these, the complete list of which may be found in the works of Chorier, is a group of two children disputing for a dove, which is about twenty inches high, and which was found in an excavation under the new market-place. The antiquaries, who always endeavour to prove that the ancients did everything by allegories, pretend to see in this exceedingly simple design some struggle of a good genius with the genius of evil; while others regard it as a little drama, which does not appear more probable. According to these last, the two children were occupied in taking birds' nests, when one of them was bitten by a viper in the arm, his young friend eagerly sucks the wound, whilst a lizard brings him the herbal antidote. The probability is, that the group merely represents a struggle between the children for the possession of the bird; the animals being a mere caprice of the artist's.

The next subject that takes our attention is a greyhound, in Parian marble, playing with its pup, and which was found about a league from Vienne, near Marat. The execution of this group is charming, but the circumstance of the head having been lost, and having been afterwards found, and fixed badly upon the neck, at first sight much injures the effect. The little dog, which must have been detached by some violent blow, has not been discovered. The marks where it adhered are still visible on the body of the mother. Mr. Denon offered the town a thousand crowns for this piece of marble, mutilated as it is; but the town refused to sell it.

Next comes the torso of a colossal female statue, in a sitting attitude, the hands of which are mutilated, and the head and thighs wanting; from the beauty of execution, which may be examined in detail, and from the elegance and tastefulness of the drapery, it is easy to discover the work of a Greek master. What renders this supposition still more probable, is the fact that on the top of the neck a hollow has been cut, doubtless with the intention of placing on the shoulders of this Greek Cybele, or Ceres, the head of some Roman empress.

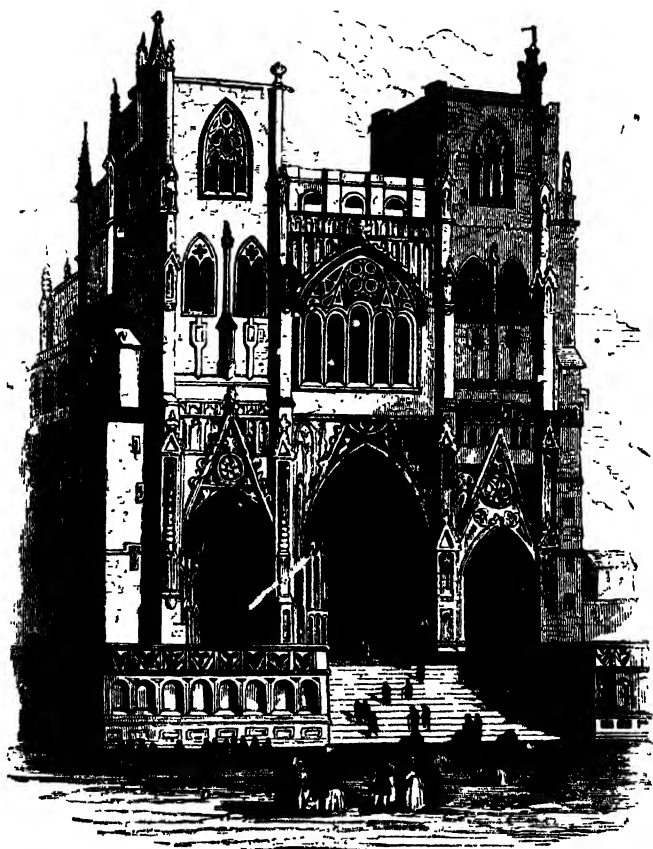
Among the bricks, which are piled up in a corner of the museum,

some are found stamped with the name of Viviorum, others with that of Glurianas. I had already found the stamp of this ancient workman upon materials of the same sort, of which the baths of Aix, in Savoy, are built. The discovery of the dates of the mounments of either of these towns would fix the dates of the other. One of these bricks is rendered more curious by a second signature: it is that of the dog of one of the workmen, who had placed his paw upon the wet clay. The brick had been placed in the furnace without the mark of the dog's paw being effaced, and the signature has been religiously preserved.

Amidst these numerous fragments of antiquity is a bloody relic of the middle ages: it is a square stone which contained the heart of the dauphin, son of Francis I., given to the town of Vienne by Henry II. This young prince died while taking an excursion on the Rhone. He had been indisposed at Lyons, where he had been residing at the Convent of St. Clair, and when he arrived at Tournon, engaged imprudently in a game of tennis, of which he was immoderately fond. Heated by this exercise, and forgetting his previous indisposition, he asked for a glass of cold water; Sebastian of Montecuculli (who must not be confounded with Raymond of Montecuculli, the conqueror of the Turks and the rival of Turenne) presented him with a draught in a cup of red earthenware, and the dauphin, having drunk with avidity, was taken suddenly ill, and died at the end of four days. Montecuculli was accused of the murder, was conducted to Lyons, examined, and put to the torture; but not having the strength to support it, he acknowledged all they required, and, in consequence, was condemned to be dragged upon a hurdle to the place of execution, and broken on the wheel. The sentence was executed on the 7th of October, 1536; and the exasperated people seizing the body from the hands of the executioner, threw it into the Rhone.

In 1547 the body of the young prince, which had remained at Tournon, was carried to St. Dennis, by order of Henry II.; but his heart was left to the magistracy of Vienne, with a letter from the king, informing them, that in consideration of the good feeling the town had manifested for his brother at the time of his death, he had ordered his heart to be buried before the great altar of St. Maurice; it remained there till the year 1793, when Vienne, in the heat of republicanism, renounced the gift it had so long retained. The stone which enclosed the heart of the dauphin was dragged from its tomb, and the dust it contained scattered to the wind. The stone was afterwards recovered and carried to the museum, and a heart in mosaic indicates the place where the original reposed.

We did not quit M. Delorme till the night prevented us from distinguishing the mutilated fragments of another century. One of



THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. MAURICE.

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the tendencies most natural to the mind of man is to compare the times in which he lives with those long past. Perhaps memory has been given to us to extend the limits of life, and to make our mind, if not our body, contemporaneous with the eras of our ancestors.

The next morning we dedicated to visiting the Cathedral of St. Maurice, which is the finest Gothic monument of the period when Vienne was surnamed the Holy. It was commenced in 1052 by the ancient prelates of Vienne, who were so rich, that when the commandant of St. Anthony gave fifty florins for the erection of a bridge,

which was to replace the one which led from Vienne to St. Colombe, and which had fallen into the Rhone, the commander of St. Antoine gave fifteen florins, and the seigneur Montluel six, the precentor Pierre de Saluæ gave one hundred, and Laureton Baretonis, dean of the church, sixty. It was completed in 1513, and the same year the Baron des Adrets, who defaced it fifty years later, was born in the Castle of La Frette. One of the first acts of this terrible apostle of Protestantism was to rob the church of its ornaments, and to break the statues of the saints in the porch. Twenty-four niches are still empty in consequence; indeed, he nearly effected the ruin of the edifice, as he had commenced sawing through the pillars, the fall of which would have involved the ruin of the whole church; and to prevent the workers of destruction from being crushed by the roof, the massive columns were to be supported by wooden props, which were afterwards to be set on fire. The plan of the Baron des Adrets was suggested by an ancient tradition, for by this ingenious method the Bishop Marcel overthrew the temple of Jupiter, which all the efforts and zeal of the workmen had not been able to shake.

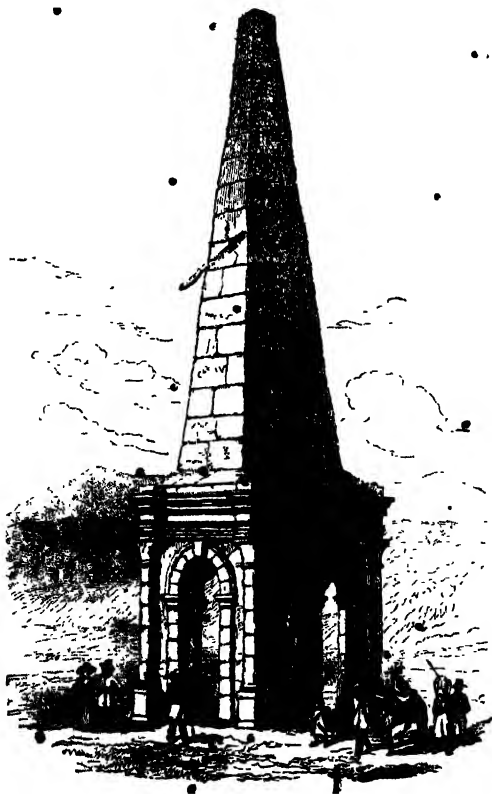
Although defaced by the attacks of the enemy, the Church of St. Maurice, even in its present state, is one of the best preserved in France. It is a splendid edifice, the front of which belongs to the florid style of architecture; the ceilings, which were only completed in the sixteenth century, are painted azure, and starred with gold. Its shape is that of a basilisk, terminated by three *absides*.

The pavement in front, which is raised on a level with the entrance to the church, witnessed in 1563 a combat between two gentlemen, one a Florentine the other a Milanese, in which both were mortally wounded. The Milanese died first, in consequence of which he was considered as conquered. In spite of my researches on this subject, I have not been able to discover the cause of this duel, which the Duke of Nemours authorized, and was present at.

The ancient bridge, of the fall of which we have spoken, had lasted, say the registers of the time, 1582 years, for it had been built 175 B.C., and was buried in the Rhone on the 11th of February, 1407. It was, if we can believe Symphorien Champier, the oldest bridge in Gaul, and it was built by order of Tiberius Gracchus, who stopped some time at Vienne, as he was going to Spain, in the year of the world 4588. Its fall, which happened between nine and ten in the morning, was, as Chorier tells us, preceded and accompanied by prodigies. During the night, before the day on which it was destroyed, horses were heard galloping across it and neighing; the whole town was alarmed at midnight by dismal groans, voices, and murmurings; a bull of wonderful size, after taking several turns on the Place de St.

Colombe, suddenly disappeared at the first stroke of a bell, which rung of itself; and, finally, the arch which fell first, being that on which a chapel was built, the stone cross which surmounted this chapel fell also, but remained on the surface of the water, which refused to swallow it up, but carried it floating towards the sea, as if it had been of wood. A collection was, as we have said, made to rebuild it, and Pierre Berger, Jacques Isembard, Guillaume de Chamsaux, and Jean de Bourbon, were named masters and rectors, for building the bridge of the Rhone.

The trade of Vienne is the same as that of Louviers and Elbouf. it supplies all the south with cloth, as those two towns supply all the north; but its productions are neither so fine nor so valuable, for the



CENOTAPH OF SEPTIMIUS SEVERUS.

best cloth Vienne makes is not worth more than fifteen or eighteen francs an ell. All the manufactories and workshops are on the two banks of the Gère, the stream of which turns all the wheels, and is of eight-horse power.

As there was nothing more for us to see at Vienne, for we had examined everything from the Roman ramparts down to the modern ruins (except the cenotaph of Septimus Severus, which was on the road we were about to take), we set out again, and at the extremity of the town saw, at about fifty paces to the right, the pyramid which is called, without any plausible reason, by the name we have just mentioned.

No inscription, either cut or in relief, no indents to show that bronze letters have ever been fastened on to it, comes to the aid of the archaeologist who may be anxious to determine the precise date and destination of this monument. It is a four-sided pyramid with four arched passages, each of which is flanked by two winding pillars, the capitals of which are unfinished. The ceiling of the vault is formed by five flat stones of great size, they are joined without cement, like all the rest of the edifice, which was probably supported by cramp-irons; at all events, the holes made in the monument are attributed to persons who wished to steal this material; it is, however, quite as natural to think that the spoilers, supposing it contained articles of value, such as were sometimes found in some of the ancient tombs, searched it in that hope.

It was M. Schneider who gave this pyramid the name it has since retained; till then it had been looked upon as a monument to the glory of Augustus, or a sort of boundary mark intended to point out the centre of the town. Though the style of architecture adopted in its construction is less elegant than that of the great Roman age, its resemblance to those built during the decay of the art under Septimus Severus, and its unfinished capitals, determined M. Schneider to assign that date; for we know that, although Maximian, his successor, began by approving of the honours paid to the memory of Septimus Severus, it was not long before he displayed contrary sentiments. The influence of these sentiments may have made itself felt even in Gaul; and the cenotaph, consequently, have remained unfinished.



THE BULL'S HEAD AT TAIN.

CHAPTER XI.

ST. PERAY.

WE left our post chaise at Lyons, having been forewarned that in the cross roads of the south, it would be impossible to make use of it without breaking it, so that the troubles of our journey began at Vienne, where we could hire nothing but a broken-down sort of wagon, which had once been a diligence. We were obliged to harness three horses to this frightful machine (which I now regret not having made a drawing of, to give my readers an idea of the sort of conveyance in use twelve miles from the second capital of France), and, thanks to the strength of our team, succeeded in traversing in twelve hours the fifteen leagues which separate Vienne from Tain. We were half dead with fatigue before we got there, but we got there at last. We paid immediately for the carriage which we had hired to take us as far as Valence, ordering our driver to go on before us the next day, with our baggage, and promising that we would manage so as not to rejoin him before he had arrived there.

The next day I rose first, and sallied forth in quest of information. On returning to the hotel, I led Jadin to the window, and requested him to salute the hill which overlooked the town. Jadin having done so with confidence, I told him it was that of the Hermitage, and he immediately, of his own accord, bowed to it a second time. Like almost all important discoveries, that of the wonderful quality of the ground, which now produces one of the best wines in France, was owing to an accident. At the commencement of the seventeenth cen-

tury, a poor hermit fixed his residence between the ruins of the two temples and the tower, which, according to Strabo, Fabius caused to be built near the battle-field, where he conquered the king of the Averni. The great reputation of the holy man drew numbers after him; but as the ascent is rather steep, and the pilgrims arrived covered with perspiration, the good hermit, who had nothing to give them but spring water, and who feared they might encounter the fate of the dauphin at Tournon, planted some wine stalks, which the following year supplied a wine which connoisseurs soon learnt to appreciate. The news spread, and the number of the pilgrims augmented to such a degree, that the hermit was obliged to plant the whole of the mountain. In the present day, the successors of the anchorite do not require their wine to be drunk upon the spot, but circulate it with great success both at home and abroad. To cultivate the ground, it was, of course, necessary to plough it; and this produced the disinterment of a very curious taurobolic altar. Some Englishmen were the first who perceived the value of this monument; and, by giving a large order for wine, they got the proprietor to throw it into the bargain. The men who were to carry it to the boat had already commenced their labours, when the municipal officers claimed the stone as public property. The Englishmen were obliged to be contented with the wine, to the exportation of which the town-council made no objection; and the altar was enclosed in a recess in the wall above the river, between the Rhone and the road, where, surmounted by a cross, it long appeared as a symbol of the triumph of Christianity over Paganism. At last, after having been transported from its original position to the town hall, it was moved thence to the market-place at Tain, which, since that time, has taken the name of Place du Taurobole.

We should not have stopped so long at this stone, the form and intention of which are the same as those of similar monuments, if the whole of the first, and the half of the second line of the inscription upon it had not been effaced. This circumstance, which at first sight appears of no archæological importance, has, however, served to determine the date of the erection of this altar, which exercised for half a century the pens of all the learned men of the Drome. The Abbé Chalieu was the first to find out the true meaning of the enigma: this taurobole, which had been built to the memory of the Emperor Commodus, surnamed the Pious, says Lemprière, for having raised his mother's lover to the consulate, was included in the proscription, which affected all public monuments on which the name of this father of the country was inscribed. The day following the night during which Commodus was poisoned, and the morning of the day when, to put an end to him, he was strangled, Publius Hel-

vius Pertinax, his successor, assembled the senate, and declared that Commodus had been the enemy of the country, and the enemy of the gods: *Hostis senatûs, hostis patriæ, hostis deorum*. To which the same men, who two years before had decreed him the title of father of the country, replied, that his body should be drawn by hooks, and cast into the Tiber: *Corpus ejus ut unco traheretur, atque in Tiberim mitteretur, senatus postulavit*. Unfortunately for the example, which would not have been a bad one to set, the new emperor had already made his arrangements upon that point, by prudently having the body of Commodus interred, fearing he might recover from the halter, as he had previously done from the poison. The senate was in despair at not being able to give this proof of devotion to Pertinax, when Cingius Severus rose, and turning on the eagles the penalty he would have inflicted on the corpse, demanded, as senator and pontiff (a two-fold capacity in which he had enjoyed the double advantage of decreeing to Commodus the titles of father of his country, and of divine emperor), that his statues should be abolished, and his name effaced from the public and private monuments: *Censeo . . . abolendas statuas, nomenque ex omnibus privatis publicisque monumentis eradendum*. Pertinax, who had opposed the vengeance they wished to wreak upon the corpse, saw no objection to letting them injure the statues; and an amendment was even added to the projected law of Cingius Severus, which was to the effect that the statues should be displayed and the name erased, not only in Rome, but throughout the provinces. This decree passed the Alps, and reached Tain, at the same time as the news of the death of their god. Those who were kneeling before the altar, rose, mutilated the inscription, and all was over. This is the reason of the erasure not having gone beyond the second line; for they took no more precaution to hide their change of religion, than was made use of by our vendors of patent wares to hide their apostacy, after July, 1830, when they contented themselves with effacing the word "royal" from their patents, and continued to sell their tobaccos and their salts. France remembers when she was a Roman province.

The following is the manner in which the Abbé Chalieu read the inscription:—

"*Matri deum magnæ Idææ, pro salute imperatoris Cæsaris Marii Aurelii Lucii Commodi, Antonini Pii, domusque divinæ, coloniarum, Copiæ Claudiæ Augustæ Lugdunensis, taurobolium fecit Quintus Aquius Antonianus, pontifex perpetuus, ex veneratione Pusonii Juliani Archigalli inchoatum, xii. kalendarum maii consummatum, viii. kalendarum maii, Lucio Eggio Marullo, Meio Papirio Eliano consulibus, præeunte Eliæ, Meio Panirio sacerdote tibicine Albio Verino.*"

The altar having been examined, commented on, and sketched, we determined to ascend to the hermitage. As the anchorite was no longer there to do the honours of the mountain, we had our breakfasts carried up, and after about an hour's rather difficult ascent, we reached the top, Paul Orose, and Florus, being in our hands. The view from this height is admirable: to the north extends the country of the ancient Allobroges; to the east is a chain of the Alps, from which the Isère descends; on the south the eye can trace the course of the Rhone for from twelve to fifteen leagues, as it gradually disappears, diminishing in the distance; and on the west the horizon is bounded by the mountains of Vivarais, Volai, and Auvergne. The battle-field in which the Romans, under the command of Fabius, met the Auverni, under Bituus, extends from the foot of the mountain to the junction of the Isère and the Rhone.

We have told how the Massaliens summoned the Romans into Gaul, and Caius Sextus founded a town on the borders of the Cœnus. The people who suffered most in this struggle, Massalia had made no complaint of; but the Vocontii happening to be within the reach of Fabius, he attacked them without a pretext, sold the inhabitants of the towns by auction, and obliged their king, Teutomal, to take refuge amongst the Allobroges.

Now among the kings whom Teutomal called brothers, was a powerful warrior, whom Livy, Florus, and Paul Orose, call Bituus; Strabo, Bittos; and Valerius Maximus, Metullus. He was the richest of the Gallic princes, his subjects were numerous and brave, he had rich harvests in his plains, and mines of gold and silver in his mountains. He seized the moment in which the new consul, Cn. Domitius, reached the camp, to send an embassy, demanding from him the restoration of Teutomal to his kingdom. It was a strange, but at the same time a magnificent and noble-looking procession. The chief commanded a troop of young horsemen, who were clothed in purple, and covered with coral and gold ornaments. Next him came the court minstrel, with the emblems of his office in his hand, singing the glory of Bituus, the courage of the Auverni, and the exploits of the ambassador; behind him came the royal hounds, enormous dogs from Belgium and Brittany, each of whom wore round his neck a collar of massive gold, encrusted with precious stones. The display of so much wealth was a bad plan for obtaining peace from Domitius. Instead of restoring Teutomal to his throne, as the king of the Auverni desired, Domitius demanded the surrender of Teutomal, threatening, if the fugitive were not given up, to seek him, if necessary, in the mountains of his ally. The embassy returned immediately to Bituus with this threat of war.

War was a treat to the ancient Gauls, who attacked the sea with their javelins, shot their darts against the lightning, and, as we before said, feared nothing in the world except the fall of heaven upon their heads. The tops of the mountains of Auvergne blazed as in the time of their volcanoes; and to the cry of war, all the tribes commanded by Bituus, son of Luern, and all those who were in alliance with him, hastened to arms. Six months were employed in organizing these masses, for six months the magnificent chieftain held a feast for his hundred thousand allies; and at the commencement of the spring, some days after the arrival of Quintus Fabius Maximus in the Roman camp, Bituus set out from the place where Clermont and Auvergne now are, at the head of nearly two hundred thousand men.

Meanwhile, the Romans, thinking that they had only to coöperate with the Allobroges, whom they had just defeated near Avignon, pursued them up the left bank of the Rhone. The still flying Allobroges crossed the Iser; the Romans crossed it behind them. The Allobroges plunged into the bowels of their country; the Romans followed them, expecting to arrive at Vienne at the same time. When only fourteen or fifteen leagues from it, Quintus Fabius and the pro-consul, Domitius, stopped for the night at Tegna; they bivouacked their forty thousand men round the town, and lighted watch-fires. The night passed quietly; but the next morning, with the first dawn of day, the sentinels gave the alarm. During the night two hundred thousand men had descended from the mountains of the Vivarais, and the vanguard of this immense army was already on the opposite bank of the Rhone.

The Romans could have repassed the Iser, and regained the city of Sextus: but they had, throughout Gaul, the reputation of being invincible, and this retreat would have destroyed it. Fabius decided on risking a battle, to preserve the renown of the eagles; he ordered his troops to post themselves half-way down the mountain, and, pitching the consular tents on the top, considered tranquilly the manner in which the passage of this multitude was to be effected. Trees were thrown across, and nearly forty thousand men passed the first day; but, as at this rate it would have taken five days for the whole army to reach the opposite shore, Bituus ordered a number of boats chained together, planks were then laid across, and in the morning the Romans saw half of the Gauls in the plain which lay between them and the Iser. Domitius then asked if it was not time for the attack; but Fabius replied: "Let them pass, all whom it can bear, the earth can cover." At eleven o'clock the Romans had opposite them one hundred and sixty thousand men, and forty thousand were still on the other bank, eager to pass. Fabius saw that the

moment had arrived; he ordered the trumpets to sound, and the eagles to be displayed. At the same time the ranks of the Gauls opened, Bituus appeared, clad in magnificent armour and a robe of splendid colours, seated on a silver car, and followed by the royal hounds, led by attendants, who placed themselves on the right wing of the army. Then casting his eye on the four legions, which, close up against each other, hardly covered the base of the mountain, and seeing the weakness of the Romans, the King of the Arberni laughed, and gave the order to march.

"Perhaps you will do well to wait till the rest of your soldiers have passed," said one of the chiefs to him.

"Wait! and why?" asked Bituus; "there are hardly enough for my dogs to breakfast on."

The Romans, motionless as rocks, saw this tide of foes approaching them; but hardly were they within reach of their arrows, when the cavalry covered the wings, and the legions dividing, opened a space for the slingers and archers. A hail of arrows and stones welcomed the Gallic army; but the march of such a multitude was not to be stopped by so slight an opposition. The two armies met, and the struggle commenced, horse against horse, and foot against foot; the shock was terrible, the combat frightful. At last, after an hour's close fighting, the centre of the Romans appeared to give way. Bituus flung himself into the breach which opened before his car, ordering his dogs to be unloosed, that they might devour the vanquished; but, in reply to this order, Fabius ordered his centre to open, and Bituus and his troops found themselves opposed to the elephants. At a signal from their conductors, these animals began to march ten in a line, and penetrating into the centre of the enemy, separated into four troops, advanced in four different directions, crushing all they met, and trampling men under foot as if they had been grass; at the same time, by the natural instinct of animals, which leads them to attack the brute creation rather than man, his dogs threw themselves upon the elephants. Irritated by the pain, the latter lost order, and rushing wildly about, attacked and destroyed indiscriminately men, horses, and dogs, uttering cries which were heard above the tumult of the battle, as the thunder is heard above the roar of the ocean.

The soldiers of Bituus saw these terrible animals for the first time. They had heard of them, however: their grandfathers had seen Hannibal lead forty of them across the Alps, and had spoken of them to their sons and grandsons with a superstitious terror, which still endured amongst them. They dared not wait for them, for they knew not how to combat them; besides, their horses, not being able

to bear the sight or the smell, took fright, turned round, and carried them away. For a moment the plain presented the aspect of a vast circus, in which men, horses, dogs, and elephants, were exterminating each other. Confusion soon spread through the ranks of the Gauls: they hurried towards the bridges, their only mode of retreat; but the bridge of boats not being strongly made, the chains broke, the planks gave way, and men and horses fell into the boats, which, being overcrowded, sank; the bridge was destroyed, and the flying crowd hastened towards the other.

The elephants had been re-assembled, and were 'marched' upon the multitude; and one hundred and twenty thousand men, according to Livy; one hundred and thirty thousand, according to Pliny; and one hundred and fifty thousand, according to Paul Orose, slept, never to rise again, on a space hardly sufficient to cover so many bodies, and which extends from the foot of the mountain to the Isère. As to Hittius, he swam across the Rhone, and without soldiers or servants, followed by two of his dogs only, regained his mountains, leaving in the hands of his enemies his ear and his mantle. It was then that Fabius and Domitius built two temples on the top of the mountain, one dedicated to Mars, the other to Hercules; and a column, surmounted by a trophy of the arms taken by the Gauls. An unheard of thing, says Florus, for never till then had the Roman people made their victory a reproach to the conquered: "*Nec mos inusitatus nostris, nunquam enim populus Romanus hostibus domitis victoriam suam exprobravit.*"

Breakfast having been finished, and the battle-field identified, we came down from the holy mountain, crossed the Rhone by the first iron bridge made in France, and found ourselves at Tournon, close to the Chateau of the Dukes of Soubise. On seeing this old, half-ruined edifice, I did all I could to draw from those in charge of it some warlike legend, or poetical tradition; but, whether from ignorance or forgetfulness, or real absence of such, I found the inhabitants as dumb as the ruins of the fortress. As to Tournon, I was obliged to be contented with the account given by Gregory of Tours. He says, that an enormous rock, leaning against the mountain, and supported upon a bed of ice, fell from its base into the Rhone, and, impeding its course, obliged it to make a circuit (tour), from which Tournon takes its name. I leave my readers to judge of this pun of the sixteenth century.

The Chateau of Soubise is built, indeed, on a rock of granite, the presence of which near the stream is difficult to explain, unless we adopt the story of Gregory of Tours. However, as it began to get late, we left this geological question to be explained by those more learned than ourselves, and took the road to Valence. After about

two hours' walking, we arrived opposite the rock of Glun, which the inhabitants tried to remove from the Rhone, the navigation of which it impedes. The rock is a vestige of the Chateau of Glun, which Louis IX. attacked and took by storm; "because," says the author of the Annals of his reign, "the lord of the castle robbed, and spoiled, and overloaded with imposts, all those who passed by the castle, or came near it." It was the second time we had found traces of St. Louis on our road. We lost them at Aiguesmortes.

While we were looking at this historical ruin, above which a falcon was hovering in the clouds, some drops of rain began to fall, and a peal of thunder was heard; it was a warning for us to hurry on our road; but, in spite of our diligence, night and the rain caught us at some distance from Valence. The rain alone was very disagreeable, for, being a carriage road, there was no fear of losing our way. We decided on our course, and bravely let ourselves get wet through, till, perceiving a little public-house, we took refuge in it. It was full of people who, caught like us in the storm, were treating themselves to some nice looking white wine, and waiting for the storm to pass over. While we were drying our clothes, Jadin and I looked at each other to know whether we should do the same. The hermitage we had drank in the morning prepared us badly for the wine of a public-house; however, as the external damp went off, we felt the necessity of warmth inside. We therefore determined to ask our hostess, half from necessity and half in payment for her hospitality, for the usual bit of bread and cheese and bottle of new wine, which were brought us immediately. In all doubtful cases, like the present, it was always Jadin who sacrificed himself. He half filled his glass, held it to the light, turned it round, examined it in every way, and, satisfied with his inspection, raised it to his mouth with more confidence. As for me, I followed his movements with the anxiety of a man who, without putting himself forwards, must share the good or bad fate of his travelling companion. I saw Jadin silently taste his first mouthful, then a second, then a third, then empty his glass and fill it again, all without uttering a word, and with an increasing astonishment which had something religious and grateful about it. Then he began to try it again, with the same precautions, and appeared to finish it with the same enjoyment.

"Well!" said I, still waiting.

"True happiness is only to be found in virtue," answered Jadin, gravely; "we are virtuous, and heaven rewards us; taste that wine."

I did not wait to be told a second time, but stretched out my glass and swallowed its contents as conscientiously as circumstances required.

"What do you say to it?" continued Jadin, with the satisfaction

of a man who, having been the first to discover a good thing, wishes his comrade to enjoy it with him.

"I say that the hostess has made a mistake in the cask, and that she has given us wine at five francs a bottle to take with bread and cheese, which appears to me a strange and ill-timed extravagance."

"Dame!" called Jadin.

"Wait one moment, sir," answered the hostess; "I am trying to get my cat out of your dog's teeth."

"Mylord, you rascal!" cried Jadin, rising. "Here, here! Why, you forget where you are. You'll get us turned out, you wretch!"

Mylord came to us licking his lips. The cat was dead; the woman followed him, holding the deceased by the tail.

"Well, that was soon done!" said she. "Look here, husband, poor puss."

We expected a dreadful storm, and looked at each other with anxiety.

"Bah!" said the publican, without even turning his head; and continuing to warm his feet, and to puff away at his pipe. "Fling the good-for-nothing thing out of doors; it was always eating the cheese, and never the mice. You are a fine fellow," continued he, caressing Mylord; "if you find any others in the house, I give them to you."

"Come," said I to Jadin, "we are in the promised land here, and if you take my advice we shall lay in a stock of wine and cats."

"Yes," said Jadin; "only we ought to know what we are to pay for them."

"The gentlemen wanted me?" said the hostess, returning, after having got rid of the cat.

"Yes, my good woman; we want to know what your wine costs, and what your cat is worth?"

"The wine, sir? Five sous a bottle."

"And the cat?"

"O, as for the cat, you can give what you like to the girl."

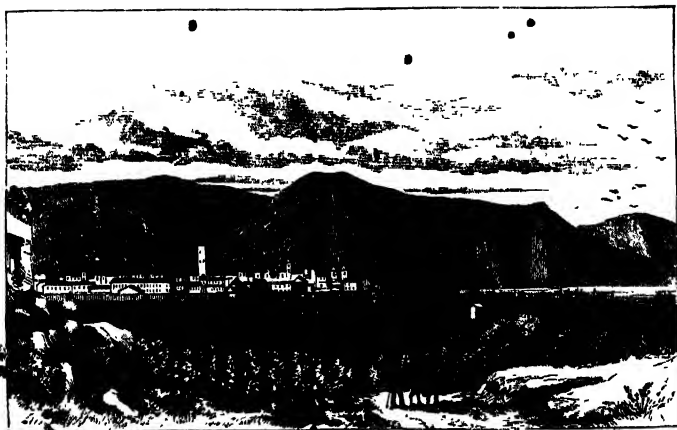
"But where are we then," cried I, "that we may prepare a sacrifice to the gods?"

"You are at St. Peray," was the reply.

"At St. Peray? Then try to get us some meat, or an omelette, a supper of some sort, and bring us two other bottles."

Well, for three francs, including the cat, one of the best repasts we had ever had in our lives. In Paris, puss alone would have cost double the money; it is true we should probably have eaten him in a stew.

At ten o'clock we set out again, gaily, and, after twenty minutes walking, reached Valence.



LE VALENCE.

CHAPTER XII.

VALENCE.



MADemoiselle GRECO

ALTHOUGH Valence, like Vienne, dates from the highest antiquity (for, according to André Duchesne Tourangeau, author of the "Antiquities of the Towns, Castles, and most remarkable Places in France," it must have been founded fifteen hundred years before the birth of Christ, the modern traditions have quite superseded its ancient associations. Cæsar the general has been forgotten in Bonaparte the sub-lieutenant; and the Emperor Constance, who was taken there, in Pope Pius VI., who died there.

It was, I believe, in 1788, at Ajaccio, that Bonaparte received his commission of sub-lieutenant in La Fère's regiment of artillery, in garrison at Valence. He left home, and, for the satisfaction of his

family, took with him his brother Louis, to whom he was teaching mathematics. Arrived at his destination, he hired a bed-room for himself, and an attic for his younger brother, at No. 4, Grande Rue, opposite the library kept by Marc Aurèle, in the house of Mlle. Bau.

Bonaparte, at that time, lived in great retirement, passing a part of his days in Marc Aurèle's shop, with whom the young sub-lieutenant had contracted an intimacy, and who had placed all his books at his service. As for his evenings, they were devoted to two or three friends: M. Josselin, an old officer; M. de Montalivet, who was afterwards a peer of France; and M. de Tardiva, ex-abbé of St. Ruf.

Bonaparte had met a young person at M. de Tardiva's, with whom he became passionately in love. Her name was Mademoiselle Grégoire du Colombier, and she belonged to a family in easy if not affluent circumstances. Bonaparte professed, even at this period, that strictness of principle, which he preserved on the throne; and accordingly, no sooner had he received Mademoiselle Grégoire's assent, than he attempted a step of the greatest boldness in his position—he asked her in marriage.

Unhappily for Bonaparte, he had a rival who was preferred to him—if not by Mademoiselle Grégoire, at all events by her family. This rival's name was M. de Bressieux. The relations did not hesitate for an instant between a gentleman whose fortune was already secured, and a sub-lieutenant who had his to make. Bonaparte was refused, and Mademoiselle Grégoire became Madame de Bressieux.

This was all the more painful to the young Napoleon, as, if we can believe those popular anecdotes which always spring up in the wake of great men, he had a presentiment of his future career. One day, having, when in company with some of his young comrades, given three francs as alms to a poor woman, the ragged prophetess wished him in return the crown of France. The officers began laughing at such an extraordinary amount of gratitude. Bonaparte alone remained serious; and when his gravity increased the general hilarity, "Gentlemen," said the future sovereign, "I am better than a swine-herd, and Sextus V. became a pope."

Another day, when Bonaparte had been at his studies from five in the morning, M. Parmentier, the surgeon of the regiment, entered into the sub-lieutenant's room to speak to his brother Louis. Bonaparte took his sabre, and knocked at the ceiling of his room with the scabbard. Five minutes after, Louis came down half asleep. "Idle fellow," said Napoleon to him, "are you not ashamed to get up at such an hour." "Ah," said Louis, "you scold me, when I ought to blame you, for you awoke me in the middle of a beautiful dream;

"I was dreaming that I was a King." "You a King," said Napoleon, "I suppose I was Emperor then."

Bonaparte remained three years at Valence, and went away leaving a debt of three francs, ten sous, at a pastry-cook's named Coriol.

In spite of the changes, which took place in his titles, and features, Napoleon did not forget Valence, although he never entered the town after he became emperor. All the debts which he had contracted then, whether of affection, or of money, were repaid with usury, even to that of the pastry-cook, Coriol. Mademoiselle Grégoire, then Madame de Bressieux, was appointed reader to the emperor's mother; her husband was created baron, and administrator of the forests, and her brother made prefect of Turin. As for Marc Aurèle, he was remembered in another manner.

On the seventh of October, 1808, during the celebrated interview at Erfurt, while Napoleon was at table with the Emperor Alexander, the Queen of Westphalia, the King of Bavaria, the King of Württemberg, the King of Saxony, the Grand Duke Constantine, the Prince-primate, and Prince William of Prussia, the conversation fell on the golden bull, under which, until the establishment of the confederation of the Rhine, the election of emperor took place. The prince-primate, who was now on his own subject, entered into some details about it, and placed the date of the bull in the year 1409.

"I think you make a mistake, Monsieur le Prince," said Napoleon, interrupting him. "This bull, if I recollect rightly, was published in 1336, in the reign of the Emperor Charles IV."

"Your majesty is right," said the prince-primate, in taxing his memory. "But how is it your majesty has preserved the date of a bull, with such religious accuracy? If it had been that of a battle, I should have been less astonished."

"Shall I tell you the secret of my remembering it, as you seem to be so much astonished, Monsieur le Prince?" replied Napoleon.

"Your majesty will give us great pleasure by doing so."

"Well," continued the emperor, "you must know then, that when I was a sub-lieutenant of artillery——"

At this commencement there was a general movement of surprise and curiosity among the illustrious guests, of so marked a nature that Napoleon paused for an instant; but, seeing that they were all keeping in order to hear him, he went on with a smile—

"I was saying, that when I had the honour to be sub-lieutenant of artillery, I remained three years in garrison at Valence. I cared very little for society, and lived very retired. A happy chance placed me opposite a librarian, a well informed, and most obliging man, who

placed his library at my service. I read his books through twice, or three times during my residence in the capital of La Drome, and I have never forgotten anything which I read at that period, not even the date of the golden bull."

Napoleon, who, as we have said, never returned to Valence, while he was on the throne, passed through it after his fall, as he was being conducted to the Island of Elba, by the commissioners of the four powers.

The second association presented by Valence, is as we have said that connected with Pope Pius VI., who died in the town, August 29th, 1799. He, like Napoleon, had a strange career, which dawned in obscurity, and set in slavery.

Angelo Braschi, born at Cesena, December 27th, 1717, left his native town at the age of seventeen, to seek his fortune at Rome; he had the confidence belonging to that age, was handsome, had plenty of learning, and little money. Immediately on his arrival, he went to a friend of his father's with a letter of introduction. This friend made him the vague offers of assistance, which are made to every one, and when the door was shut, thought no more of him.

The next day Cardinal Ruffo, and Angelo Braschi's new patron were walking in Mount Pincio, when a young man passed by them and bowed.

"Who is that young man?" said Cardinal Ruffo.

"A poor devil," replied the patron "who has come to Rome, relying on Providence, and who probably at the present moment has not more than a piastre in his pocket to live upon, until it pleases Providence to think of him."

The next day with the same walk, came the same meeting, and the same bow.

"Really," said Ruffo, "I should like to know how far you are out, as regards the fortune of this fine young man."

"Would your Eminence like to ask him to show the bottom of his purse?" said the patron laughing.

"Yes, call him," said Ruffo.

"Braschi," said the patron, calling to him. When the young man had come to them, "Braschi," he continued, "His Eminence, the Cardinal Ruffo, desires to know how much you had in your pocket when we met you yesterday, and how much you have to-day?"

"To any person not in holy orders, I should refuse to give an answer," said Braschi, "for it is very much in the nature of a confession; but with your Eminence the case is different. Yesterday, I had a piastre, to-day I have only seven faoli."

"And how long are you going to live on that seven faoli?" asked Ruffo.

"Nearly two days," replied Braschi; "and two days are almost an eternity."

"But, when this eternity has come to an end, what do you intend doing?"

"I don't know. Heaven will provide for me."

"Do you believe so in earnest?" replied Ruffo, laughingly.

"Upon my soul, I believe it," replied Braschi.

"And you are certain that you will not die of hunger?"

"Certain."

"You have so much faith, that I begin to be of your own opinion," said Ruffo. "Come with me."

"I am at your orders, your Eminence."

Two hours afterwards Angelo Braschi was installed as secretary to Pope Benedict XIV., who, the following year made him auditor, and soon afterwards treasurer of the Apostolic Chamber, a place which leads infallibly to the purple. On the death of Rezzonico, he received the cardinal's hat, from the hands of Clement XIV., and when the latter in his turn died, the poor child of Cesena, who had come to Rome with a piastre in his pocket, succeeded him as spiritual King of the Christian world, under the title of Pius VI., February 15th, 1775.

Pius VI., as we have seen, attained to the pontificate at a stormy period: the horizon was everywhere black with the coming tempest. The Jesuits, whose order it had been attempted to reform, and who had declared their wish to *continue as they had commenced, or not continue at all*, had been abolished by Ganganelli; America, by the help of France, was gaining its independence from England; the Emperor Joseph had declared himself at the head of the philosophers; Naples was preparing to free itself from the allegiance which she owed to Rome: the earth was full of convulsions, and every throne trembled.

During these hours of calmness which precede great conflicts, Pius VI. did a great deal: he made the Vatican that magnificent museum which the artists of all nations now visit; he enlarged the harbour of Ancona, and constructed the lighthouse which stands there; he added a magnificent sacristy to the basilisk of St. Peter; replaced the obelisk of the Quirinal; and finally, he pursued that great work which the Roman Republic bequeathed to the emperors, and the emperors to the popes—the draining of the Pontine Marshes. Thanks to his immense labours, the Appian road, that master-piece of Roman industry, was freed from the mountains which encumbered it, and

under which it had almost disappeared. A canal was dug for conducting the stagnant waters to Lake Fogliano. Twelve thousand acres were regained for the cultivation of corn and the feeding of cattle. An entire town was about to be raised in the midst of this triumph of human will over nature, when the French Revolution broke out, bringing with it the civil constitution of the clergy which destroyed all grades of spiritual priesthood. It was to this constitution that the priests were required to swear to, but out of thirty-eight bishops four only submitted to it, and out of sixty-four thousand priests, sixty-two thousand five hundred refused it. This resistance might be expected to have found and did naturally find a support in Rome, and the *bref abetrial* was the electric chain which conducted the lightning up to the Vatican. On 13th February, 1793, the French consul received orders to place the *escutcheon* of liberty on the door of his house and on that of the Academy. This order was transmitted by Major Flotte and by the Commissary Hugon de Bassville, and was accordingly executed. The people murmured, but Hugon and Flotte got into their carriage, and with the tricolour cockade in their hats, took the line of the Rue du Cours. Upon this the people from murmurs changed to groans, and the two commissioners replied by contemptuous expressions.

The tumult increased, threats were uttered, and at Rome the action follows the threat immediately. The carriage of the two commissioners was overturned; Flotte escaped, and Bassville tried to defend himself, when a barber glided between the legs of those who surrounded him, and stabbed him with his razor. The Republic had now a marder to avenge.

The vengeance was slow. Our armies were three years on their road to Rome, for in this road were Mantua, Areola, and Lodi. At last Bonaparte, who six years previously had left at the commencement of his career that town at which Pius VI. was three years afterwards to bring his to a conclusion—Bonaparte encamped before Rome, as Brennus, Hannibal, Alaric, and the Constable de Bourbon had previously done. On the 19th February, 1797, the treaty which placed Rome under a contribution of thirty-one million francs, which ~~taxed~~ ^{taxed} it with a supply of sixteen hundred horses, and took from it a part of Romagna, was signed at Tolentino; and, as new victories were calling Napoleon to the Tyrol, General Victor remained near Ancona with fifteen thousand men, in order to see the treaty executed.

It was then that the assassination of Duphot took place—an assassination which called for a second vengeance. This second vengeance was more prompt and more terrible than the first. Ber-

thier took the command of the army; and, on the 19th of January, 1798, encamped in his turn beneath the walls of Rome, which he entered, at the end of seventeen days, with Massena. A month afterwards, Pius VI. left the city by the Porte Angélique, as a prisoner; he was then eighty years old.

• Undecided as to what country the captive ought to be taken to, the directory at first had him conducted to Vienna, but in consequence of an earthquake, they left it for Florence. In the commencement of the year 1799, when the Russian and Austrian armies were threatening Italy, he was removed in spite of the paralysis, by which he had been attacked to Parma, from Parma to Turin, from Turin to Briançon, and from Briançon to Valence, where he died, on the 27th of August. During his journey, he had been obliged to cross Mount Genève on a litter, in the midst of the snow, his body covered with wounds. It was on July 14th, that he entered the town, where no accommodation had been prepared for his reception; he was conducted to the government house, and whilst the room was being prepared for him, was set down on the terrace. It was then, that he opened his eyes, which he kept almost always shut; and, astonished with the magnificence of the landscape which was displayed beneath his eyes, he raised himself on the litter, and cried out "*O che bella vista!*"

In the meanwhile, the illness of the sovereign pontiff was advancing with rapid strides, and the martyr was approaching the end of his sufferings. On the 20th August, a violent vomiting announced that the paralysis had reached his bowels. Pius VI., feeling immediately that his end drew near, asked for the viaticum from the Archbishop of Corinth; and received it sitting up in an arm-chair, clad in his pontifical robes, with one of his hands resting upon his breast, and the other on the Holy Gospel. On the next day the extreme unction was administered to him by the same person. Towards midnight the palpitations became so frequent, that they left no further doubt as to the state of his holiness. The Archbishop of Corinth, who had already given him the viaticum, and the extreme unction, gave him the papal absolution. Pius VI. making a last effort, raised himself, and in dying pronounced his sovereign benediction on the world, which he was about to leave. Some hours afterwards he expired.

An hour afterwards, a man wearing a chesnut coloured coat, leather breeches, and jack boots, and with a tri-coloured scarf round his body, entered the chamber of the defunct, went to his bed, lifted up the sheet which covered the corpse, examined whether he were really dead, assembled the attendants who had accompanied Pius VI.,

sat down before a table, took from his pocket an ink-stand, pen, and paper, and drew up the draft of the following process verbal, which he afterwards copied into the registers of the mayoralty :—

“To-day, the twelfth fructide, the year seven of the French Republic, at the hour of three in the afternoon, before me, Jean Louis Chauvay, municipal administrator of the commonalty of Valence, appointed for the purpose of drawing up deeds for the notification of the births, deaths, and marriages of the citizens. M. Joseph Spina, Archbishop of Corinth, has appeared, accompanied by M. Jean, priest, aged forty years, M. Jerome Fantivy, also priest, and M. Caracholo, whose first name is Unice, also a priest, and also aged forty, the said Fantivy, being aged sixty-four years, and all four of them living at Valence, in the house belonging to the citadel, and attached to the after-mentioned, deceased, and has declared to me, that Jean Angelo Braschi, Pius VI., pontiff of Rome, died this day at twenty-five minutes past one in the morning, in the said house, being aged eighty-one years, eight months, and two days, certified as true by the deponent, and the witnesses. I immediately went to the said dwelling-house, accompanied by the said members, composing the central administration, and by the commissioner of directory, besides two members of the municipal administration ; being there, we the public officers and administrators, undermentioned, called for the citizens Duvauve officer of health, and Vidal the elder officer of health in chief, at the military hospital of this commonalty, who, after having examined the said Braschi, Pius VI., have confirmed his death to us ; from which I have drawn up the official document in presence of the commandant of the place, and of the justice of the peace, belonging to the canton, and have signed it with them, the members of the said constituted authorities, the said officers of health, the deponent, the witnesses, and the citizen Doux, secretary to the said commonalty, also signing : Valence in the house of the commonalty, the day, month, and year above mentioned. The signatures follow.”

Such is the notification, copied literally, of the death of the two hundred and fifty-fourth successor of St. Peter. There is, perhaps, only one document in the archives of all our history, that can be compared to it : we mean the process-verbal of the death of Louis XVII.

Thus, at the same time, France was called to give the nations an example of the double humiliation of the temporal and spiritual power, upon which, up to that time, had rested the social edifice of half the world.

M. Delacroix, a learned archaeologist, and author of an excellent account of the history and antiquities of the department of La Drome, did us the honours of the town, of Valence. Adopting a chronological order in examining the town, he conducted us first to the leaning tower which popular tradition carries back to the third century, and which now as it then was, bent down to salute the Christians St. Felix, Fortu-

natus, and Irenæus, as they were marching to the stake, and has remained miraculously bent ever since in memory of their martyrdom. We went next to the cathedral dedicated formerly to Saint Cornelius and Saint Cyprian, and now to Saint Apollinarius; it was consecrated the 5th August, 1095, by Pope Urban II., as he was going to the council of Clermont, where the first crusade was resolved upon, as is established by the following Latin inscription:—

“Anno ab incarnatione Domini millesimo nonagesimo quinto, indictione secunda, nonis Augusti, Urbanus papa secundus, cum duodecem episcopis, in honorem beate Mariæ virginis, et sanctorum martyrum Cornelii et Cypriani, hanc ecclesiam dedicavit.”

It is in the cathedral that Pius VI.'s monument was erected in the first instance, his heart, inclosed in an urn, had been kept in the citadel, and his body placed in a common cemetery; but, by a decision which Bonaparte, who had now arrived at the consulate, made, his two colleagues agree to on November, 30th, 1799, it was enacted “that the honours of sepulture should be rendered to this old man, who was made respectable by his misfortunes, who had not been for an instant an enemy of France, excepting when led away by perfidious advisers who surrounded his old age; moreover it was worthy of the dignity of the French nation, and in conformity with the kindness of its nature to give such marks of consideration to him who had occupied one of the highest ranks on earth,” &c.

The body of Pius VI. was, in consequence, exhumed; and, strangely enough, this exhumation was the work of a Protestant, who raised around the coffin a little vault of stone-work, the door of which was walled up. Two years after, the concordat granted by Pius VII. to Bonaparte served as a ransom for the mortal remains of his predecessor, which, in accordance with the intentions of the dying pope, were removed to the basilisk of St. Peter at Rome. However, the urn which contained his heart was returned to the town of Valence, and a monument, surmounted by a bust of Pius VI. by Canova, was executed to receive it.

On leaving the church we went to see a beautiful little monument of the renaissance age, erected by Italian sculptors about 1530, and known by the name of the Pendentif of Valence. Its purport has long been a subject of discussion, but it now appears certain that it was the funeral vault of the Mâtral family.

This is not the only monument of the period of the renaissance left at Valence by this great but now extinct family. The hotel, which is used as a warehouse by the son of the librarian of Marc Aurèle, whom we have seen so kindly remembered by Bonaparte, is a marvel of the sixteenth century to which I have seen no equal

either in France or England; it is, as we have said, exactly opposite the house which was inhabited three years by the sub-lieutenant of Ajaccio.

We were returning with our cicerone, when he remembered something else which he had forgotten to show us, and this would have been a sin, as the Italians say, for we recommend it to artists as being very curious: it is a door in the court-yard of the house No. 35, Rue de la Perollerie, and is a beautiful specimen of artistic simplicity, for it has preserved the costumes of the period at which the artist executed his work, instead of falsifying those of the time at which the action represented took place.

The subject represented in the first compartment on the left-hand side is the history of Helen, forming with her brother Castor and her mother Leda, a veiled group, from which two dancing satyrs are raising the drapery. It is not, we must acknowledge, in this first panel that the costumes of the fifteenth century are to be found; the artist, on the contrary, has strictly followed all the details of ancient tradition.

The second panel represents Paris, the handsome shepherd, dressed as a young nobleman of the court of Francis I., with a toque and feathers, a velvet mantle, and silk pantaloons; behind him is Jupiter, who chose him to decide the dispute between the goddesses. The master of the gods, whose sceptre shows his power, is clad in a Florentine cuirass, tastefully made, and looking as if it came from the hands of Benvenuto Cellini. Before the judge, Venus, Juno, and Pallas, whose whole costume consists in a head dress, are disputing for the prize of beauty, which Venus has already received, and on the left a beautiful battle horse is pawing the ground impatient to carry the handsome shepherd back to the court of the king his father.

The third compartment represents the elopement of Helen. The two lovers are so impatient to fly, that Paris has only had time to put on his helmet, and carries the rest of his clothes on the end of a spear; it is true he would have had some trouble to put them on, for love has lent him his wings to render his flight quicker and safer.

All these little figures are charmingly handled and most elegantly finished, and I was more fortunate in discovering this treasure, as it is in the court-yard of a private house, and unknown to three quarters of the inhabitants of Valence itself. Our last visit was to the government house. We were shown the room in which Pius VI. died, which is now used as a work-room by the shoemakers of the garrison, and the only traces of the sojourn which the sovereign pontiff made there are the four metal bars fastened into the ceiling, which sustained the tester of his bed. The rain which had drenched us the day before,

and the showers that were threatening for the next day, had deprived us of any fancy for pedestrian excursions, so we set out in search of a carriage of some sort, and with great trouble succeeded in finding a cabriolet, a horse, and a driver, which were given us by the stableman for ten francs a day. We packed ourselves as comfortably as we could into the vehicle, and the next morning at day-break left Valence, and following the ancient Aurelian way, which goes from Arles to Reims, took the road to Montelimar.

It was quite dark when we reached it, and, knocking at the principal door of the inn, a stable-boy came to open it, whose face was covered with blood; his forehead had been cut open an hour before by a kick from a horse. We asked him why he had not had his head bandaged and gone to bed.

"And who would have done my work?" answered he.

"At least," said I, "be bled, wash the wound, and put on a bandage."

"Bah! bah!" continued he carelessly; "it is nothing; it would have dried long ago, had there been any wind."

Had such an accident happened to a Parisian, he would have kept his room at least a month. This was a new proof to me that pain was but a relative sensation caused by nervous sensibility, and that the effect is not identical in different organizations, even when the wound is the same.

It was in this little town the *Acunum* of the Romans, which took from its Teutonic conqueror Adhémar the name of Montelium Adhemaris, from which the modern inhabitants had derived that of Montelimar, that we began to perceive we were reaching the south, with its fresh and blood-stained memorials of 1815.

A man of from thirty to thirty-five years of age, with a southern countenance, was relating in his *patois*, which we could hardly understand, a scene of massacre. The *raids* of Simon le Grêlé, Pointu de Roquefort, and Trestailon, recurred every moment: his auditors appeared to listen with great attention, and laughed at the half-terrible, half-comic, particulars. As far as we could understand, it was about a bandit named Caillé de Caderousse, who happened to be with the narrator at Avignon during one of those days when the mute and despairing town was given up to the violence of assassins. The scene passed in a public-house, where the narrator, Caillé, Simon, and a third person, were drinking together. As the last was raising a glass of wine to his lips, he saw in the market-place an old woman, who, when the emperor was going to the Isle of Elba, had given him a basin of soup. He set down his glass, took his carbine, aimed at the woman, whom he missed, and killed a man who was passing

on the other side of the street. "Sacri maladré!" said he, setting down his carbine, and emptying his glass. 'This was all the funeral oration of the deceased, whose body remained on the spot till night, as nobody dared to remove it. "The teeth of the *fédéré*," said the speaker, "chattered like castanets!" which the man with the carbine perceiving: "Come, friend, and embrace me!" said he, and he embraced him. Caillé, sensible of the honour, wished to pay; but the other rose, and declared that it was he who stood treat. Caillé did not resist, for fear of annoying his companion, who told the innkeeper that he would pay the expenses. The result was that the innkeeper lost his money.

We were in a large dark room, Jadin and I seated in a chimney-corner; and at a few steps from us were seen, by the light of a small candle, these four men, drinking, and talking of assassination, death, and blood, with a smile upon their lips; and showing, as they laughed, those white and dog-like teeth of the inhabitants of the south, which seem to have been taken from the jaws of a jaguar. We were now standing on that hot and parched earth, where blood is drawn upon such slight provocation, where the soil and the inhabitants were equally unknown to us, and where that peculiar temper, half Saracen, half Spanish, which it is requisite to study so long before it is understood, revealed itself to us for the first time. The effect was extraordinary; certainly we had nothing to fear, and we feared nothing; but, by a simultaneous movement, we both extended our hands, Jadin to his fowling-piece, I to my carbine; and when we retired to our chamber, beside the one occupied by the four travellers, we examined our fire-arms to see if they were primed, and placed them by our beds.

On the morrow we again commenced our anecdotes of Napoleon. During the moment of disgrace into which he fell after the siege of Toulon, while passing through Montelimar with his brother Joseph, he stopped for a moment to admire the beauty of the spot; his mind was then turned altogether to repose; to his projects of war had succeeded projects of horticulture—the soldier would become a labourer. He asked if there was any house to sell in the neighbourhood, and was directed to M. Grasson, who conducted him to a country house named Beauséjour. It was half farm, half chateau, and brought in about two thousand francs a year, for which they asked forty thousand francs. As it was evidently a bargain, Bonaparte immediately went to the notary employed for the sale, and offered him twenty-five thousand francs.

"It is useless to offer anything less," replied the notary; it is already very cheap, and, were it not for a certain circumstance, you would not have it for less than seventy thousand francs."

"And what is that circumstance?" said Bonaparte. "I must know it, for it may be some defect in the title."

"Oh, no, sir," replied the notary; "of that there is no danger; and to you, a stranger, the circumstance would be perfectly indifferent."

"What may it be?"

"A murder was committed there!"

"Who was the murderer?"

"A man named Barthélemy."

"Whom did he kill?"

"His father!"

"A parricide!" exclaimed Bonaparte, turning pale; "let us go, let us go, Joseph."

And, notwithstanding the entreaties of the notary, the two young men returned to the hotel, and the same evening set out for Paris.

How different might have been the fate of France, had Bonaparte purchased Beaupré's jour!

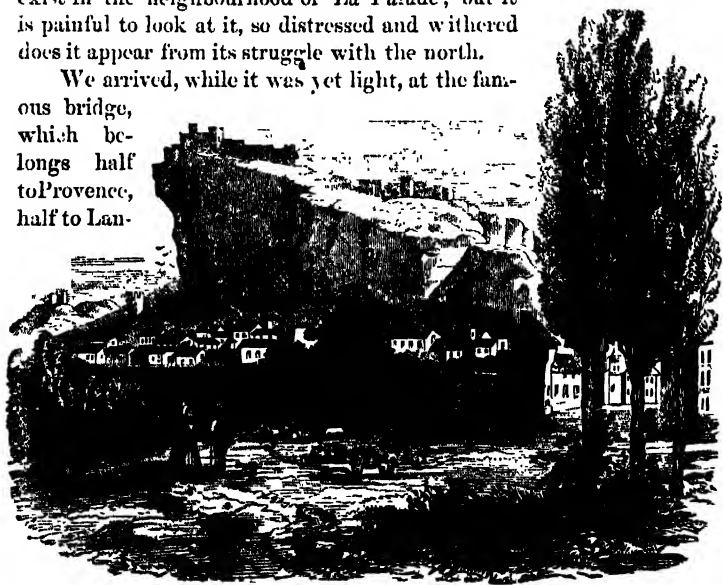
CHAPTER XIII.

ORANGE.

ON leaving Montelimar, we find ourselves again occupied with ancient history. Saint-Paul-les-trois-Châteaux, the ancient capital of the Tricastini, rises to the left of the road. It was there that the Gaul Bellocesus halted to collect his army, in the year of Rome, 153, and Hannibal, four hundred years afterwards, passed through it with his troops. Augustus established a colony there under the name of Augusta Tricastinorum, and Pliny places it in the number of Roman towns.

Proceeding from Montelimar, one begins to perceive, from the appearance of the soil, that the south has now arrived. The earth is hotter, the air more limpid, and the outlines of objects more marked; but the olive trees, which formerly spread to the gates of the town, now do not extend further than the Pont St. Esprit. The first tree of this kind, a miserable little dwarf—an advanced, a rotten, a lost sentinel—endeavours to exist in the neighbourhood of La Palude; but it is painful to look at it, so distressed and withered does it appear from its struggle with the north.

We arrived, while it was yet light, at the famous bridge, which belongs half to Provence, half to Lan-



BRIDGE OF MORNAR.

guedoc. A monk, in the year 1263, dreamed he saw tongues of fire arranged along the Rhone at certain distances from each other, and the next day told his dream to the superior, Jean de Thiange. The latter, after reflecting for a moment, interpreted the dream as an order given by God to the community, to build a bridge across the Rhone. There was only one obstacle to this decree of heaven, which was, that the community had not a farthing. Happily, the prior was a man of resources; he sent out the whole convent to beg, and each monk did his part so well, that two years afterwards, during the reign of Philip le Bel, Jean de Thiange laid the first stone in honour of the Holy Trinity. The Pont St. Esprit, so named from the tongues of fire to which it owed its erection, was commenced, then, in 1265, and finished in 1307. Each of the arches was baptized, and received a particular name, and these names had a meaning; for in case of accidents, and accidents were frequent on the Rhone, in that part where it breaks rapidly and furiously on the bridge; by crying out the name, people at once knew the arch against which the boat had been dashed, and the spot where immediate assistance ought to be given.*

We dined hastily, that we might visit the Hermitage of St. Pancras, which is situate on the top of a hill, at about three quarters of a league from Pont St. Esprit, before nightfall. The only curiosity which it exhibits is a well, the water of which is always on a level with that of the Rhone, so that it takes three minutes and a half for a stone to fall to the bottom, and an hour to draw a bucket of water from it; we confined ourselves to making the first experiment. The next day we crossed the Pont St. Esprit again, and passed from Languedoc into Provence, as on the eve we had passed from Provence to Languedoc. The country was becoming more marked and picturesque; the old castles of Montdragon and Mornas encircled the crests of the rocks on which they are built, with a crown of ruins. We stopped at the last one, which recalled a terrible event. Towards the year 1565, during the religious wars which desolated the south, the Catholics, having introduced themselves into the town of Mornas, took the castle by surprise, slaughtered the garrison; and, as it was then about ten days before the Fête Dieu, many of the conquerors more fervent than the others, covered the posts of their houses with the skins of the murdered Protestants. The Baron des Adrets heard of the circumstance, and, less to avenge the death of his co-religion-

* These arches are twenty in number. Their names, which are found at the western extremity of the bridge, in the first house on the left, inscribed above a very curious drawing of the bridge, were, Laloure, Baguenet, Lagroix, Bourdigalic, Sauset, Matinière, Latreille, Vignière, Grosspièrre, Roubin, Maleplè, Laroute, St. Nicolas, Fruche, Grenouillière, Piledé, Terre, Savignon, Pélicière, and Traugé.

ists, than to retake a fortress which commanded the road of Marseille, he sent Dupray de Montbrun to conquer back Mornas. The tremendous partizanship of this man is well known; converted by Theodore de Beze from being such a zealous Catholic, that he had wished to kill his sister for abjuring that religion, he became such an ardent Huguenot, that he succeeded the Baron des Adr ts in the command of the Protestant army, when the latter, in his turn, became a Catholic. Montbrun, after a terrible siege of three days, retook the castle; and the Catholic garrison found itself at the mercy of the conqueror. The next day des Adr ts arrived.

It may be known that he had certain fixed principles, on which he treated his conquered foes. If he took a castle, he made the besieged jump from the top to the bottom of the walls; if he gained a victory in the field, he had all the prisoners hanged up to the nearest trees. This time it was a magnificent affair; for, besides the walls, which were thirty feet high, there was a pointed rock, which was of the height of two hundred. He had not a moment's embarrassment as to the plan of execution. He assembled the garrison, and made them throw themselves from the summit of the rock, one and all, and they were all destroyed on the stones at the base, with the exception of one, who continued to cling to a fig-tree, which grew out of some crevice. Des Adr ts threw him down a rope, and saved his life; and then, not being able to keep the castle, and being unwilling to leave it to the Protestants, he blew up the various parts of it by means of a mine.

We entered the town of Mornas, and endeavoured to find out by what road we could get to the remains of the eagle's nest, which we had seen on the top of the rock. The inhabitants showed us the path, which led from the town, and we began ascending one of the sides of the mountain upon which the castle is situate. At about a third of the ascent, and at some steps from the church, we met with the ruins, which have fallen down the slope, and which were nearly a quarter of a league of earth. In the midst of this chaos the inhabitants have laid out little patches, which they have planted with vines, and which are, naturally enough, enclosed by the stones found about them. At last, after half an hour of dreadful fatigue, caused by the soil giving way, we arrived at the first court-yard, which still shews the signs of death. Our entrance among these ruins, which are rarely visited, caused quite a commotion among the winged inhabitants, who have taken possession of it: hawks and farsels flew around us on all sides, uttering the most shrill cries. I aimed at one of them, and missed him; but, on hearing the report, an unfortunate screech-owl, who had been sleeping quietly under the arches, woke up, and, dazzled by the

daylight, moved silently and slowly towards a projection in the wall, which it knocked against, and then fell at our feet. Luckily for it, Mylord's attention was occupied: this little fact saved its life.

It is impossible to imagine a more extensive and historical view than the one from these ruins: in the east, the summits of the Maritime Alps; in the north, Valence, which we had quitted two days previously; in the south, Avignon, where we were to arrive the day after next; in the west, the plains of Languedoc, extending to Mount Lozère. Fancy a circumference enclosing the camp where Bellonesus collected his troops for the invasion of Italy; the field of battle where the Consul Cæpio, laden with the gold of Toulouse, and his colleague, Cn. Manlius, left stretched beneath the hatchet of Ambio and Kimrick eighty thousand Roman soldiers and forty thousand slaves and attendants; Roquemaures, at which place Hannibal crossed the Rhone on his way to gain the battles of Trebia, Trasimene, and Cannæ; and finally, Orange, where Domitius Ahenobarbus entered in triumph mounted on one of those elephants to which he owed the victory: and after letting one's eyes wander over this horizon of wonderful reminiscences, is it not curious to be able to fix them on the remains of another civilization and another epoch—to witness the slow and continuous struggle of years with these desolate and uninhabited ruins; and occasionally, in the midst of a death-like silence, to hear the fall of a stone, a sorrowful and solemn echo, which proclaims the victory of time!

At Mornas we begin to perceive, from the language of the inhabitants, how far we have gone towards the south. After passing Valence, a slight accent can be perceived in the language; at Montelimar, it is decidedly different; but at Palude, it changes to an unintelligible *patois*. On going back to the village, we found an Englishman at the inn, who spoke seven languages, but who had been obliged to imitate the cackling of a hen, in order to obtain a couple of new-laid eggs. As we could not rely upon our pantomime to obtain such a repast as we wished, we preferred waiting for dinner until we reached Orange.

In spite of our haste, we could not get there before night, which we much regretted, as we knew that at Orange we should find the earliest ruins of Roman civilization in Gaul still standing—a triumphal arch in perfect preservation; a theatre, of which enough remains for imagination to rebuild the whole, the ruins of a circus and an amphitheatre, prove that Orange was a colony of the first class. Our love for archæology led us into an act of great imprudence, for we took rooms at the hotel nearest the triumphal arch, so as to have it close at hand on awaking the next morning.

As we had no letters for this town and knew nobody, we asked our host if there was any hospitable antiquary in the place who would be kind enough to shew us over it the next day. He named M. Nogent; and as there was still time for a visit, even in the country, we made a hasty toilet, and, guided by the stable-boy, who offered to introduce us, we ventured to make our request to the archæologist.

We were most successful in our exchange of fraternity. M. Nogent received us with greater kindness than we could have ventured to hope for; and the same evening showed us his cabinet, full of medals, antique fragments, and funereal urns, which had been discovered in the tombs of the ancient Romans, and still contained the ashes they had been destined to receive and preserve.

We remained with him till ten in the evening; and on leaving, I carried away enough work for half the night.

We have seen how the Romans were originally invited into Gaul: every one knows how Cæsar completed the conquest, and commenced the establishment of colonies. Tiberius Nero, father of the Emperor Tiberius, was ordered by him to lead his legions to the principal towns, and quarter them there. In this manner he peopled Arles, Narbonne, and probably Orange, with soldiers, if we can believe in a medal quoted by Goltzius, and adopted by Father Hardouin, which indicates that Nero led the thirty-third cohort of the second legion to Orange. Now, had this Nero been Nero *Imperator*, not only his name but his effigy would have been found on the medal; but the name only being there, Nero *Questor* is doubtless intended, which would make the period at which the old Gallic city changed its Celtic name of Arainon to the Roman one of Arnusio, about forty-five years before Christ.

The new colonists were not long in discovering that the position of the town at the extremity of the Vocontii, (whose fidelity, if we are to believe Cicero in his pleadings for Fonteius, was doubtful,) and the strength of its situation on a mountain overlooking the Rhone, made it extremely valuable as a military fortification and a civil colony; and in order to reconcile the inhabitants to their dominion, in accordance with their usual policy, the conquerors built theatres, arenas, aqueducts, and a circus at Orange, which called forth admiration and gratitude towards their new mother from the adopted citizens of Rome. As to the triumphal arch, it seems probable that it had been built a century before Cæsar; that is, if we adopt the opinion most generally believed, which ascribes the erection of this monument to Domitius Ahenobarbus. There are two others, which attribute it, one to Marius, the other to Cæsar. An archæological work which is now before me, and which is by M. Gasparin, ex-Minister of the Interior, permits us to examine here these three

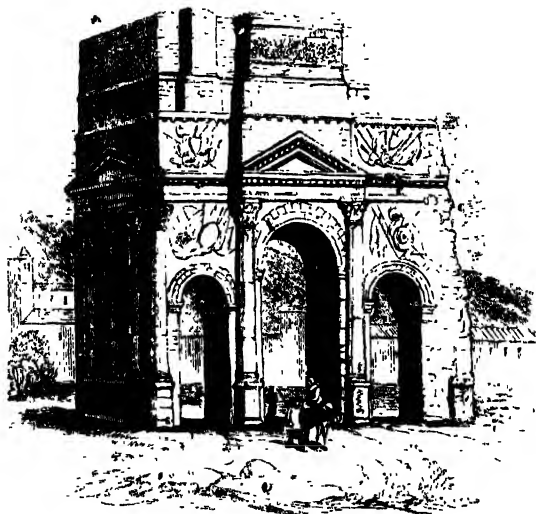
theories, and to reproduce them, together with the reasons which militate for or against each.

Those who are of opinion that the triumphal arch dates from the time of Domitian, are Pontanus, in his *Itinéraire de la Gaule Narbonnaise*, pages 5 and 45; Mandojors, in his *Histoire Critique*, page 96; Spoe, in his *Voyage en Dalmati*, vol. i. page 9; Guibes, in the *Journal de Trivoux*, for December, 1729; and finally, M. Lapaillonne de Serignan, in a memorial which he presented to the Count of Provence during his voyage in the south.

Notwithstanding the proofs accumulated by these four archæologists, the partizans of Marius and Augustus continued to make objections which left the question undecided, when M. Fortia d'Urban, visiting the triumphal arches of Cavaillon and Carpentras, perceived that all three were built in the same style, that all three were situated on the ancient road which leads from Valence to Marseilles; and concluded from this that all three were built to celebrate the same triumph. According to Suetonius, Domitius Ahenobarbus, jealous of the victory that his colleague Fabius Maximus, had, as we have said, gained between Mount Hermitage and the banks of the Isère, and not being able to have a triumph at Rome, as his victory had not finished the war, determined at least to have one in Gaul. He went, in consequence, from Valence to Marseilles, seated on an elephant, followed by his army, and carrying with him all the trophies of his victory. The Massalites, who were allies of the Roman people, and first cause of the wars, which Rome, whose ideas of invasion were not suspected, had undertaken for their interest, did all they could by themselves, or through their allies, to give the greatest possible pomp to the triumph of the proconsul. They succeeded so well that the people, surprised at the splendour of the triumphal march, gave the road it went along the name of the Domitian way. Part of the splendour of this march was owing to the three triumphal arches of Orange, Carpentras, and Cavaillon.

The only objection the opponents of this theory can make to it is, that the two consuls gained the battle at the Hermitage by the help of the elephants, and that none of these animals are represented on the triumphal arch. But to this it is replied, that the first battle was gained by Domitian alone, without the help of the elephants; that it was not till the following year that Fabius brought them into Gaul with the two legions of reinforcements that accompanied him; and that in this second battle, Fabius had principally commanded, and in consequence, Domitian, who had gained the one victory, left his colleague the credit of the other, which, however, from hatred to him, he attributed solely to the assistance of the elephants, and not to his courage and skill. This answer is conclusive.

The only reason alleged by the partizans of Marius in support of their opinion, which is however the most popular, is that the word *Mario* is written on one of the bucklers in the 'trophy of arms on the southern front; but this name is found among seven or eight others, and its only superiority over them consists in being more legible and in better preservation. If the arch had been dedicated to Marius, his name would probably have been the only one upon it, and would have been inscribed in one of the most conspicuous places, and not in a corner; and, finally, among the standards, which are



TRIUMPHAL ARCH AT ORANGE.

all surmounted by a quadruped, the eagle would have been found, which Marius introduced as the only ensign of the legions in the second year of his consulate, according to Pliny, 'book x., chap. 4; for when Marius defeated the Teutonic Cimbri, he was consul for the fourth time.

It is much more natural to imagine that Marius, who, according to Valerius Maximus, was made tribune of the people 124 years before Christ, fought under Domitian as military tribune the year before, and that the services he rendered in this campaign procured

him that rank in the following year. His name, like those of the other tribunes, would then be naturally found on the buckler, and there would be no need to seek any further explanation of the inscription. By what singular chain of unknown circumstances could they have been induced to build a triumphal arch in honour of Marius, twenty leagues from the spot in which his victory had been gained? This is still more improbable when we recollect that it was on the field of battle itself that the soldiers of Marius erected a pyramid, which was still erect in the fifteenth century, and on which the conqueror was represented standing on a shield in the attitude of a general proclaimed *Imperator*. The third theory, originated and supported by Hetbert, abbé de St. Ruf, in a work called the "Flowers of the Psalms," ascribes the arch to Cæsar, conqueror of the Massaliotes, but it is sufficient to cast a glance at the eastern front to perceive that the captives are in the costume of barbarians, whereas the Massaliotes, at the time Cæsar conquered them, were more civilized than the Romans.

These different opinions, which are so trifling when examined in Paris, become of importance when one inspects the object which has given rise to them; so, the next morning, day had hardly dawned when, waking every one in the hotel, Jadin and myself had the door opened, and hastened to the arch of triumph. Early as we were, we found an amateur there before us: he was an old man, of from sixty to sixty-five years of age, who examined the sides one after the other with such attention that it was evident he attached great interest to the solution of the stone problem before him. He saw that we were artists, as we saw that he was an antiquary, so that the second or third time we passed, each of us paused, and stood hat in hand opposite the other. Jadin had already settled himself in the best place, and was sketching the monument without caring as to the date.

"What do you think of this arch?" said the old man.

"It is a splendid monument," I replied.

"Certainly; but that is not exactly what I meant. I want to know what age you think it dates from?"

"That is a different question, and I know too little of the subject to give my opinion, I am studying antiquity for the first time, but can see at once that I have met with a masterpiece."

"You will see nothing finer or better preserved in Italy even, but their date at least is known. Inscriptions have preserved, and tradition has transmitted them; but here there is nothing. The bronze inscription was taken from it when Raymond de Baux made it into a fortress. The popular tradition, which inscribes it to Marius, is absurd, so that we must remain in ignorance or doubt."

"A terrible alternative for an antiquary, for, I make no doubt, sir, that you study archæology."

"You are quite right, sir: I have been living for forty years among ruins, trying to fix the date of each, and reconstructing, like Cuvier, the whole from a fragment. Well, this arch is the only one upon which I can say nothing positive; and yet, as you see, it is almost uninjured. But I will not be baffled; I have taken the little house which you see opposite, and have been living there now two years. I shall remain ten, if it be necessary; and I will collect so much evidence that I shall at last discover the secret."

"Though you have obtained no proof, you have probably some theory."

"I think it goes back to the time of Octavius, and was built by the cohort that garrisoned Orange."

"That is a fourth account."

"And why not?"

"Certainly you are at full liberty. There are ninety-one different places at which Hannibal crossed the Rhone . . . And from what do you form your opinion?"

"Look!" said the archæologist, leading me to the eastern front; "here is a Phœbus crowned with rays, and every one knows that Octavius was particularly proud of this emblem, which compared him to the god of day."

"To this I may reply, that it is more natural to think they sculptured the face of the sun on the side opposite the place where it rose, in order that the first looks of the god might fall upon his likeness. But no matter; let us proceed."

"Well, let us turn to the northern side, and you will see among the trophies attributes of Marius, which show that the founders of the arch meant to pay homage to the victory of Actium."

"They are here certainly; but how do you account for the absence of the eagles, which ought not only to be found in the army of Octavius, but also in that of Antony?"

"Exactly," cried the archæologist. "As it would have been necessary to put the Roman eagles as well as the victorious ones, the sculptor escaped from his embarrassment by putting neither."

"That is very ingenious, and certainly a clever idea."

"Look at the stylobate on the same side; it represents a battle. Go round, the stylobate of the southern front represents another."

"Quite true."

"These are the two great victories Octavius gained in Cantabria and Illyria."

"Wait a moment as far as I can recollect, Florus says some-

where that the emperor fought on foot at the head of the legions, and was wounded in the battle. This act was too honourable to Octavius, whose courage was disputed, for flattery to forget it on a monument destined to perpetuate the memory of his reign; besides, on both sides the stylobate shows us cavalry in each army."

• "Yes," said the archæologist, rather put out, "I knew that, but I did not think you did: that is the only thing which prevents my opinion from triumphing over the others."

"Tell me," continued I, "has not Mérimée, the inspector of the monuments of France, been here?"

"Yes, he has."

"Well, what did he say? He is an excellent man to consult on such subjects. He has talent, imagination, and knowledge—a trio which opens every door."

"He thinks it belongs to the second century, and was erected in memory of the conquests of Marcus Aurelius over the Germans."

"That is a fifth plan."

"Yes; but it cannot be supported."

"Why not? The battles apply better to Marcus Aurelius than to Octavius, as no history tells us that Marcus Aurelius fought on foot: the maritime trophies are in honour of the battles upon the Danube, and the chained barbarians are Germans instead of Gauls."

"So you adopt that theory?"

"Not I, indeed! I adopt and revera all five. I shall give them faithfully, and leave the responsibility of deciding between them to some one more clever than myself."

With these words I bowed to the antiquary, and as Jadin had finished his drawing, we took our way towards the theatre.

Whatever period this monument dates from, it is in admirable preservation, and this preservation is owing to a singular fact, of which we have already spoken in our antiquarian discussion about the thirteenth century. A Prince of Orange, named Raymond de Baux, whose castle was built upon a mountain, and overlooked the town, made a fortress of the triumphal arch, walled it round, and fixed his dwelling in the interior of the edifice. This strange enclosure was not made, we must acknowledge, to favour the devotion of an antiquary. This great seigneur effaced the sculptures from the eastern entrance, which he converted into a dining-room; and in the interior and round the building are still to be seen marks of the woodwork and staircases which he erected. Lapsie, in his *History of the Princes and Principality of Orange*, has an engraving of the triumphal arch surmounted by an enormous stone tower, and surrounded by the ruined walls of a feudal fortress, which, though built twelve hundred

years later, had fallen from ruin and decay round the ancient monument, which is still standing firmly.

On returning to the town we met M. Nogent, who, having heard at the hotel that we had risen with the sun, had gone in search of us.

He came with a kindness which we Parisians who lead such irregular lives, never think of, to put his time at our disposal. We accepted his offer eagerly; but before taking another step towards the town, I asked who the antiquary was that I had been talking with. He replied, M. Artaud. At the name of this celebrated archæologist I remembered with remorse the trifling tone I had adopted: I immediately returned to apologize, and to say that I decidedly belonged to the supporters of Augustus.

M. Nogent took us first to the theatre, and coming out of a narrow crooked street, we found ourselves at once opposite this monument. It would be difficult not to pause with astonishment before such a spectacle. The façade, which is perfect, is a hundred and seven feet in height, and three hundred and sixteen in length. It is very simply ornamented; on the basement floor there is a large square door, supported by Corinthian columns, with nine pointed arches on each side, separated by Doric pilasters.

The second row is composed of twenty-one external arches, in the centre of each of which is a circular opening, destined to give light to the inner corridor.

Between the first and second row a parapet extends, and is intended to support a portico, like that which some of our theatres, the Opera for example, have built for the accommodation of spectators who wish to leave their carriages in bad weather without getting wet. There has been much dispute about this portico, which is supported on each side by walls. Some have thought it intended for a forum, and cite Strabo, to prove that the theatre of Vyse had two fronts, one of which was used for the games, and the other for the assembly of the senate. We do not deny this assertion, but we put ours in opposition, and it has the merit of simplicity in its favour.

We entered the interior of the theatre.

What, then, were these Roman people who subdued nature, not only for their wants but for their pleasures? A mountain stood where they thought a theatre ought to be; they built the façade at the foot of the mountain, and, hollowing it out, cut sloping benches in its immensity for ten thousand spectators. I have since seen the theatres of Italy and the magnificent ones of Greece; those of Verona, Taormine, Syracuse, and Ségest; but not one is in such preservation as the theatre of Orange, with the exception, indeed, of those of Pompeii.

preserved by their own disaster, and which the spectators seem to have just quitted. .

M. Nogent was our cicerone over this deserted stage and empty pit, and when we had examined them in detail we went up over the benches, the last of which led us to the summit of the mountain, on which are still to be seen the ruined foundations of the palace of those princes who afterwards became kings of England and of Holland.

The whole town is visible from this spot, and above it are seen, like the bones of an immense half-buried skeleton, not only the ancient ruins we have described, but those of a circus and amphitheatre.

The only traces left of the feudal ages is a stone watch-tower, built on the highest point of the façade of a theatre: popular tradition attributes it to the time of the Samacens. The moderns also have their monument, in the shape of an expiatory chapel, built on the spot where the scaffold of '93 stood.

We had taken a long look into the past; beginning with Tiberius Nero, glancing at Abderahman and Charles Martel, and ending with Robespierre.

The next morning after breakfast we took leave of M. Nogent, who accompanied us to the gates of the town, and left Orange thinking of the old Roman world, the dust of which we were raising at every step. Half a league from the town we left our cabriolet, ordering it to wait for us at the next post, and turning to the left crossed over towards the Rhone, on the banks of which we were seeking nothing less than the place of the celebrated passage of Hannibal.

CHAPTER XIV.

ROQUEMAURE.

WE were about to take another step into antiquity. It is true we were seeking no visible ruins, but an historical reminiscence, of which nothing remained except the places which recalled it; but this reminiscence is of such importance to the history of the world, that it has been preserved without a pyramid, and has gone on increasing from age to age in the memory of mankind. Carthage and Rome were not only towns but nations, not only two nations but two civilizations, which struggled, perhaps without knowing it, not only for the empire of the present but for that of the future. The question had at last arisen whether the world should be Roman or Carthaginian, European or African; Carthage, with its merchants and sailors, Rome, with its soldiers and labourers, extending from east to west along the shores of the Mediterranean—the one from the altars of the Phoenicians, who stretched along Syrtis to the Ebro, where Sarragossa stood; the other, from Illyria, where Emilius had just taken Dimald, to Cisalpine Gaul, where Lucius Manlius had established the colonies of Placentia and Cremona, after having met in Sicily and Sardinia, and having struggled till Carthage bending its knee, had signed the treaties of Luctatius and Asdrubal, felt that one could not enjoy air and sunshine while the other existed, and that this war, in which each nation fought not only for altars and hearths, but for existence, could only terminate in the destruction of Rome by Carthage, or Carthage by Rome.

While such events pass, cotemporary nations neither see whence they come nor whither they go. They inquire of petty human interests the causes which produce them, and of visible things the circumstances that led to them; but rarely do they raise their eyes from the ground to seek the hand which holds the reins of the world, or the foot whose spur drives the universe through space. Everything is invisible to them in the present, because the age to which they belong is not yet accomplished.

Posterity, on the other hand, blind in its turn to its own epoch, ascends the heights of history and sees the past clearly; beholds the towns God favoured in his love or destroyed in his anger; hears the

lyre that built Thebes, and the trumpet sound at which Jericho fell; beholds the angel who came to predict to Abraham that his posterity should be as numerous as the sands of the sea and the stars of heaven, and the cloud hovering over Sodom and Gomorrah, which brought with it the extermination of the two nations. Everything, then, becomes clear and precise: understanding that God employs human means alone in the providential direction given to the world, posterity sees ministers of heaven in those whom their cotemporaries took for children of the earth, and who, ignorant themselves of their divine mission, think they walk in the light of the sun with full strength and liberty, while, on the contrary, they pass through life as Moses did through the desert, following constantly the column of fire.

One only of these chosen ones was aware of what he had to do in the world, but that one was the Son of God!

These men leave nothing behind them but their memory; their uninspired heirs think they can continue the work begun, but the work does not progress, for it has been completed. People are astonished that a great light should have been suddenly extinguished, and expect every instant to see it reappear; but they are mistaken, it was a meteor, not a sun. Look at Sesostris, look at Alexander, at Cæsar, at Charlemagne, and at Napoleon.

Hannibal was one of those personifications of an idea: he was the evil genius of Carthage, the angel of death to Africa. He received his fatal mission on the day when Hamilcar, offering a sacrifice to Jupiter for his safe arrival in Spain, took the hand of his son, led him to the altar, and made him swear upon the victims that he would be the eternal enemy of Rome. From that day hatred made the child a man; this hatred increased on the deaths of Hamilcar and Asdrubal; and when fifteen years afterwards, he succeeded his father and brother-in-law in the command of the troops in Spain, the first act of the young general was to burn Saragossa, as a pretext for quarrelling with Rome.

Rome sent ambassadors to Carthage. They came to demand the surrender of Hannibal; the senate refused. Then the oldest among them, advancing, took his mantle by the hem, and offering it to the senators: "I bring," said he, "peace or war; which of the two shall I leave with you?" "Whichever you please," was the disdainful reply. The ambassador dropped his cloak, and left them war.

All was prepared for the final struggle. The Romans assembled two armies, one of which they sent to Spain, under the orders of Publius Cornelius, and the other to Africa, under those of Tiberius Sempronius. Hannibal also divided his forces, and left his brother Asdrubal fifty-five vessels, two thousand five hundred and fifty horse-

men, composed of Lybians, Phenicians, Africans, Numidians, Massilians, and Mauritanians, and an infantry of eleven thousand eight hundred and fifty Africans, five hundred Ballarians, and three hundred Ligurians; and putting himself at the head of eighty-two thousand foot, and twelve thousand horse, passed the Ebro, conquered the Ibergetes, Bargusians, Erenesians, and Andocians, left a garrison in their territories, crossed the Pyrenees, descended into Gaul, traversed Nîmes, and arrived on the borders of the Rhone.

The Rhone was then, as it still is, a broad and rapid stream. Petrarch tells us its modern name is derived from the old word Rhodar, which expresses the impetuosity of its course. Tiberius calls it *Celer*,* Ausonius, *Præceps*,† and Florus, *Impiger*;‡ finally, St. Jerome calls St. Hilarius, whose seductive language nothing could resist, the Rhone of Latin eloquence. This river and the Alps were the two great obstructions to Hannibal's course; and he only looked upon the Roman armies as the third and least dangerous.

He marched along the river for some time without finding a favourable place; and, according to the Arcadian Polybius, that great master of the art of war, who learnt it from Philopœmen to teach it to the Scythians, and who, born scarcely fourteen years after this event, speaks with certainty, as he says, of all these things, because he heard them related by eye-witnesses, and had been in person to the Alps to acquire a more exact knowledge of them,—if we can believe Polybius, I say, it was at about four days' journey from the mouth of the Rhone that the Carthaginian general stopped (a little above Roquemaure, in the opinion of Mandagors, Danville, and Fortia), and visited the little town of Aria, which became in the middle ages the stronghold of Lers, and in our own days is simply a grange, bearing that name. In order to cross the Rhone at this place, where it was no broader than its own bed, his first care was to contract the friendship of those who lived on its banks. He bought from these barbarian sailors, who had all the inland commerce in their hands, as many boats and canoes as they would sell him; and purchasing whole forests, which they would have asked nothing for, considering them as the gifts of heaven, which God gave to all alike, he constructed in two days an extraordinary quantity of large and small rafts, each soldier trying to find some way of passing the river for himself.

Meanwhile, the allies of the Marseillais, who were the allies of the Romans, assembled on the opposite shore, and prepared to dispute the passage. Hannibal saw signs of intelligence pass from the one

* "Testis Arar, Rhodanusque celer, magnusque Garumna."—TIBULL. lib. i.

† "Quæ rapitur præceps Rhodanus genitor Lemæio."—AUSONIUS.

‡ "Impigerque Rhodanus."—FLORUS. lib. iii. cap. 2.

shore to the other, and perceived that he could not remain without a multitude accumulating both in front and in the rear, by which he would at last be surrounded as with a band of iron. The beginning of the third night he called Hanno, the son of Bomilear, and giving him for guides some Gauls on whom he could rely, ordered him to ascend the river with the Numidian cavalry, till he found a passage which was easier for this chief than for himself, on account of the heavy cavalry and the elephants. Hanno did not look long. Reaching a place where an island, by separating the Rhone into two branches, diminished its width, he threw himself into the stream, and these children of the desert, accustomed to cross the stony torrents of Atlas and the seas of sand in Mauritania, followed him on their unbridled horses, reached the island, and crossing it, took to the water again, and arriving on the opposite shore, possessed themselves without impediment, of an advantageous post, and remained hidden there all day, according to the orders Hannibal had given.

The next morning, at daybreak, Hannibal had arranged every thing for his passage. The heavy armed soldiers went in the large boats, and the light infantry in the small. The largest took the lead, and the smaller ones followed, so that the first, breaking the violence of the water by their bulk, the latter would feel it less. Fearing the Numidians might fail him at the period of disembarkation, and wishing to have cavalry ready on his arrival on the other side, Hannibal ordered that three or four horses should be made to swim behind each boat, an attendant holding their bridles, while their masters, who crossed in the same boat, encouraged them by their voices, and remained armed and ready to spring into their saddles, as soon as they reached land. The foremost vessels had already crossed a third part of the river, when the Gauls left their entrenchments, and hurried in confusion to oppose their landing. The Carthaginians hesitated in astonishment, but Hannibal gave orders to continue the passage, advising those who were in the large boats to bear up against the stream.

At the same moment a column of smoke appeared in the east. Hannibal clapped his hands joyfully; and just as the two armies were within bow-shot of each other, Hanno appeared with the cavalry. Rapid and destructive as the Simoon, he was on the Gauls before they had had time to perceive them, and passing among them like a whirlwind, set fire to their camp. The unexpected sight of these bronze-faced centaurs, the noise of the soldiers who had begun to land, the cries of those who were still crossing the river, the plaudits of the rear-guard, which had not quitted the other shore, even the disorder of the boats, some of which, breaking the line, went rapidly down the stream, spread alarm among the Gauls. They knew not

whether to fly to the succour of their camp or to continue to obstruct the landing. During this moment of doubt, more vessels reached the shore, the infantry formed in ranks, the cavalry sprang upon their horses, and the Numidians turned and came back. Enclosed in their turn between two armies, the barbarians threw away their weapons, and took to flight. To deprive them of any wish to return to the charge, Hannibal sent Hanno after them with his intelligent horses, which, though having no bridles, and being only directed by the knee and the voice, fought like men, biting and trampling all they met; while with the van-guard, which was out of danger, he protected the passage of the main army, which formed on the shore, so that none remained behind but the rear-guard and the elephants.

He had great difficulty in getting these animals across. As long as they were on land these terrible auxiliaries of the Carthaginian army had passively obeyed their conductors; but immediately on seeing the stream they became restless, raising their trunks in the air, and showing marks of fear, which made them terrible with rage. Hannibal thought of a novel plan. He fastened two rafts, each a hundred feet long, by cords and chains to the shore of the Rhone; two still larger ones were fastened to these rafts in such a manner, that they could be broken at a given signal. Chains were also attached to them, which corresponded with boats placed at fifty paces from the opposite shore. This floating bridge was covered with turf, like that on the coast, so that the elephants did not perceive they were quitting the land, on which, instinct told them, they could tread without danger. When everything was ready, the female elephants were placed in front, and the males followed without hesitation to the outside rafts. At a given signal, the cables which fastened these moveable ones to those which were fixed, were cut, and the boats immediately putting out all their oars, rowed off, and carried the elephants with them. A moment of terrible anguish followed it, as the first movement of the boats separated this living mass from the turf covered part which had deceived them. The elephants, finding the ground move under their feet, and becoming uneasy and alarmed, set up loud roars, and all rushing to the same side, almost overturned the raft, and five or six fell into the river. Believing all was lost, the entire army uttered a cry of distress; but at the same instant the boat lightened of its weight, recovered its balance, and the submerged elephants reappeared, raising their trunks above the water, and swimming powerfully towards the shore. Ten minutes afterwards, the rafts and elephants reached the other bank amidst the applause of the whole army.

And now let us leave Hannibal to advance towards the east, as if

he meant to enter into the centre of Europe, and cross the Alps at Briançon with the same good fortune, or rather with the same genius, which had enabled him to pass the Rhone at Roquemaure. We shall meet him again at Thrasymane and Capua. History is a great and terrible thing, for it is always more sublime than imagination; and its associations will fix poetry for ever in the realms of antiquity. Nothing attracts us in nations or countries which have no past; for which reason Italy, Greece, Asia, and Egypt, ruined, decayed, weakened, exhausted as they are, please more than the New World, crowned with its virgin forests, immense rivers, and mountains of gold and diamonds.

After having visited the famous passage of Hannibal on the banks of the Rhone, we regained the road to Avignon, our Polybius still in our hands, as we turned twenty times to look back, for we could hardly leave the shore on which we seemed every moment to behold Hanno and his Numidians, Hannibal and his elephants. But our return was hastened by the first gusts of wind so dreaded in the south, which Strabo calls the Black Boreas, and moderns the Mistral. It was evident, by the way it began to hiss round us, making the trees bend like ears of corn, that we were going to become acquainted with one of the three old scourges of Provence: the two others were the drought and the parliament.





CHAPTER XV.

THE GOOD-NATURED GENDARMES.

WE came out upon the road again at a little village called Chateau Neuf, and found our cabriolet waiting there for us. Our excursion had occupied more than half the day, and harnessing the horse kept us some time longer; so that we could not continue our journey until three o'clock in the afternoon, and we had still six leagues to go.

Towards night the mistral began to blow with frightful violence. I had no idea of a land tempest, and indeed did not think such a thing could be. I had indeed read in Strabo that the *melamboreus* (such is the name he gives this wind) blew stones about like dust, carried the sheep out of the fields as easily as an eagle would do, and throwing the Roman soldiers from their horses, took away their cloaks and helmets; but I had accounted for these things by the exaggerations of the ancients, and the poetical style of Homer and Herodotus, which we discover every day to be more and more true. I was obliged to acknowledge that the master of these countries, for the name it bears is derived from *maestro*, had lost nothing of its power by age. One strange thing about it is, that it does not blow constantly from the same point of the compass, but changes its direction, doubtless to follow the sinuosities of the mountains through which it winds, so

that we had it sometimes behind our carriage, which was then driven forward, as if by the arm of a giant; sometimes in front, when it stopped our progress, in spite of the efforts of our horse; sometimes at the side, and then it threatened to overturn our equipage, as it would have done a boat. We were in a state of astonishment bordering on stupefaction, which was shared by our postillion, who, never having been further than Avignon, had no idea of these tempests, which die away at Orange, and never reach Valence, where we had taken him up. Our situation was the more disagreeable, as the icy breath of the mistral has a sharp chilliness, unknown to the inhabitants of the north of France, and which, instead of penetrating through the skin, seizes on the marrow of the bones, and paralyzes one. After having proceeded some time in the dark, we thought of stopping at an inn by the road-side; but being told that an hour's patience would enable us to reach Avignon, continued our journey.

In about an hour we perceived, indeed, a dark compact mass, but on approaching it our postillion declared that it could not be the town, and it was so dark that the road leading to it was not visible. He had not much trouble in converting us to his opinion, for, half frozen, by the cold, we were neither able nor willing to argue the point with him; he therefore continued his road in triumph, and the mistral intercepted for a moment by the black mass we had passed, began to rage again. We continued for another hour, with an increasing chill, which, like the rheumatism, seized on our joints; our knees particularly were so painful as almost to make us scream. An hour more passed, the mistral continued, and we saw nothing more of Avignon. Our guide began to think he might have been mistaken, and owned the dark mass we had passed was most likely Avignon. At least, as it was decidedly a town of some sort, we ordered him to return; but then he said if it was Avignon we should not be able to get in, as the time of closing the gates must be long passed. This was disagreeable news, for at the rate at which our numbness was progressing, we should most likely never awake the next day, if we passed the remainder of the night in the open air. We had continued to proceed during the discussion, when suddenly the motion of our cabriolet ceased, and at the same time a voice commanded us to stop. We thought for a moment it must be robbers, but Jadin and myself were so helpless that we had not even strength to take our guns, which were behind us.

"What is the matter?" said the conductor.

"Where are you going?" said the voice.

"To Avignon."

"You mean to Marseilles."

"No, indeed," said I, "we are certainly going to Avignon."

"You are leaving it behind, and to reach it would take you two hours."

I was seized with a violent wish to thrash the postillion, when I heard not only that we might have been two hours in our bed, but that it would be two hours more before we could get there.

"Now, who are you?" continued another voice.

"And who are you yourselves?" said Jadin.

"We are gendarmes of the brigade of Avignon."

"And we are travellers who, as you see, have mistaken our way."

"Have you your passports?"

"Of course."

"Show them."

Jadin was feeling in his pocket, but I stopped his hand.

"Do not do anything of the sort," said I in a whisper.

"Why so?" answered he, in the same tone.

"Because the gendarmes will leave us and our passports on the road, and we may knock all night at the gates of the town, they will not open them; whilst without passports we shall be stopped, taken to Avignon, make our triumphal entry with the gendarmerie, and once in the town we can show our papers, and thank these gentlemen for their kindness."

"A capital plan," said Jadin.

"Come, these passports," continued the gendarme, who hearing us whisper, thought we were consulting on a plan to baffle his watchfulness.

"What would be the use of giving them," resumed I, "unless you have cat's eyes to read them with?"

The gendarmes consulted in their turn; it appeared that they agreed about it, for the same voice continued—

"You are right, sir, but with your permission we will take you to a place where it will be light enough."

"And where is that?"

"Avignon."

"The gates are shut at this time."

"Against travellers, but not against prisoners."

"Come, turn round, my man," said he to the postillion; "and set off again quickly, for it is not too warm here," and taking our horse by the bit, he made him turn round; he and his companion posted themselves one on each side of our carriage, and we retraced our way on the road we had so uselessly travelled.

"But," cried I, fearing we might be released, "you are abusing your power shamefully, and I shall complain on my arrival at Avignon."

"You are at liberty to do so."

"And when shall we reach Avignon?"

"In an hour, I hope."

"Come, postillion, gallop off, or I shall urge your horse on with the point of my sabre. Start!" continued the gendarme, following up his threat, and our carriage whirled through the air.

Excellent gendarme! I should have asked permission to embrace him, had I been sure he would have refused it.

His words were as true as the gospel; in about an hour we saw the dark mass again, which we had been two hours getting away from. Our escort passed through an avenue of trees, the branches of which so shaded the road, that we had gone by without seeing it, and some minutes afterwards, as midnight was striking, we knocked at the gates of Avignon. The gate-keeper rose, grumbling, and asking who knocked at that time? The gendarmes made themselves known, and immediately the hinges turned to give access to the police and the vagabonds they brought with them; then we heard the gate-keeper close the portals behind us, turn the key, and push forward the bolts. We breathed freely, for once in the town they were almost certain not to put us out again.

"Now, gentlemen," said the excellent gendarme, dismounting and approaching the carriage; "I hope you will make no fresh difficulty about showing me your passports."

"Of course not," answered I, offering my own and that of Jadin. "You will see that they are quite correct."

The gendarme took them, went into the porter's lodge, and seeing there was no fault to be found, returned them.

"Here they are, gentlemen," said he, "and a thousand pardons for having brought you back in this way."

"A thousand pardons!—A thousand thanks, my good fellow; without you we should have slept in the fields, and now we shall sleep at the Palais Royal, if you will only have the kindness to show it to us."

"We are going that way, gentlemen, and if you would like us to escort you further, we will set you down at M. Moulin's own door."

"Willingly, provided you will accept ten francs to drink our healths."

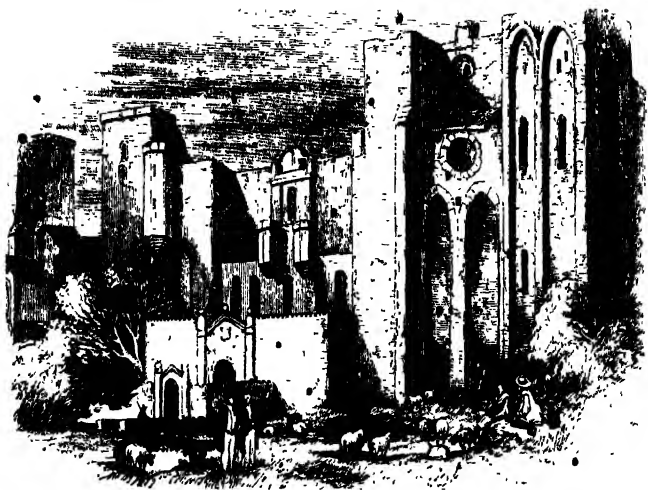
"We are forbidden to take anything beyond the government pay, so if you have anything to give, let it be to this honest fellow we have disturbed."

I was astonished at their disinterestedness, and Jadin, who is of the sceptical school, pointed out that the porter was at the same time a wine merchant, which made him think that the ten francs would not change their object by changing hands. I warn my readers, once

for all, that Jadin is an infidel, who believes in nothing, not even the virtue of gendarmes.

However that may be, ours faithfully performed their promises, and left us at the gate of the hotel of the Palais Royal. It was thus we made our entrance into Avignon; "a town," says Francis Nougier, "noble from its antiquity, agreeable from its site, superb from its walls, pleasing from the fertility of its soil, charming from the gentleness of its inhabitants, magnificent from its palace, beautiful from its wide streets, marvellous from the structure of its bridge, rich from its commerce, and known to the whole world."





CHAPTER XVI.

ROOM NUMBER THREE.

NOTWITHSTANDING the late hour at which we arrived, thanks to the activity of our host, we soon had a splendid fire, and a comfortable supper. When we had been warmed by the one, and refreshed by the other, he called a waiter to prepare the bedrooms, and ordered number one for me.

"Will it be the same to you," said I, "if I have number three?"

"The one I intend for you is better, and looks into the street," replied he.

"Never mind, it is number three I want."

"We seldom use that, unless the others are occupied!"

"But when you are asked for it?"

"It is never asked for without a reason, and unless you have one——"

"I am the godson of Marshal Brune."

"Then I can understand you," said the host; "show the gentleman to number three."

I had long promised myself the funeral pilgrimage which I had now accomplished. Marshal Brune was one of the few friends who had remained faithful to my father, when, after having taken the side

of Kleber, he fell into disgrace with Napoleon in Egypt; and after the death of the exile, he was the only one who had ventured, very uselessly, however, to ask the Emperor for my admission into a military college, and up to 1814 had given my mother and myself barren but touching proofs of his regard. In the confusion of the double restoration we had lost sight of him, and did not know where he was, when suddenly a cry resounded through France, that Marshal Brune had been assassinated!

Child as I was, being but eleven years old, the news made a deep impression on me. I had so often heard my mother say, that my only hope for the future was in the marshal, and that it was like losing my father a second time. The more the seal of misfortune is impressed on a young heart, the deeper is the impression it makes. From this event dates the hatred which more, from instinct than conviction, I felt for the restoration, and the first seed of opinions, which may perhaps have been modified as my mind became enlarged, but which will probably always form the basis of my political faith. It will therefore be understood with what emotion I opened the door of this room, in which he who had sworn before God to be my second father, and who, as far as it was in his power, had kept his word, breathed his last.

I fancied that this room would have preserved something of the fatal blood-stains. I looked quickly round, and was astonished to see it as neat and pleasing as any other room: a good fire was burning in the chimney opposite the door, white curtains shaded the windows, through which the assassins passed, and a blue paper displayed its gay colours; two beds exactly alike seemed to invite sleep; in fact, it was like any other room, but between the chimney and the bed, about three feet and a half up the wall, was a round hole an inch deep, it had been made by a bullet, and was the only trace that remained of the murder.

I knew that this hole existed, and directed by the situation of the door, went straight to it, and found it in a moment. It would be impossible to express the effect produced upon me by this vestige of death. It was there that the warm and recking bullet exhausted itself, after passing through the bosom to which I recollected the conqueror of Alkmaert, Burgen, and Stralsund having so often clasped me. This recollection was so present to my mind, and so real, that I seemed still to feel the arms of the marshal pressing me to him. Hardly breathing, my eyes fixed upon this hole, and the entire world forgotten in a single idea, I passed one of those moments of sadness which human language cannot describe; then I sank into a chair, surprised at finding myself at last in this room, which I had so often

wished to see, and examining with vague anxiety each piece of the furniture which had witnessed so terrible a catastrophe.

Part of the night passed this way, and in spite of my fatigue, it was near three before I could attempt to sleep; but hardly was my light extinguished than I reflected I was perhaps stretched upon the bed upon which they had laid the corpse. This idea made my hair stand on end, and the perspiration rolled down my forehead, my heart palpitated so violently that I could hear its beating; I closed my eyes, but could not sleep. All the details of the bloody scene passed before me. The room appeared full of phantoms and noises. I do not know how long I remained in this state, but at length all these funeral images became confused, and ceased to have distinct forms, the noise and the groans died away, and I fell into a death-like sleep.

When I awoke it was broad day. I was exhausted and bathed in perspiration. It was some time before I knew where I was, remembering my dreadful dreams, but nothing more. I looked round the room, trying to collect my ideas, which were still confused by sleep, and my eye met the bullet-hole which had struck me so forcibly the night before; it was like drawing a curtain before my eyes, and recollection returned in a moment. I sprang out of bed, dressed hastily, and went down stairs, for I longed to breathe another atmosphere.

M. Nogent had given me several letters to Avignon. One of them was addressed to M. R——, professor of history. It was one of those hearty recommendations which are required on a journey of this sort, and I therefore did not wish to delay giving it; and after being directed to the street he lived in, set off for a walk through the town.

Avignon is sheltered from both wind and sun; its streets are narrow and crooked, and go upwards and downwards, not only by inclined plains, but in complete staircases. Hardly had I taken fifty steps in the labyrinth, before I lost my way; but instead of asking, I went on at hazard. In towns which are strange to me, but in which I know there are curious monuments, I like to leave the order in which I see them to chance, so that the surprise is complete, and the first impression pure, no chattering *cicerone* having weakened the effect of the monument or ruin which attracts me, by preparing me for it, so that no suggestions having been made to increase or diminish the interest attached to it, it exercises its full power over me.

I was going straight on without any exact object, when suddenly, at the corner of a small steep street, my eyes fell on a colossal stone arch thrown across the entrance. I looked up and saw that I was at the foot of the papal *château*.

This *château* has the middle ages written as plainly on its stone walls and towers as the history of Rameses is upon the granite of the pyramids; it is indeed the fourteenth century, with its religious wars, its arguments of the sword, and its church militant. You would think it rather the citadel of Ali Pacha than the dwelling-place of John XXII. Art, pleasure, luxury, everything is sacrificed to the means of defence, and it is the only complete model which remains of the military architecture of that age. In front, nothing is to be seen but the walls, and the city lies hid behind it.

Enter the courtyard, and you will find the interior of the palace as strongly fortified as the exterior. Everything is ready in the event of the gates having been taken by surprise; on each side towers command the enclosure, and death threatens; the assailants who have fancied themselves conquerors, find here that they must begin the siege again, and, supposing the second assault to have been as successful as the first, there is still a sombre, isolated, and gigantic tower, into which the besieged and pursued pope can make a last retreat. Should this town be forced like the others, the staircase which leads to the pontifical apartments is suddenly lost in the wall; and while the last defenders of the fortress crush the besiegers beneath a false ceiling, the sovereign pontiff reaches a vault, the iron gates of which open before and close after him; this vault leads to a secret door, which opens to the Rhone, where a boat, which has been waiting for the fugitive, bears him off with the speed of an arrow.

Notwithstanding the strange incongruity presented by the modern garrison and the ancient citadel, it is impossible not to feel impressed by the historical and poetical associations of such a place. You cannot wander an hour in these passages, through these courts, among prisons and chambers of torture, and see everything so well prepared for vengeance and impunity, without being carried back to those instinctive passions which modern civilization has not perhaps destroyed, but certainly repressed within our bosoms. Here you understand perfectly why at a period when there was no hope for punishment of the strong, or protection of the weak, everything was of iron, from the sceptre to the sword, from the sword to the dagger.

In the midst of all these melancholy ideas, we find some sparks of art shining like gold ornaments on dark armour; these are paintings which belong to the hard style which marks the transition from Cimabue to Raphael. They are thought to be by Giotto, or Giotto, and, certainly, if they are not by these masters, they belong to their age and school. These paintings ornament a tower which was probably the ordinary abode of the pope, and a chapel, which was used as a tribunal of the Inquisition.

Coming out of the pope's palace, I inquired for the house of M. R——, and he was pointed out to me crossing the street. I went to him and gave my letter. He held out his hand, and I felt I might dispose of his time and knowledge as freely as if we had known each other ten years. 'Artistic organizations possess an electricity which is communicated in a moment, by word, look, or touch.

We passed the day together, and visited the churches, markets, and port, and saw the inhabitants praying, trading, and quarrelling, with their Arab complexions and Spanish blood, men like human squibs, who explode at the approach of political agitation. I saw that towns, like individuals, are not all constituted alike, but have different organizations; that as it was impossible to impose German or Russian laws on the Africans, so cities must be judged according to their latitudes, and allowance made for a dark and a burning sky, for frost and for sunshine.

When I returned to my room at night and saw at the foot of the bed the bullet-hole which had given me such frightful dreams the night before, the marshal's death appeared to me no less terrible than then; but it now seemed as easily accounted for as that of a man who had unfortunately fallen into a den of tigers. Let me try to explain myself to my readers.

The date of the religious dissensions which were the origin of political hatred, goes back in Avignon to the second century. Pierre Valdo, a citizen of Lyons, declared himself chief of a sect of reformers, who wished to restore Christianity to its evangelical purity. This ancestor of Calvin, Luther, and Wickliffe, found numerous parties among the Lyonnais, who were always inclined to mysticism, and who in our age of infidelity, or at least of doubt, have given us Edgar Quinet, Saint Martin, Balanche, and we almost say Lamartine, whose religion may be disputed, but not his religious feeling.

However, the Bishop Lords of Lyons, who possessed not only the spiritual but also the temporal power, forced the followers of Valdo, who were called Valdenses, to leave the town; they did so, conducted by their chief, and followed by their wives, children, and servants. The fugitives stopped for a short time in Dauphiné, but there meeting fresh persecution, the modern Moses resumed the direction of the flight of these modern Hebrews, crossed the Durance between Embrun and Sisteron, and sought an asylum in the county of Venaission, which was a fief of the empire under the sovereignty of the Counts of Toulouse. The inhabitants of Venaission soon shared the religious doctrines of their guests, part of whom settled in the valley of Sault, behind Mount Ventoux, and the remainder spread through Languedoc.

where they were called Vaudois, a corruption of their first name of Valdenses, and finally Albigenses, when, their numbers having increased, they formed the greater part of the inhabitants of the town of Albi, and the county of which it is the capital.

Soon their original simplicity was lost in the poetical and voluptuous Languedoc; they adopted the satirical language of their ancestors, the Trubadours, and ridiculed, in rhyming pamphlets, the Catholic priests and ceremonies. Nobles, princes, even kings, whose faith was wavering, abandoned the bosom of the Church to embrace this heresy, which threatened to extend from the Pyrenees to the Garonne, when one man resolved singly to stop it. This man was Dominique, sub-prior of Orme, and elector of the church of Saint Jean de Latran at Rome; he preached a crusade. His words not only awoke religious hatred, but national antipathy. The inhabitants of the north had always detested those of the south; they could not pardon them for the riches, happiness, and municipal liberty they held from the Romans; nor for the arts, monuments, and civilization, which they had received from the Arabs. They remembered that Clovis, Charles Martel, and Charlemagne had but passed over this sunny and fertile land, without being able to fix themselves there. The voice of Dominique re-echoed further than he himself had hoped; and, notwithstanding the heroic struggle of the Vicomte de Béziers and King Peter of Arragon, Simon de Montfort carried, one after the other, all the strongholds defended by the Albigenses, and Raymond of Toulouse, whom we shall see when we reach St. Gilles doing penance on the steps of the church, gave them a final blow by abjuring the heresy.

Public as was the abjuration, it could not disarm the conquerors of the Count of Toulouse; they sequestrated and gave to the pope, who had authorised the crusade, the *Contat Venaissin* and seven strongholds which Raymond possessed in Languedoc or Provence. But Avignon, which was at this period a powerful republic, governed by podestas freely elected, sided with Raymond, and refused to submit; and in 1228, Louis VIII. presented himself at the gates, at the head of an army, demanding a passage through the town that he might cross the Rhone by the bridge of St. Benezet, some arches of which still remain. The Avignonnais were not deceived by this stratagem; they saw that to open their gates to the king of France was to open them at the same time to slavery. They, therefore, proposed to make a causeway, which should communicate by means of a platform with the bridge, so that the French army might traverse the Rhone without passing through the town. But that was not what Louis wished; he repeated his summons, demanding to pass, with lance in rest, hel-

met on head, banners displayed, and trumpets sounding. The indignant citizens offered peaceable entrance as their last concession, with heads uncovered, lances raised, and only the royal banner flying. Louis commenced the blockade, thus proving that in demanding a passage he demanded the town. The siege lasted three months, during which, says a chronicler, the citizens of Avignon gave the French soldiers dart for dart, wound for wound, and death for death.

At last the town capitulated. The cardinal legate, Romain de Saint-Ange, ordered the Avignonais to demolish their ramparts, fill up their ditches, pull down their hundred towers which were in the town, and deliver up their vessels, their engines, and warlike machines. He imposed on them a high tax, forced them solemnly to abjure Waldo's heresy, made them swear to maintain thirty men-at-arms, fully armed and equipped, at Palestine, to co-operate in the deliverance of the tomb of Christ; and to watch over the fulfilment of these conditions, the bulk of which still exist among the archives of the town, founded the association of Grey Hermits, which, after having existed more than eight hundred years, remains in our own time. From that day religious hatred became also political.

Less than a century afterwards, that is, in 1309, Bertrand de Sotte, who had become pope under the name of Clement, giving as a pretext the troubles of Italy, and to be near the *Contat Venaissin*, which had been a papal territory since the sequestration of Simon de Montfort, came to ask hospitality from Avignon; and schism took root in the land of heresy.

Great and profound was the policy of Philip the Fair when he formed the plan of transporting the papal throne into France, so as to hold the temporal and spiritual powers at the same time in his iron grasp. The pontificate, insulted by Nogaret and Collona in the person of Boniface VIII., abdicated the empire of the world in the person of Clement V., who was consecrated by the king in the forest of Andelys; and who, from an ambitious desire of being elected, bound himself by oath to those terrible promises, one of which only is known, the destruction of the order of the Templars. This is sufficient, however, to give us an idea of what the others were.

The love of dominion, dormant for a moment, revived in the chiefs of the Church. Clement VI. profited by the crimes and misfortunes of Jeannede Naples, then a prisoner with the Provençal barons, to purchase for 80,000 gold florins, the lordship of the town and states of Avignon, which he held from the Marquis to Forcalquier and Provence, from whom she was descended. It was with this sum that, after having pleaded her cause in Latin, in the principal chapel of the palace,

opposite the picture of the Last Judgment by Giotto,* and having been acquitted by the cardinals of the charge of the assassination of André, her husband, she fitted out a fleet, and recovered her kingdom.

Hardly did the popes feel they were upon their own ground when they laid the foundations of the fortress of which we have endeavoured to give a description, but of which an engraving alone can enable our readers to form an idea. It was the capitol of the pontificate, and from its ramparts they hoped to reconquer the empire of the world. Towards the end of the fourteenth century, they had succeeded so well as to have become objects of suspicion to the same royal house which had intended to give Clement V. and his successors guards, a prison, and an asylum,—not a court, a palace, and a kingdom.

It was indeed a court, a palace, and a kingdom.

Avignon had become the queen of luxury, indolence, and dissipation. It had a new girdle of towers and walls, with which it was encircled, by Hernandy de Heredia, grand-master of the order of St. John of Jerusalem. It had dissolute priests, who administered the holy sacrament with hands fevered by the previous night's debauchery; beautiful courtezans, who stripped the tiara of its diamonds, to form them into bracelets and necklaces; and the echoes of Vaucluse soothed it to slumber with the soft and voluptuous songs of Petrarch.

Charles V. who was a religious, good, and powerful king, could not endure such scandal to the Church; and sent Marshal Boucicaut to drive the anti-pope, Benoit XIII., from Avignon. The city opened its gates; but Pierre de Luna shut himself up in his castle, and defended it for some months, and from its walls directed his instruments of war against it with his own hands, and laid in ruins more than one hundred houses, and killed four thousand Avignonais. At last the fortress was stormed, and the inner works carried; but Pierre de Luna took refuge in the tower, and at the moment when the French troops broke through its gates, and precipitated themselves on the false staircase of which we have spoken, Benoit XIII. escaped through the vault, left the tower by the secret door, reached Spain, where the king of Spain offered him an asylum; and there, every morning, from the top of a tower, assisted by two priests, who formed his secret college, blessed the world, and excommunicated his enemies. Finally, at the time of his death, fearing that the schism would expire with him, he made his two vicars cardinals, on the understanding that one should become pope. Pierre de Luna having ceased to breathe, the two cardinals met in conclave, and one proclaimed the other. The new pope pursued the schism for some time, supported by his cardinal, who formed in his own person the whole Papal Court.

At last Rome opened a conference with them, and both returned into the pale of the Church, one with the title of Archbishop of Seville, and the other as Archbishop of Toledo. Thus finished the immediate control of the French popes in the *Contat Venaissin*, which, after their return to Rome, was governed by legatés and vice-legatés, till 1791, when the *contat* was reunited to France.

By a strange coincidence, Avignon, where seven popes reigned for seven tens of years, had seven hospitals, seven brotherhoods of penitence, seven monasteries, seven convents, seven parishes, and seven cemeteries.

Among these brotherhoods, that of the Grey Penitents, established as we have shown by Louis VIII., and Romaine de St. Ange, was the oldest. Next, the Black Penitents, founded on the model of those of Raymond of Toulouse; then the White Penitents, whose order was a rival of the last.

Of these three associations, which still exist in the town, the first kept neuter, taking no part in politics; but the two others, which, as we have said, owed their existence to opposite parties, always preserved their party spirit. The Black Penitents, founded on the plan laid down by Raymond of Toulouse, were always inclined to resist the spiritual and temporal powers; the White Penitents, on the contrary, true to the principles which had led to their institution, were always attached to the Church and throne. The hatred was so constant and inveterate, that each time the two associations were unfortunate enough to meet at any public solemnity, a combat took place, in which they fought with crosses and flag-staffs, and which did not finish till one of the two beat a retreat, and left the field to the enemy, who, then recovering their monastic gravity, continued their road in triumph, mingling songs of victory with their religious hymns. By degrees the town separated into two camps, and ranged itself under the banner of one or other of the associations. There are districts entirely White Penitent, such as those of Fusteries, Limas, and the neighbourhood of the gate of Loulle; there are others which are Black Penitent, which surround the gate of Ligne. The result was, that when the reformation of Calvin began to spread in the south, where it found the old leaven of Vaudois heresy, the new religion, protected by Marguerite d'Alençon, sister of Francis I., was adopted by all those who belonged to the opposition party—that is to say, who were Black Penitents; while the White Penitents, on the contrary, became more attached to the Roman and apostolic religion. The revolution of '89 awoke old religious hatred, and converted it into political aversion. The two parties met again, still faithful to their banners; the Black Penitents, schismatics, and republicans, and the White Penitents, papists and royalists.

Blood flowed through the streets of Avignon as if in a circus. The Black Penitents triumphed with the Montagnards; the White Penitents took their revenge with the Thermidoriens. All the old hatred of the ancestors descended to the sons, strengthened by fresh causes of aversion, till the iron hand of Napoleon subjected all, black and white penitents, royalists and republicans. During his ten years' reign, smoke, flame, and lava smouldered in the volcano; but when, in 1814, the giant was obliged to open his hand, and drop all that it contained, even his sword, the political Vesuvius instantly blazed up, and royalist hate burst forth afresh, destroying all before it. Stopped for an instant by the hundred days, Waterloo restored it to full strength by promising, it impunity.

But the commerce of the empire, which had flourished internally from the difficulty of exportation, had created a new and floating population of about 500 porters. These people, at the time of the restoration, adopted the opinions of the different districts to which the nature of their employment called them; those who worked on the Upper Rhone, from the Gate de la Ligne to the middle of the fort, became Black Penitents; those who worked on the Lower Rhone, from the middle of the port to the wooden bridge, joined the White Penitents. Each party ruled in its turn, according to whether democratic or monarchical ideas were in the ascendancy.

The reaction of 1815 at last decided the victory in favour of the Royalists; and the aristocratic party, who had old and deadly injuries to revenge, saw in the porters, who, like them, belonged to the party of White Penitents, instruments, the more deadly because they could be blindly led; and possessing themselves secretly of their services, worked in concealment the golden springs of the machine whose effects were as visible as they were awful.

All the south was on fire in a moment; the flames spread as if a train of powder had been laid from town to town. Marseilles set the example; Avignon, Nimes, Uzès, and Toulouse followed it, and each of these towns obtained a terrible celebrity.

Of all these murderers it must be allowed Pointu, the Avignon murderer, was the most remarkable. Sprung from the people, he was an assassin; but gifted as he was, had he been born in another sphere, he would have been a great man.

Pointu was a perfect model of a man born in the south of France; of olive complexion, eagle eye, hooked nose, and teeth of ivory. Although he was but little above the middle size, and with shoulders bent from the practice of carrying heavy weights, with his legs bowed from the enormous loads he was in the habit of carrying daily, he yet preserved extraordinary strength and skill. He would throw

over the gate of Loulle a forty-eight pound cannon ball; he could throw a stone across the Rhone, that is to say more than two hundred paces; while running he could throw his knife with such exactitude, that this new Parthian arrow could nail at a distance of fifteen paces a piece of five francs to a tree. Add to this, he was equally expert with the gun, pistol, or sword, he possessed great natural wit, a deep hatred that he had sworn against the republicans, at the foot of the scaffold on which perished his father and mother; and you may form some idea of the terrible leader of the murderers of Avignon, who had under his orders as his principal officer, Farges, the weaver, Roquefort, the porter, Nadant, the Baker, and Mainon, the broker.

At the epoch when this fearful drama was passing, Avignon was entirely given up to these men, who the civil and military authorities would not, could not, or dared not restrain, it was reported that Marshal Brune was at Luc with six thousand men to render the government an account of his conduct.

CHAPTER XVII.

MARSHAL BRUNE.

THE marshal, knowing the state of the south and being aware of the dangers which threatened him, had requested permission to return by sea, which was formally denied him. The Duke de Rivière, governor of Marseilles, promised him a safe conduct. The assassins, delighted, heard that a republican of '89, a marshal of the empire, was to pass through Avignon. Sinister rumours were afloat; an infamous calumny was abroad, already proved false a hundred times, that Brune, who only arrived in Paris on the 5th September, 1792, had on the second of the same month carried on the end of a lance the head of the Princess Lamballe. Soon the news spread that the marshal had been nearly murdered at Aix; the marshal owed his safety to the speed of his horses. Pointu, Farges, and Roquefort swore he should not be equally fortunate at Avignon.

In following the route he had taken, the marshal had but two means of arriving at Lyons: he must either pass through Avignon, or avoid it by a cross country road, which leaves the high road about two leagues distant at Pointet. The assassins had foreseen this chance, and on the 2nd of August, the day on which the marshal was expected, Pointu, Magnon, and Nadot, accompanied by four other men, started at six o'clock in the morning by the Porte du Rhone to lie in ambush on the road to Pointet. Arrived at the junction of the two roads, the marshal, informed of the hostile feeling manifested towards him at Avignon, wished to take the cross road where Pointu and his men lay hid; but the postillion absolutely refused, saying his master lived at Avignon, not at Pointet. One of the aides-de-camp wished, with a pistol at his head, to oblige him; but the marshal would not allow any violence to be offered to the man, and quietly gave the orders to continue to Avignon.

At nine o'clock in the morning the marshal arrived there, and stopped at the hotel of the Palais Royal, which was then called the Hotel de la Poste. While they changed horses and *viséd* the passports, the marshal alighted to take a basin of soup.

He had not been in the hotel above five minutes, before a considerable party assembled at the door. M. Moulins, the master of the

hotel, alarmed at the numbers, went immediately to the marshal and advised him not to wait for his papers, but to depart immediately, promising to send his passport and that of his aide-de-camp after him. The marshal arose; the horses being ready, he seated himself in his carriage amidst the murmurs of the populace, many of whom began already to shout *zaou*, an exciting cry, which always contains a menace and an excitement to murder in a single monosyllable.

The marshal started at a gallop, cleared without any impediment the gate of Loulle, followed and menaced, but not injured, by the shouts of the populace.

He imagined himself out of the reach of his enemies; but arriving at the Porte du Rhone, he perceived a party of men armed with guns and headed by Farges and Roquefort. This group, threatening the postillion with certain death, made him return. Forced to obey, at the distance of about fifty paces he found himself in the presence of those who had followed him from the Palais Royale. The postillion stopped, and in an instant the traces were cut; the marshal immediately opened the door and leaped out, followed by his valet-de-chambre, and entering by the Porte Loulle, followed by the second carriage containing his aide-de-camp, again entered the Palais Royale. It opened to receive him and his suite, and immediately closed its doors. The marshal asked for a chamber he was shown to one on the first floor. In less than ten minutes, three thousand persons had gathered round the hotel. At this moment the carriage, which the marshal had quitted, arrived, guided by the postillion, who had contrived to tie up the traces; they opened the gates of the coach-house to allow the carriage to enter; in so doing the crowd attempted to pass, but the porters, Vernet and Montemoulin, two men of colossal strength, contrived to drive back the multitude and close them. The aides-de-camp, who to this time had remained in their carriage, were desirous of alighting and joining the marshal; but M. Moulin ordered the porter Vernet to hide them in the coach-house. Vernet, taking one in each hand, dragged them in against their inclination, pushed them behind some empty barrels, covered them with some pieces of carpet, and telling them with a voice that sounded like the words of a prophet, "If you move, you are dead men." The aides-de-camp remained silent and motionless.

M. de St. Chamans, prefect of Avignon, who had hardly been an hour in the town, arrived at this juncture. The crowd were breaking the windows and the private door; the street was quite full, and a thousand death-cries were heard, among which was the terrible *zaou*. M. Moulin saw that all was lost unless they could keep the door until the troops of Major Lambot came up. He told Vernet to

take charge of those who were attacking the door, while he drove back those who had got in through the windows. And those two men undertook to dispute singly with the furious populace the blood for which they thirsted. One sprang into the passage, the other into the dining-room. Door and window were both broken in, several men had entered. At the sight of Vernet, whose strength was well known, they drew back. Vernet took advantage of it and again closed the door. Meanwhile, M. Moulin seized his double-barrelled gun, which was hanging over the mantel-piece, aimed at five men who were in the dining-room, and threatened to fire on them unless they instantly withdrew; four obeyed. M. Moulin, seeing that only one man remained, laid down his gun, took his adversary in his arms as if he had been a child, and threw him out of the window; the man died three weeks afterwards, not in the fall, but from the effects of the grasp. M. Moulin, after he had thrown him out, shut the window. As he was closing the shutter he felt some one take hold of his head and turn it violently over his left shoulder, and at the same moment a pane of glass flew into atoms, and the steel of a hatchet grazed his shoulder. M. de St. Chamans had seen the weapon descending, and had turned away, not the weapon, but the object against which it was aimed. M. Moulin caught hold of the handle of the hatchet, wrested it from the hands of the man who struck the blow, from which he had so narrowly escaped, shut the window again, barred the inner shutters, and hastened again to the marshal.

He found him walking rapidly up and down the room. His fine and noble countenance was as calm as if he had not known it was his death that these men sought. M. Moulin conducted him from the room number one into the room number three, which, being a back room looking into the yard, offered more chances of safety. The marshal asked for writing-paper, pen, and ink; M. Moulin brought them to him; the marshal sat down at a little table and began to write.

At this moment fresh cries were heard; M. de St. Chamans had gone out, and ordered the multitude to withdraw. A thousand voices asked immediately who he was who gave them orders; he told them his rank. "We only know the prefect by his uniform," was the answer from every side. Unfortunately the luggage of M. de St. Chamans had not yet arrived; he was dressed in a green coat, nankeen pantaloons, and sporting waistcoat—not a very imposing costume in such a situation. He stood on a bench to address the mob, but a voice exclaimed, "Down with the green coat! We have had enough of quacks." He was obliged to descend. Vernet opened the door for them; some of the populace tried to take advantage of it to get in

with him, but Vernet's fist fell three times, and three men rolled at his feet, like bulls struck down by the axe of the butcher; the others withdrew. Twelve defenders like Vernet would have saved the marshal; yet this man was a Royalist, he shared the opinions of those he opposed, and, like them, regarded the marshal as a mortal enemy; but he had a noble heart, he wished his trial, not his murder.

One man had heard what had been said to M. de St. Chamans about his uniform, and had gone to put on his own. This man was M. du Puy, a good and venerable old man, with white hair, a mild countenance, and conciliating voice. He returned in his mayor's dress, his scarf, and double cross of St. Louis, and the Legion of Honour: but neither his age nor rank were respected by these men; they did not let him even reach the door. He was thrown down, trampled under foot, his dress and scarf torn, and his white hairs covered with dust and blood; exasperation had reached its height. The garrison of Avignon, it appeared, was composed of four hundred volunteers, forming a battalion called the Royal Angoulême, and commanded by a man, who called himself Lieutenant-General of the liberating army of Vaucluse. The troop formed directly under the windows of the hotel of the Palais Royal. It was almost entirely composed of *Provençaux*, speaking the same *patois* as the porters and lowest class. The people asked the soldiers what they came for; why did not they let them do justice peaceably, and if they wanted to prevent their doing so? "Quite the contrary," replied one of the soldiers; "throw him out of the window, and we will catch him on our bayonets." This answer was received with terrible cries of joy. A silence of some minutes succeeded; it was easy to see that every one waited in expectation. The calm was only on the surface; soon fresh vociferations were heard, but this time from the interior of the hotel. A party had separated from the mob, led by Farges and Roquefort; they had scaled the walls by means of ladders, and sliding along the roof, came into a balcony which ran under the windows of a room in which they saw the marshal writing at a table.

Some broke through the windows without opening them, whilst others entered by the door. The marshal, surprised and suddenly surrounded, rose, and not wishing the letter he was writing to the Austrian commander for protection to fall into the hands of these wretches, tore it up. A man, who belonged to a more elevated class than the others, and who still wears the cross which he doubtless received for his conduct on this occasion, advanced towards the marshal sword in hand, and told him, if he had any preparations to make he must do it quickly, for he had only ten minutes to live.

"What do you say about ten minutes?" cried Farges, holding the barrel of the pistol against the breast of the marshal. The marshal moved it away with his hand as it went off, and the ball was lost in the cornice.

"Awkward fool!" said the marshal, raising his shoulders, "that cannot kill a man with your pistol at his breast!"

"True," replied Roquefort, in *patois*, "you shall see how such things should be done." At the same time he aimed at him with his carbine, fired, and the marshal fell dead. The bullet had passed through his breast, and buried itself in the wall.

The report of fire-arms had been heard in the streets, and the mob answered to each discharge by ferocious howls. A wretch named Cadillan ran to the front balcony, and holding in each hand a pistol, which he had dared to discharge even on the corpse, cut a caper. "Here," said he, "is he who did the deed!" and the scoundrel lied, for he boasted of a crime committed by bolder assassins.

Behind him came the general of the liberating army of Vaucluse. He bowed gracefully to the people. "The marshal has done justice on himself," said he: "Long live the king!"

Cries, in which hatred, revenge, and joy were mingled, rose from among the crowd; and the state-prosecutor and the magistrate immediately set to work to draw up the official certificate of suicide.

All being over, M. Moulin wished at least to save everything valuable in the carriage of the marshal. He found in his desk 40,000 francs, in his pockets a snuff-box enriched with diamonds, a pair of pistols and two sabres, one of which had the hilt ornamented with precious stones, and was a gift from the unfortunate Sultan Selim. As M. Moulin was crossing the yard with these things, the sabre was snatched from his hand by the commander of the volunteers, who kept it five years as a trophy: it was only in 1820 that he was forced to restore it to the widow of the marshal. This officer held his rank during the restoration, and was not deprived of it till 1830.

These things being in safety, M. Moulin wrote to M. du Puy to have the corpse of the marshal carried to the chapel, so that the crowd dispersing, the aides-de-camp might escape. The mayor sent a commissioner of police, and a litter covered with a pall, carried by four porters. As they were undressing the marshal to prove the death, M. Moulin perceived a belt which he wore round his body. He took it off and put it away. It contained four thousand francs. All these things were faithfully transmitted to the widow.

The body of Marshal Brueie was placed on the litter, and taken out without opposition; but hardly had the porters advanced twenty steps into the street, than cries of "To the Rhone! To the Rhone!"

were heard on every side. The commissioner of police, having attempted to resist, was thrown down. The porters received orders to change the road: they obeyed. The crowd hurried them towards the wooden bridge; and reaching the fourth arch, tore the litter from their hands, threw over the body, and with a cry of "military honours," guns were discharged at the corpse, which received two fresh bullets.

On the arch of the bridge was written, in red letters, "The tomb of Marshal Brune."

The Rhone refused to be the accomplice of these men. It carried away the body, which the assassins believed to have sunk; and the next morning it was found near Tarascon. Already the news of the murder had arrived. The corpse, which was recognised by its wounds, was again cast into the Rhone, and the stream carried it nearer to the sea.

Three leagues lower down it stopped a second time.

A man of about forty years of age, and a young man of eighteen, perceived, and also recognised it; but instead of throwing it again into the Rhone, drew it on the shore, carried it to an estate belonging to one of them, and there buried it. The eldest of these two men was M. de Chartrouze, and the youngest Amédée Pichot.

The body was disinterred by the orders of the widow, taken to her seat, St. Just, in Champagne, embalmed and placed in an apartment near her sleeping room, where it remained covered with a veil till a solemn and public trial cleared his memory from the charge of suicide; after which it was buried according to the sentence of the court of Riom. The assassins, who had escaped from human vengeance, did not escape from that of God: almost all died miserably. Roquefort and Farges were attacked by unknown illnesses, like those ancient scourges sent by God upon people he wished to punish. Farges suffered such violent anguish from a burning inflammation that his skin dried up, and he was buried in the earth up to the neck as the only means of diminishing his agony. Roquefort lost the use of his limbs, and was obliged to crawl like a reptile. Both died in dreadful pain, regretting the scaffold which would have saved them from their horrible sufferings.

Pointu, condemned to death at the assizes of La Drome for having assassinated five people, was abandoned by his party; his infirm and deformed wife used to be seen going from house to house at Avignon, asking alms for the man who during two months was the king of civil war and murder. At last she discontinued begging, and was seen with a black ribbon to her cap: Pointu had died nobody knew where; in some corner, perhaps in the hollow of a rock, or the

bottom of a wood, like an old tiger whose teeth were extracted and claws cut off.

Nadaud and Magnan were condemned to the galleys for ten years. Nadaud died there, and Mugnan, true to his murderous vocation, after leaving it became a rat-catcher, and poisoner of dogs.

There are others still living who have rank, crosses, and epaulettes, who rejoice in their impunity, and think that they are safe also from the eye of the Almighty.

Wait!





FOUNTAIN OF VAUCLUSE.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE FOUNTAIN OF VAUCLUSE.

WHEN the traveller has seen the Papal Palace at Avignon, which we have endeavoured to describe; the Church des Domni, which is a mixture of the Roman and Gothic styles, with a porch of the tenth century, and which contains the tomb of John XXII., belonging to the ornamental Gothic period, and worthy of admiration from the lightness and elegance of its workmanship; and has visited the museum, bequeathed by M. Calvet to the town, with its gallery of paintings—some very ancient, among which is a portrait of Caracalla, representing him as vending little pies—and its various specimens of the middle ages, one of which is the tomb of James second Duke of Chabannes, which we had vainly sought in the postmaster's yard of La Palisse, and spent an hour in the room No. 3, in which the dreadful event took place that we have related in the preceding chapter—he has seen everything in Avignon; and to turn his thoughts from the massacres of La Glacière, and the drownings in the Rhone, he should take a carriage at Boyer's, and ask his son, a good-humoured, indefatigable, and intelligent young man, to drive it, and set off on a fine

morning to visit the fountain of Vaucluse, still interesting as a memorial of Petrarch and Laura.

We shall not enter into any discussion as to the existence or non-existence of this celestial vision, to which the poet gave a material form. Volumes have been written for and against it; it matters little, for to us Laura not only existed but exists still. Such is the power of genius: it bestows immortality on its works. Beatrice, Ophelia, and Marguerite probably never existed, save in the dreams of Dante, Shakspeare, and Goethe; but where can nature show us beings more perfect?

The road which leads from Avignon to Vaucluse is very beautiful, and much resembles the one that goes from Rome to Frascati; the landscape is the same, and the same clearness of the air colours with similar tints a similar horizon. Avignon, like its queen, was a papal city; and if she had no capitol, had at least her Vatican.

Some time before reaching the mountains we come to the little village of L'Île, picturesquely situated, as its name indicates, on a piece of land surrounded with water. This water is that of the fountain of Vaucluse; which, deep, bubbling and rapid, half a league from its source divides into seven branches, all navigable to boats, and resigns its poetical name, which it will not profane by working mill-wheels and engines, to take that of La Sorgues. Travellers usually leave their conveyance at this village, and take a path which soon conducts them into the mountain.

A few steps from our point of destination we found an inn, kept by an old cook of the Duke of Otranto, who was full of the importance of his functions. We asked him if he could give us a dinner. "No, gentlemen," replied he, "I cannot give you a dinner; all I can do is to give you something to eat. When people want to dine at my house they must send word three days beforehand."

As we had another object in view than that of making a feast, we replied that we would content ourselves for that day with merely eating, and resumed our road, after telling him the time at which we would go through that performance.

The fountain of Vaucluse, which inspired Petrarch with some of his prettiest verses, forms a basin of about 60 feet in circuit, of which the depth cannot be determined. At the time we saw it, it had increased in three days about 130 feet. When it lessens, which happens without any apparent cause, the water disappears, and the basin presents the appearance of a vast tub, which can be easily descended into by the help of the stones and masses of rock. Then is seen, in the pointed rock which overlooks the fountain from a height of nearly 800 feet, the vault of the subterranean grotto through which

the water passes. It does not flow beyond but never dries sufficiently for the bottom to be seen. All around is a chaos; and one might think that the ground had been shaken by an earthquake. On the right hand, at the top of a rock, are crumbling away the ruins of what is called the house of Petrarch; but no evidence can be brought in support of this name, which has simply been given to it by the ignorance of the guides.

We remained four hours near the fountain, Jadin making a sketch of it, I reading Petrarch's verses; and we left it with regret as the hour approached at which we were to dine. We returned to our host, who, having learnt we were Parisians, had surpassed himself; and notwithstanding all our compliments, would only permit us to consider the five or six excellent dishes he had prepared as a hasty collation. The amount of the bill, we ought to say, was in harmony with the modesty of the *artiste*. After having taken a last look, and said a last farewell to the poetically-named fountain, we returned to Avignon, where the porter, Vernet, with whom we wished to be acquainted, was waiting for us at M. Moulin's. He was a fine-looking old man, still displaying much strength; he could not comprehend our praises and refused our money. We ordered some punch, but he scarcely tasted it. While he was talking with me, Jadin, without his knowledge, sketched his likeness, which was a very good resemblance, and gave it to him. Poor Vernet could not overcome his surprise, and at first thought we were laughing at him; at length, however, we convinced him our compliments were sincere, though we could not persuade him they were merited.

Towards the close of the evening our worthy host, who, as we have seen, behaved so honourably and bravely on the unfortunate 2nd of August, joined us. I had observed him regarding me with great attention several times during the day. Surprised at this, I asked him the reason.

"Your name is M. Alexandre Dumas?" said he.

"Yes."

"Excuse my curiosity, but are you the son of General Alexandre Dumas?"

"I am."

"I thought so by the resemblance. Well, I knew your father."

"Indeed!"

"That is to say, as a soldier knows his general."

"You served under him?"

"Through all the wars of Italy and the Tyrol. You were speaking of strength just now; what a wrist your father had!"

"I hope, my dear M. Moulin, he never gave you any proof of it."

"You are mistaken, then, for I had a very rough one."

"Bah!"

"But I don't mind it; it was for my own good."

"Tell me about it."

"We were in garrison at Plaisance. As the inhabitants of the town assassinated some of us every day, the general had issued an order, forbidding officers and soldiers to go out unarmed. I was at that time young and feared nothing; I knew my own strength, and should have had no trouble in thrashing three men. So I went out one day in plain clothes, my hands in my pockets, and without weapons of any sort, to play the dandy in the market-place, when your father came up on horseback. I saw him approaching me, and said to myself, 'I am done for!' He came straight to me. 'Why have you no sabre?' asked he. 'General ——.' 'Scoundrel! you wish to get yourself murdered, then! We'll see!' Saying this, he caught me by the collar, set his horse off at full gallop, made me skim the ground like a swallow, and then, without stopping, threw me into the guard-room, saying, 'Four-and-twenty hours' confinement for this coxcomb.' That was soon over; the imprisonment was not what humbled me most, it was having been carried through Plaisance like a puppet. 'Well, brigadier,' said he to me at the next review. 'Well, general,' answered I, 'I used to fancy myself a strong man, but in your hands I am only a child.' 'There is a louis—go and drink my health with your comrades; another time don't go out without your sabre.' His second piece of advice was unnecessary, and I took good care not to forget the first."

I stretched out my hand to the old soldier who had touched that of my father, and who had so well remembered his early profession when it was so necessary to defend *him* who, though not my father, always called me his son.



THE FONT DU GARD.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE BRIDGE OVER THE GARD.

THE next morning, at seven o'clock, we were awakened by our clever cicerone; he came that we might visit together Villeneuve-lez-Avignon. We told Boyer to wait for us on the road to Nismes, and crossing the wooden bridge, the island of the Rhone, and the bridge of boats, found ourselves at Villeneuve. Seeking for a spot from which we could take a sketch of the town, we perceived a young man who had already chosen one. We approached, and recognised one of our best friends, Paul Huet, the poetical painter, the artist of dull sandy shores, wild plains, and grand horizons. We felt the interest of a meeting like this, two hundred leagues from Paris, without any appointment having been made; and after waiting till he had given the finishing touch to his drawing, which passed into our portfolio, we began examining Villeneuve.

The Gothic monuments of Villeneuve are, first, a very fine tower of the fourteenth century, with pointed turrets, which is united to the ruins of a fortress, and was probably destined to command the bridge of St. Benezet, over against which it stands. Next is a church of about the same date, built in the style of architecture employed at the end of the thirteenth century. It contains a "Descent from the Cross" by an Italian master, probably Giotto, who may have executed this

when he came to paint the chapel of the palace. The colouring is magnificent; but it is so badly placed that none but an artist would discover its merits. This is not the only remarkable painting buried in this dungeon; the hospital possesses a fresco of the fifteenth century, inferior in nothing to those of the Campo Santo of Pisa. It is an imitation of Orgagna and Simon Memmi, representing the Last Judgment. The Trinity occupies the upper part of the picture; the Virgin is seated below the Holy Ghost and between the Father and the Son, half hidden by the drapery of the two heavenly Beings; round them are angels with green and red wings, which remind us of the Byzantine style, and under their feet lie the damned and the demons. Popular tradition attributes this picture to King René himself; and I could forgive him for being so poor a king if he were so great a painter. Among the angels are given the portraits of several lords of the Provençal court who remained faithful to the king in his misfortunes, and among the damned those who, like Judas, betrayed their master.

In a corner of La Chartreuse, which was sold in lots at the time of the Revolution, under a cow-shed belonging to a poor vine-dresser, lie the magnificent ruins of the tomb of Innocent VI., which is fully equal to that of John XXII. for the workmanship of its foliage and its miniature towers and columns. Unfortunately, the figures which ornamented the lower base have been detached, and sold one after the other, and the statue of the Pope has the hands and face mutilated. At the end of half a century Avignon discovered that it possessed a chef-d'œuvre of statuary in its suburbs, and wished to remove it to the museum. The inhabitants of Villeneuve, enlightened by this step, took it into their heads to become amateurs, and opposed the removal of the tomb; and while they are disputing the tomb remains exposed to the injuries inflicted by destructive children, who so delight in aiming at anything resembling the human figure. As we were deploring this barbarous conduct, we were relieved by the assurance that measures had just been determined upon for removing the tomb into one of the chapels of the hospital.

The time was now come for us to re-enter our cabriolet. We took leave of our new friend, R——, expressing our hopes that his avocations would soon conduct him to Paris. As for Huet, having nothing better to do, he accompanied us as far as the Pont du Gard. After walking for about two hours we reached the Remoulins, where we first saw the Gard, which rises near Saint Germain de Calberti, and is crossed by an iron suspension-bridge attached to four fluted columns as delicate and aerial as the bridge itself. The effect produced by this model of lightness is so striking that an amateur of

the Terpsichorean art has written on one of the columns, *Pont Taglioni* (Taglioni's Bridge); and this name has clung to it ever since.

Unfortunately for this exquisite specimen of modern industry, it has a neighbour which, like the magnetic mountain in the Arabian Nights, attracts the traveller so strongly that he has hardly time to cast more than a passing glance at the bridge. We dismounted in order to allow our horse, which had to take us the same evening to Nîmes, time to rest himself, and then entered, accompanied by a guide belonging to the neighbourhood, a cross path which shortens the distance about a quarter of an hour's walk. We had been skirting the base of a mountain for forty minutes, and, in our impatience, asking everyone whether we had nearly reached our destination, when suddenly we beheld, towering above the sombre foliage of the oaks and olive-trees, and standing out against the blue sky, two or three arcades of a warm yellowish tint; they were the head of the Roman giant. We still continued to advance, and at the first turning of the mountain we perceived at one glance the entire structure about a hundred paces before us.

It is impossible to form any idea of the effect of this chain of granite uniting two mountains, of the stone rainbow filling the whole horizon, of these three stories of porticoes magnificently gilt by the suns of eighteen centuries. I have seen some few of the wonders of the world: Westminster, proud of the tombs of its kings; the Cathedral of Rheims, with its stones as transparent as lace; that depot of palaces called Genoa; Pisa and its Leaning Tower; Florence and its Dome; Terni and its Cascade; Venice and the Place of St. Mark; Rome and the Colosseum; Naples and its Bay; Catania and its Volcano. I have been carried, with the swiftness of an arrow, down the Rhine, and have seen Strasbourg and its marvellous spire, which looks as if it had been built by fairy hands, flit before my eyes; I have witnessed the sun rise upon the Righi and set behind Mont Blanc; but never have I beheld (with the exception of the Temple of Segesta, which, like the structure I am speaking of, is also buried in a desert) anything that struck me as so beautiful, so grand and so Virgilian as the magnificent epic in granite that is called the Pont du Gard.

I then recollected the bridge of Remoulins, which was built to save the traveller the trouble of passing over the Pont du Gard, and by which admirable contrivance a man who has travelled five hundred leagues to see the Campo Santo and the columns of Trajan and Pompey, saves two leagues, and, without being aware of the fact, passes near a marvellous structure, the like of which he may search for elsewhere in vain.

These two bridges, however, may be fairly taken as emblems of the two states of society which created them, and offer a perfect contrast of the genius of ancient and of modern times. The one, full of confidence in itself, reposing on its colossal base, and believing in an existence of ages, built for eternity; the other, sceptical, inconstant, frivolous, and alive to the progress that is every day made, erects temporary structures for the passing generation. The one is called the Bridge of Agrippa, the other the Pont Seguin.

It is said that it was the son-in-law of Augustus, the *curator perpetuus aquarum*, who came and repeated in Gaul some of the waterworks with which he had already endowed Rome. Nismes, the rival of Arles, suffered from a scarcity of water; but at Uzès, which was seven miles distant, there was a copious, healthy and limpid spring. Agrippa ordered his population of soldiers to conduct this spring to where his will called it; and, under the hands of an army, there arose an aqueduct which scaled hills, cut through rocks, skirted eminences, united mountains, traversed morasses, passed under villages, and terminated at Nismes, whither it conveyed the water which, at the cost of so much labour, had in turn passed through the clouds and pierced through the bowels of the land in its course. Modern civilisation has certainly presented industry and commerce with many remarkable discoveries, but had Agrippa been acquainted with Artesian wells we should, in all probability, never have had the Pont du Gard.

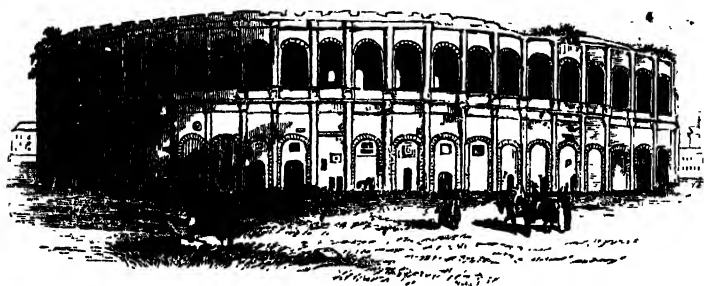
After having paused in wonder before the whole, we proceeded to examine the whole in detail. The bridge is composed, as we have already seen, of three rows of arcades; the Gard flows at the foot of the first, the traveller passes along the side of the second, and above the third ran the water from Uzès. The lower arcades are six in number, the intermediary ones eleven, whilst the highest extend to thirty-five.

From the airy summit of the structure, which commands the whole valley of the Gard, I saw Jadin and Huet surrounded by a troop of gipsies, who had emerged from a cave which serves them as a place of residence whenever they take a fancy to come down from the Pyrenees. The sight was too new for me not to hasten and offer them my mite. They spoke no French, but we managed to understand one another in Italian. They were travelling in France for pleasure, without any other object than the mere desire of living, without any other resource than public charity, and probably without any other trade than thieving. Fortunately we were four in number, and Jadin and I had our fowling-pieces slung at our backs. I own that if I had been alone and unarmed, I should have reckoned the meeting less picturesque and more dangerous.

This Roman aqueduct was rendered unserviceable during the invasion of the barbarians; it is even asserted that the Visigoths, on their passage through Languedoc to Spain, endeavoured to destroy it, but at the moment they were about to commence the work of destruction they turned giddy at seeing the monument so grand and themselves so little, and, like the robbers of Ariosto, prostrated themselves before the giant.

In 1564, Charles IX. made a journey into the south of France, and visited the Pont du Gard. He was received by the Duke de Crussol, who gave him an entertainment on the banks of the river, and the moment the king passed the cave where we met the gipsies twelve young girls, dressed as nymphs, came out and offered him pastry and sweetmeats.

The bridge remained just as it had been left by the ancient workmen until the year 1747, when a road for foot-passengers and carriages was built against it. The authorities of Nismes were so proud of this marvellous idea, which spoilt a chef-d'œuvre, that they had a medal struck with this motto: "*Nunc utilius.*" It was reserved for the eighteenth century to dishonour that monument which the barbarians of the fifth had not ventured to destroy. We were so fascinated at the bridge that we could not leave it till nightfall, and it was another beautiful sight to see darkness descending on the valley, and to watch the light fading away from these sun-gilded stones. Unfortunately, there was no moon, or I think we should have remained to see it in the moonlight, as we had seen it in the sunshine. The consequence of this exclusive admiration was, that we could see nothing of the country from Remoulins to Nismes. After having seen the Pont du Gard, you should close your eyes and not open them again till you are in front of the Arena or the Maison Carrée.



AMPHITHEATRE AT NISMES.

CHAPTER XX.

REBOUL.

THERE was one thing at Nîmes I was even more anxious to see than its monuments, this was its poet. I had a letter from Baron Taylor to him, with this singular address: "N. Reboul, Poet and Baker." Some of his verses which I had read appeared to me very good. On awaking in the chief town of the Gard, my first visit was to Reboul. A young man whom I met as I left the hotel, and of whom I inquired the way, not only pointed it out, but, pleased at the curiosity of a stranger, offered to show me the house.

Before reaching our journey's end we passed the Arena. I turned my head the other way so that the Roman colossus, which was to have its turn, should not attract either my eyes or my thoughts.

"We are passing the Arenâ," said my guide.

"Thank you, I do not see it," replied I.

Fifty steps further he stopped at the corner of a little street.

"That is where Reboul lives."

"A thousand thanks. Do you know if I am likely to find him at home at this time?"

My guide inclined his head so as to get a side look through the half-open door.

"He is in the shop," replied he, and went away.

I remained a moment thinking, with my letter in my hand. In my reception by this man, which would be most clearly shown?—his natural disposition or his social position? Would he talk to me of poetry or flour, the academy or agriculture, publishing or the harvest? I knew that I should find him a great man, but would his manner be unaffected? I entered.

"Is it M. Reboul I have the honour of addressing?"

"Himself."

"A letter from Taylor."

"What is he doing?"

"He pursues the artistic mission he has undertaken. You know he is one of those who, devoted to a search for the beautiful, pass their lives in acquiring greater glory for their country and their friends, without thinking that they wear out their health and fortune in the service of others."

"You are quite right." And he began to read the letter I had presented to him.

I examined him during this time; he was a man of from thirty-three to thirty-five years of age, above the middle size, with an almost Arabian complexion, glossy, thick hair, and teeth of ivory.

On coming to my name he looked from the letter to me, and I then perceived he had magnificent eyes, as powerful and soft as those of an Indian, made to express love and passion.

"Sir," said he, "I am under very great obligations to Baron Taylor, and do not know how I shall be able to thank him sufficiently." I bowed in my turn. "But," continued he, "will you permit me to be candid with you?"

"I hope you will be so."

"You come to see the poet and not the baker, I suppose? I am a baker from five in the morning till four in the afternoon; from four till midnight I am a poet. Do you want any rolls? I can give you some very good ones. Do you want verses? Come back at five and I will give you some very bad ones."

"I will come back at five!"

"Mary!" (As he spoke two or three customers came in.) "You see," said he, "we should not have an instant." He served them, and at the same time the door of the bakehouse opened, and a man came in.

"The oven is heated!"

"Send Mary into the shop; I have called her, but she did not hear me. I shall see to the baking myself!" A middle-aged woman came to take his place at the counter. "I shall see you at five," said he to me.

"I shall not fail!" And he went to bake his bread.

I left meditating on this mixture of simplicity and poetry. Was this mannerism or nature? Did this man play a part, or did he simply follow the twofold nature of his organisation? This I was about to learn.

I walked about during the three hours which elapsed between the first and second interviews. I do not well know what I saw. I mused on the present state of society. The people, from whom everything has proceeded for the last fifty years, after having given France soldiers, tribunes and marshals, was now to furnish it with poets. The eye of the Omnipotent had penetrated into the depths of France; the people had their Lamartine.

I came back at the time appointed. Reboul was waiting for me at a little side door. His shop, which was still open, was left to the care of the woman who had taken his place in the morning, and he came forward to meet me. He had changed his dress; the one he wore was extremely simple but very neat, something between that of the people and the middle class.

We ascended a little winding staircase, and came to the entrance of a loft, on the floor of which were piled up in separate heaps different sorts of cheese. We turned down one of the little valleys which these mountains of food left between them, and ten steps brought us to the door of the room.

"Here," said Reboul, closing it behind us, "we are separate from the world of realities; now for the world of illusions. This is the sanctuary; prayer, inspiration, and poetry alone have the right to enter it. In this room, plain as you see it, I have passed the most pleasant hours of my life, those in which I write and reflect."

The room had an almost monastic simplicity; the curtains of the bed and windows were white, while some rush-bottomed chairs and a walnut-wood bureau composed the whole of the furniture. The library consisted of two volumes, the Bible and Corneille. "I begin," said I, "to understand your two lives, which till now appeared incomprehensible."

"There is nothing more simple," replied Reboul, "and the one assists the other; while the arms work the head is at rest, and while the head works the arms are at rest."

"Excuse what I am going to ask!"

"Go on."

"Are you of a good family?"

"I am the son of a workman."

"At least, you have received some education?"

"None!"

"What made you a poet?"

"Misfortune!"

I looked around me; everything seemed so calm, so quiet, so happy in this little room, that the word, misfortune seemed to have no echo there.

"You are trying to find some explanation of what I have just said, are you not?" continued Reboul.

"And I acknowledge I can find none."

"Have you never passed over a tomb without knowing it?"

"Yes, indeed! But the grass was greener and the flowers sweeter there."

"It was so with me. I married a woman that I loved; my wife is dead."

I stretched out my hand. He continued: "I was in great grief, for which I vainly sought some alleviation. I had mixed hitherto only with men of my own class; gentle and compassionate, but vulgar-minded. Instead of saying to me, 'Weep, and we will weep with you,' they tried to console me; the tears which I longed to shed flowed back to my heart and deluged it. I sought solitude, and finding no one who could understand me, poured forth my grief to the Almighty. My lonely and religious lamentations took a poetical and elevated character, which I had never remarked in my words. My thoughts were expressed in an idiom new even to myself; and as they turned to heaven, finding no sympathy on the earth, the Lord gave them wings and they ascended towards him."

"Yes; it is so," said I, as if he had been explaining the simplest thing in the world, "and I understand it now. It is thus that true poets become so. How many men of talent only want a great misfortune to become men of genius! You have told me in one word the secret of your whole life; I know it now as well as you do."

"To my private sorrows public grief was added. Think of the poet who sees falling around him, like October leaves, all religious faith, all political conviction; and who is left like a tree stripped of its foliage to wait for a spring which may perhaps never come. You are not a Royalist, I know; therefore I will not speak to you of your old monarchy, turned off like a discharged servant. But you are religious. Imagine, then, what it must be to see the holy images before which, as a child, your mother led you to pray, cast down, trampled under the hoofs of horses, drawn through the mud, imagine what it must be to see such things in Nismes, in this old city, full of civil discord; where everything speaks of hatred; where blood flows so quickly and so long. Oh! had I not had poetry to complain in, and religion to console me, my God! what would have become of me?"

"Believe me, we have all seen similar things; and in consequence, at the hour of need every poet will be the friend of order. The domain of poetry has been increased by the field of politics; revolutions have ploughed it with the sword—our fathers have fertilised it with blood; let us sow the seed, and faith will grow again."

"You have an entire kingdom in the stage; for me, I have but a garden. But never mind, I will cultivate flowers and wreath them into a crown which shall be thrown to you."

"You did not come here to make me compliments, but to give me some verses?"

"Do you really wish it? or do you only ask from curiosity and politeness?"

"I thought we knew each other too well for such questions to be necessary to either."

"You are right! I am ready. When I tire you, you have only to bid me stop."

He commenced. I remarked in his voice, from the very first, the intonation which belongs peculiarly to the modern school—the same style which so often struck me in De Vigny, in Lamartine and in Hugo; and yet, at this period, Reboul knew none of them. This proved to me a thing I had long suspected, that in modern verse there is a melody which is quite absent from the poetry of the old school. While he was speaking I watched him; his countenance had assumed a new expression, that of faith. An earnest internal conviction was displayed on the exterior as he read on, and according to what he read.

We passed four hours in this way; he pouring out a flood of poetry, and I constantly asking for more. I did not spare a single drawer of his bureau; everything was brought out, manuscripts, papers, loose leaves, and at last I pointed to a rough copy of something.

"That," said he, "you shall read yourself, to-morrow."

"Why so?"

"Because it is some verses addressed to you. I scrawled them whilst I was waiting for you. Now let us go and see the Arena; in doing so we shall but change the style of poetry, only I reserved the best to the last."

Reboul's house was, as I have said, near the Arena, and the first street we took brought us opposite to it. It was the first great Roman monument I had seen since the Arch of Triumph and the theatre at Orange. We went round it at the ordinary pace of men who converse while they walk, and this took us nearly a quarter of an hour, at the end of which time we were again at the entrance. Reboul made himself known to the porter, and though the hour for visiting

it was past, Reboul, as a townsman and neighbour, obtained admission. Five francs, which I slipped into the hand of this modern Janitor, placed me so high in his opinion that he easily granted my request to remain even after Reboul (whom I could not decently ask to pass the night in the open air) should be gone. However, he insisted on accompanying me in my first visit to the interior; so we began inside and under the lower gallery the same circular promenade we had just made outside, then we went to the upper gallery, and from thence into the circus.

It is impossible to form an idea of the effect produced by the gigantic ruin when seen by moonlight. Certainly, Italy has grander remains, and the proportions of the Circus of Titus are still more colossal than in that of Antoninus, but you come to them by gradations which prepare you for the spectacle you are about to behold; to reach them you have to pass by the Theatre of Agrippa, the ruins of the Capitol, and the Arch of Titus. Besides, it is Rome, the city of great men and great things; but at Nismes, in the centre of our modern France, where no indication prepares us for the sight of these wonderful remains of a forgotten civilisation, the giant's skeleton surpasses all the powers of the mind, all the limits of imagination, all the proportions of thought.

Reboul easily perceived the effect produced on me by this sight. "You want nobody now," said he; "all I could say to you would not be worth these ruins. I leave you with the spectre of a world—interrogate it."

I gave him my hand, and motioned him to withdraw. He went away, and I heard his steps resounding some time in the depths of the amphitheatre, then become fainter, then die away, and I stood alone in the solitude.

The night was fine, though rather cloudy; the moon, which was at its full, pierced through the transparent atmosphere of the south, which its cold, pale rays sufficed to lighten up. It was like a northern twilight. From time to time the wind blew in gusts, swelled through the galleries, sounded like the flapping of an eagle's wings, and escaped through the openings which the hand of man or the foot of Time have made in the venerable edifice. There was something indistinct in the sound which froze the soul and made the body tremble; at one time you might have imagined it the roaring of the wild beasts, at another the groans of the gladiators. Sometimes a large cloud passed between the moon and the earth, and a shadow was cast over the Arena like a pall over a coffin; for a time the details were lost in obscurity, then by degrees, as if the hand of God raised the shroud, the corpse began again to appear, stretched out and mutilated.

I remained two hours thus re-constructing in my mind the ruined monument, and the company which filled it. All the places which had been occupied by the great Roman nation were still visible and could be re-peopled. The four first rows beginning from the ground were reserved for the principal persons of the colony, the seats were separated, and each noble family had its own marked with its name. At the northern door still stood the consular estrade, and at the southern that of the priestesses. Above them two black arches marked the recesses into which in case of rain, those retired who held their privileges from religion or Cæsar. The ten following rows, separated from the four first by a wall, were reserved for the knights, who had egress and ingress by forty-four passages; ten other rows were reserved for the citizens, who reached them through thirty entrances; and the populace and slaves crowning this huge reversed pyramid, stood in crowds against the upper wall, in which were fixed the posts which supported the *Velarium*.

On holidays, that is to say, when blood was to flow, 30,000 spectators filled the seats, stopped up the entrances, and even clung to the beams; but it sometimes happened that as the man and the beast were beginning to fight a passing storm would burst in rain and lightning over the amphitheatre. Then the gladiator was sent back to his prison and the lion to his den; the 30,000 spectators rose spontaneously, and went into the galleries. The rain had then but the stones to pelt, and the building might have been deemed empty but for the buzzing of the people under the arcades, like that of bees in their hives. Meanwhile the animal licked his wounds, and the man staunched his blood; but as soon as a ray of sunshine appeared to dry the seats, which were arranged in a slanting manner to allow the water to run off, and the sand had drunk in the rain, the consul re-appeared at his place, and the 30,000 spectators re-entered by a hundred openings, spread themselves again round the circle, resumed the seats they had quitted for a short time, and the iron bars of the Arena again opened to admit the lion and the gladiator.

The place in which I was sitting happened to be one of the best preserved in the amphitheatre. At my feet twelve or fifteen steps conducted, in unbroken succession, to the ground. I went down this gigantic staircase, the upper steps of which are fifteen hundred feet in circumference, and reached the Arena itself; on either side, facing each other, are still seen the two doors through which the combatants entered.

At the time of the barbaric invasions, the Visigoths found the amphitheatre, which was then only three centuries old, in perfect preservation; they converted it into a citadel, and in consequence of its

new destination flanked the eastern gate with two towers, which remained standing till 1809. The Saracens, after being beat by Charles Martel, took refuge in their turn within its walls; the conqueror pursued them, and all the outer side of the colossus still bears the mark of the flames which were lighted by the besiegers. The barbarians being expelled, a garrison was left in the ancient fortress, and gave rise to the Association of the Arena, composed of knights who were bound by an oath to defend it till death. These knights were, in their turn, driven out by a movement of the commons, and the people, who succeed to everything, founded a colony within the walls of the amphitheatre which was in existence in 1810, composed of three hundred houses inhabited by two thousand people. •

I do not know when I should have quitted these magnificent ruins if I had not heard three in the morning strike; when I thought it was time to leave them. I then awoke the gate-keeper, and, with some trouble, got back to my hotel.

CHAPTER XXI.

AIGUESMORTES.



WHILE we were at breakfast the next morning, our host came up to us.

"Doubtless," said he, "you come to Nismes for the Ferrade?"

"What is that?" asked I.

"Oh, sir, 'tis a very great fête! 'Tis marking the bulls of La Camargue."

"Where is it done?"

"In the Circus."

"When?"

"Next Sunday."

Jadin and I looked at each other;

we were both anxious to see the Ferrade, but, unfortunately, our time was engaged: it was only Wednesday, and we could not well remain at Nismes till Sunday. We mentioned this to our host.

"But," said he, "had you any idea of making an excursion in the environs of Nismes?"

"We thought of going to Aiguesmortes and St. Gilles."

"That will suit admirably: You can leave here to-day, sleep at Aiguesmortes, stop there to-morrow and the next day, and return by St. Gilles."

"What do you say to it, Jadin?"

"I say that our landlord is a capital tactician."

"Then let us have horses and be off."

I immediately went to Reboul, who was confing to do us the honours of Nismes. I informed him of our new arrangement, which he ap-

proved, regretting he could not accompany us. Aiguesmortes was his favourite city; Aiguesmortes was the well from which he drew poetry when his own spring was dry; Aiguesmortes inspired him with some of his finest verses; he loved this town as a man loves a sweetheart who is dying of decline before his eyes. Indeed, if I had not long desired to see the city of St. Louis, Reboul's enthusiasm for the French Damietta would have given me a wish to make a pilgrimage to it.

Half an hour afterwards we were rapidly travelling towards Montpellier.

Our cabriolet could only take us as far as Lunel, from which there is a cross road to the poor decayed city, which is visited only by poets, historians and painters. As we advanced, the increasing flatness of the ground showed that we were drawing near the sea. We soon found ourselves in an immense marsh, interspersed with large pools of water, in the centre of which were islands covered with weeds and shrubs. In the horizon we perceived, on the left, a fine forest of Italian pine, the king of the southern trees; at its foot, and opposite to us, a line of azure showed us where the sea was, and on our right a clump of trees overhung a farm, behind which the town was hidden that we were proceeding to. The more we advanced the more dull and silent became the country round; no living being, except some heron we had frightened, and which rose with a shrill cry, or a white seagull fluttering carelessly above the water, animated this solitude. We at last found ourselves on a causeway which passed between two ponds, each as large as a lake; in the middle of the causeway stood a tower,* a contemporary of St. Louis, open to all who passed, without guards to defend it, and coloured by a tint like that of the fallen leaf, which the southern sun gives to monuments it shines upon. As we approached we saw a sort of custom house officer rise, the feverish sentinel of this marshy entrance; but perceiving by our costume and luggage that we were not smugglers, he sat down again, trembling all over, on a chair placed in the sun against the wall. A dog lying near him appeared to suffer like himself from the mephitic influence of this dull place. They formed an extremely melancholy group, in singular harmony with the landscape.

We approached this man, and, to enter into conversation, asked him if it were far to Aiguesmortes; he replied we should see the town in ten minutes, and should be there in three quarters of an hour. We then asked if he had been living there long; he told us, about four years. He was robust and in good health when he came—four summers

* La tour Charbonniere.

had sufficed to reduce him to the state in which he then was; he was dying at the expense of the Government, and did not cost them much, as they only gave him a hundred crowns a-year for it. We expressed our surprise that, knowing the effects of such a locality, he should have accepted this post. "What would you do?" said he; "one must live."

We continued our way, admiring the height to which human resignation can be carried, and, as the dying man had said, in ten minutes we saw Aiguesmortes, or rather its walls; for no house rises above its ramparts, and the Gothic city looks like a jewel carefully inclosed in a casket of stone.

However great may be the wish of the inhabitants of Aiguesmortes to prove that their city was founded by Marius, who, according to Claudius Ptolemy, having fixed his camp on the Rhone, profited by the leisure which the Teutons left him to make a canal from the navigable part of the stream to the sea, for the convenience of the boatmen who supplied his army with provisions—the earliest age of which we find any real traces is the eighth century, during which the town of Matafère was built, which the general history of Languedoc says stood on the site of the present town. About the same time a Benedictine abbey was built half a league from Aiguesmortes, near the road leading to Nîmes; it was called Psalmodi, on account of the perpetual chanting heard from the monks, which, says Gregory of Touro, who calls it *Psalterium perpetuum*, was then the custom of some convents. This abbey, which was destroyed in 725 by the Saracens, was rebuilt in 788 by Charlemagne, who added to it the tower of Matafère. After this the peasants of the neighbourhood, finding at the same place spiritual and temporal protection, built their houses round the fortress, which was not long before it changed its name for that of the stagnant water surrounding it.

In the twelfth century the town of Aiguesmortes, under the protection of the monastery of Psalmodi and the Lords of Toulouse, had become a maritime city. Bernard de Trevisse, canon of Maguelonne, author of the romance of "Pierre de Provence," who lived about 1160, says, that in its harbour were vessels from Genoa, Constantinople and Alexandria. Astruc, indeed, in his "Notes on the History of Languedoc," thinks that this passage was interpolated by Petrarch. This is possible; but Aiguesmortes must then have been of some importance, as St. Louis selected it in the middle of the thirteenth century as the place in which the fleet he was about to command was to assemble.

At this point France was far from being the size it now is. It consisted of only Orleanais, the Isle of France and Picardy, the original

domains of the crown; Berry, bought by Philip I.; Normandy and Touraine, confiscated from King John by Philip Augustus; and it was not till five and twenty years after that Philip the Bold inherited Languedoc, so that it possessed no port on the Mediterranean.

Louis IX. began by securing that of Marseilles, which was offered to him by his sister-in-law, Beatrice, Countess of Provence. But as this was not enough for him, as Montpellier and its dependencies were held from the King of Arragon, as the old port of Agde and the new port of St. Gilles belonged to the Count of Toulouse, a troublesome and heretic vassal, he proposed that the Abbot of Palmodi should give him the port of Aiguesmortes in exchange for a vast extent of territory which he possessed near Sommières, on the borders of the Vidourle. The offer was accepted, and the act of cession executed in August, 1246; it was then that, to encourage new settlers to come to the town he had just obtained, Louis IX., by letters patent given in 1246, enfranchised the inhabitants of Aiguesmortes from all contributions and imposts, from all voluntary or forced loans, and from any toll upon their productions throughout the royal domains; exempted them from military service beyond the dioceses of Nîmes, Uzès, and Maguelonne; gave them the free use of the fisheries and pasturage round the town, as well as the privilege of shooting over their own territory; and finally recognised their right of electing annually from among themselves four consuls, who were invested with the municipal authority, the king only reserving the right of nominating the judge, whom he engaged not to select from among the inhabitants of the town, and appointing the Capitaine Viguier Châtelain. These privileges, which were immense at that age, had the result Louis IX. expected from them; inhabitants flocked to the free town. The port, restored entirely at the expense of the monuments of the neighbourhood, and even, if we are to believe Gariel, of the old tombs of the church of Maguelonne, received about the middle of the year 1248, a numerous fleet, which was joined in the month of August by Louis IX. himself, preceded by the *Ori-flamme*, and wearing the scrip and shovel-hat which were the insignia of pilgrimage. On the 25th of August, 1000 of the king's vessels came with 36,000 soldiers, left the roads, and set sail for the island of Cyprus, where they were to be joined by the rest of the fleet which had set out from Marseilles. On one of the eight hundred vessels which went from the harbour of the last-named city, was, as he himself tells us, the Sire de Joinville, the simple and poetic historian of this crusade.

Everyone knows how the enterprise failed, although they took Damietta; how during the sojourn they made in this city, while waiting for the fall of the waters of the Nile, and the succours which

the Count de Poitiers was to bring from France—"the soldiers of the Lord corrupted themselves to such a degree," says Joinville, "that debauchery and excesses were carried on by the royal servants close to the king's pavilion;" and how after the victory of Mansourah, in which the Count of Artois was killed, famine, illness and wildfire made such ravages in the Christian army that, not being able to advance against Cairo, Louis IX. was obliged to retire." It was during this retreat that the king was surrounded and made prisoner at Minieh; he was afterwards taken to Mansourah, where the Sultan offered to restore him to liberty for 8000 bezants. "A king of France," replied Louis, "does not ransom himself for money, he must be exchanged for an emperor or a town. Take Damietta for my ransom, and the 8000 gold bezants for that of my army." Notwithstanding the death of the Sultan, which happened during the negotiations, the treaty was concluded on the same conditions between the Mamelukes and the haughtiest Christian ever seen in the East. The king embarked directly for Alexandria, but instead of returning to France set sail for the Holy Land, where he remained three months, constantly expecting supplies of men and money from Europe; but they never came. It was there that, in 1252, he heard of the death of his mother; this intelligence made him determine to return to France. He embarked at St. Jean d'Acre, and landed at the Islands of Hieres, July 17, 1254.

Louis IX., who, hoping for a second crusade, continued to wear a cross upon his dress, succeeded in restoring peace to the kingdom; but tranquillity was hardly established in France when he convoked the Parliament of Paris, presented himself before it, bearing in his hands the crown of thorns of our Saviour, and ordered a second crusade. It was then that he formed the design of surrounding the town of Aiguesmortes with ramparts; and as the Sovereign Pontiff had been born at St. Gilles, and before attaining the papal throne had been successively a soldier, advocate to the Parliament of Paris, and secretary to the king, he spoke to him of his plans.

It was while the king held his court at St. Gilles, while waiting for the Genoese vessel, and it was among the *fêtes* given to the ambassadors of Michel Paléologue, that the line where the fortifications were to be was marked out round Aiguesmortes. The king wished them to be of the appearance, size, and height of those of Damietta, that they might serve as a memorial of the victory which had ushered in his first crusade. But just as the first stones were about to be laid, the vessels they were expecting arrived, commanded by Count Alfonso, and decided the departure of the king.

On the 1st of July, 1270, St. Louis quitted the shores of France,

and on the 25th of the following August expired on a bed of ashes at the very spot where the messenger of Rome found Marius sitting on the ruins of Carthage.

"And," says Joinville, "as God died for his people, so also did the holy King Louis put his body in danger, and risk death for the people of his kingdom."

A faithful heir, as he had been a pious son and a brave soldier, Philip the Bold was no sooner on the throne than he remembered his father's wishes with regard to Aiguesmortes. By his orders the circle of ramparts which still surrounds it was built according to the plan decided on, so that we may even now, on seeing its walls, over which eight centuries have passed, rebuild the Eastern city which we should vainly seek at the mouth of the Nile.

You can easily form an idea of the curiosity with which we approached these historical ramparts, which, in addition to their wonderful associations, are the most perfect model of fortifications left by the religious and military civilisation of the thirteenth century. Aiguesmortes is associated with more recent events than those we have given a short account of; the treason of Louis de Malaque, who for a short period delivered these holy walls up to the Burgundians; a political interview between Charles V. and Francis I.; a forest burnt by Barbarossa; the poisoning of the Calvinists in the Tower of Constance; and a canal constructed by the orders of Louis XV. But what were all these little anecdotes to us, after the magnificent pages written by Louis IX. and Philip the Bold on the stone book which lay open before us?

We entered Aiguesmortes by the castle gate, and it was then that the truth of Reboul's description struck me:—

*"Et puis nous irons voir, car décadence et deuil
Viennent toujours après la puissance et l'orgueil,
Nous irons voir auprès de l'eau stationnaire
Aigues-Morte aux vingt tours, la cité poitrinaire,
Qui meurt comme un hibou dans le creux de son nid,
Comme dans son armure un chevalier jauni;
Comme un soleil d'été qu'il croit être propice
Un mendiant fiévreux dans la cour d'un hospice."*

Aiguesmortes, which contained within its walls ten thousand inhabitants, is reduced to a population of two thousand six hundred; and as its stone inclosure cannot diminish as the town decays, one quarter of the houses are closed, the second is in ruins, the third portion is again employed for the purposes of agriculture, having been laid out in gardens and ploughed fields, while the fourth contains the remainder of these unhappy people, who, decimated by fever, are

dying away in houses which are obliged to be plastered up every year, so damp and penetrating is the atmosphere. As to the inhabitants, their ancient privileges, the situation of their town in a marsh, and the mephitic air they breathe have had as great and as visible an effect on their dispositions as on their appearance. Do not seek in the Aiguesmortians the ardent vivacity of the Southerners, the spirit and life which are in the words and gestures of the Languedocians and Provençals. No; they will tell you with the sad, slow accent of the North, "they cannot waste their energies, not having more strength than is requisite for life."

We had great trouble to find an inn, for Aiguesmortes having neither manufactures nor commerce, and fishing and hunting like savage tribes only for its own necessities, is visited perhaps once in the year by some artist or poet who comes reverently with pen or pencil in his hand to seek the traces of the royal pilgrim whose memory still lives in this dead city. Happily, we remembered a letter Reboul had given us for the mayor of Aiguesmortes, M. Jean Vigne; and we stopped the preparations for dinner till we had taken it to its address. A hundred blessings on our great poet! for never was a letter of introduction better received. M. Vigne had hardly taken time to read it than he declared we should have no other host than himself, and put his table and house at our disposal.

If our readers have ever travelled they know what it is to arrive fatigued and dying with hunger in a strange town, where often neither bed, dinner, nor cicerone are found. Then you have to wander dissatisfied and ill-tempered, passing without knowing it by most interesting places, like those restless spirits in whose hands money has not been placed to pay their passage over the Acheron; then after a day of weariness you leave the town, not carrying from it a single association, except, indeed, that of the disagreeable hours you have spent there. If, on the contrary, however harassed or annoyed you may have been on the road, you meet with a good table, a good bed, a pleasant host with an intelligent countenance and a rich and well-stored memory, everything around seems to smile and to find a voice; traditions multiply on your road; your time is too short for all the places you have to visit, all the tales you have to hear. Days pass rapidly and pleasantly in the centre of this new family that hospitality has created, and you leave the town that has received you as you would leave a second native city which has been unknown to you; and where you have found forgotten friends carrying with you for life the memory of the friendship of a few hours.

This was what happened to us at Aiguesmortes, and we must say during most of the towns we visited during our journey. It is only

in Paris that hospitality is an unknown virtue; for in Paris we must own no one has more time, room, or money than he wants for himself.

Our host had all these at our service. We only accepted, it is true, his time, apartments, and his dinners, but we used these freely, and without any ceremony. He was going to sit down to dinner when we arrived; two more covers were brought, and we took immediate possession of our privileges as travellers with good introductions.

We saw with pleasure that our host, though mayor of Aiguesmortes, did not appear to feel the influence of the air which affected his officers. We sincerely congratulated him upon it, and he explained to us that these much-dreaded fevers only affected those unhappy beings who after long and painful labour did not find at home the wholesome food and warm shelter which in all countries are the first requisites for health; all persons possessing any fortune, and being able to take the most common precautions, escaped, he assured us, as he had done, from the scourge. He had inhabited Aiguesmortes forty years with impunity, and he hoped to inhabit it forty more without any illness. We joined in the wish with our whole hearts, as we withdrew to the rooms he had prepared for us, with the cunning foresight of the most cordial hospitality.

We were sleeping soundly in the best beds that we had had since our departure from Paris, when our host entered the room at eight o'clock the next morning.

"We must acknowledge that you are in luck," said he.

"We have seen that already," I replied, extending my hand, though still half asleep.

"I was not alluding to that; do you know what I have just been told?"

"No, indeed!"

"That, moving some earth from behind the Chaussée du Vidourle, they have just discovered the hull of a galley belonging to St. Louis."

"What is that you are saying?"

"They have come this instant to inform me of it. Should you like to see the man who brings the intelligence?"

"Certainly! Make haste, Jadin, you idle fellow!"

"I hear," answered Jadin; "but I am dressing!"

"François!"

A man came in. "Well, friend," continued our host, "what have you come to tell us?"

"I came to tell you that in turning up the earth we laid bare a large boat, ten times as long as this room; and M. René de Bernis, our master, said to me, 'Go and tell the mayor of Aiguesmortes that'

we found near the old canal a boat of St. Louis; so I came, and that is all!"

"Is it far from here to where this galley is to be found?"

"Not more than a quarter of an hour's walk, at the most."

"We had better go there, then," said I, jumping out of bed.

"You have time for your breakfast first, or the devil is in it!"

"Yes, provided breakfast is not in the same style as the dinner yesterday!"

"Don't be uneasy. You will only have a chop, a glass of wine, and a cup of coffee. It will be ready by the time you come down."

"For though I only arrived yesterday, I know your table as well as if I made out your bill of fare myself."

"And you are not pleased with it?"

"On the contrary, I am too well pleased with it."

"Well, don't be uneasy; to-day you shall have a sailor's dinner."

"Indeed! Where?"

"At the *Grau du Roi*."

"On my honour, you are a delightful man! and if we have breakfasted in half an hour, we will make you a wreath of oak-leaves!"

Everyone made haste, and when we went down all was ready; ten minutes afterwards we were on our journey. We were in such haste to reach the wonderful galley that we deferred making a tour of the ramparts to another day. We went out by the door opposite that we entered by, and had hardly passed through it before we perceived the Mediterranean within three-quarters of a league from us.

"This," said I to M. Vigne, "is the distance the sea has retired, then?"

"Oh," replied he, "it seems you labour under the general error, and think that in the time of St. Louis the sea bathed our ramparts."

"Why, Voltaire and Buffon say so. One in his *Essai sur les Mœurs et l'esprit des Nations*; the other, in his *Theorie de la Terre*."

"Well, both are mistaken. If you like," continued our conductor interrupting himself, "we will get into this boat; our shortest way is to cross the pond of La Murette."

"Very well! You say, then, that Buffon and Voltaire were wrong?"

"Certainly! There was a time when the Mediterranean covered the spot where we now are, and even extended at least a league beyond Aiguesmortes—these pools and marshes are a proof of it; but this was anterior to the time of St. Louis, or even Marius. On the contrary, everything proves that in the thirteenth century the sea had retired to within its present limits; and Aiguesmortes was, as now,

situated about a league from the shore. One of the most irrefragable proofs of what I say, and I could give you several, is, that there is preserved in our archives a report made under King John, in 1363, that is, ninety-three years after the death of St. Louis, to establish the state of the port and the repairs that were necessary. In this it was proved by the evidence of the old men, some of whom were contemporaries of Philip the Bold, and whose fathers had witnessed the embarkation of the king, that they had seen the old canal which went from Aiguesmortes to the sea in such good condition that vessels and large boats could easily, and without danger, approach the city; and that since it had been blocked up, sailors would not come to its entrance, at the place called Bouranet, for fear of being robbed there. The old canal," continued M. Vigne, "is that which we shall enter on leaving the mere of La Marette, where we are at present; and it is so universally acknowledged by popular tradition to be the way taken by the galleys of the Crusaders, that from time immemorial its mouth has borne the appellation of *Grau Louis*."

"But," said I, interrupting him, "what is the meaning of those iron rings which we saw as we passed by, attached to the walls of the town? Of what use were they unless ships were fastened to them?"

"That is a fact which has given rise to the generally-received error," returned our learned cicerone. "Aiguesmortes had certainly a port under its walls, but, if I may be allowed the expression, it was an internal port, namely, the sheet of water belonging to the town, from which, even at the present day, it is only a few paces distant, and which, thanks to the works executed by the king, was deep enough to receive men-of-war. These vessels entered the old canal by the *Grau Louis*, and following the canal as far as its junction with the *Grand Roubine*, flowed, by an opening which I will point out to you, into the above-mentioned sheet of water."

"This certainly explains everything."

"At present I will make a few concluding remarks on the manner, not in which the sea has retreated from the land, but in which the land has driven back the sea; a fact of which you may easily satisfy yourself by an inspection of the place. One of the arms of the Rhone, which, as you are aware, branches out into two streams at Arles, changing the *Camargue* into an island, afterwards flows into the sea near Aiguesmortes. Well, the Little Rhone, as it is called, carries down in its waters a mass of land, gravel, and other matter, which being thrown back upon the bank by the eastern current, keeps adding to the shore and forms sandbanks, the interstices between which are at first under water, but eventually dry up and form the moving

* From "*gradus*," a passage.

sands or downs which we shall see on our return. At present, however, we have something else to occupy us, for we have reached our destination."

This was true; for, landing on the right bank of the old canal, we walked along it for some distance, and then, crossing a narrow swamp, arrived at the banks of the Vidourle, where, a foot above the limpid waves of the river, we beheld the forepart of a ship or rather large bark, the stern of which was still hidden beneath the sand which had not been cleared away. The portion of the vessel which we could see was sixty-three feet in length, while its greatest breadth was nine feet, and its height from the bottom of the keel to the top of the sides three feet. The portion of the vessel that was concealed could not, judging from the narrowing of the bottom, have been more than seven or eight feet at the most, which would make altogether a total length of seventy-two or seventy-four feet. I felt convinced, from my first hasty examination of the vessel, that it was merely a bark and not a ship of any size; the ships of this period, as we know by the drawings of them in the manuscripts of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, being much more curved and substantial, and being provided also with a raised forecastle and poop.

The question now suggests itself, What is this bark? Is it merely a vessel constructed to convey troops from Aiguesmortes to the Grau Louis? This would be probable if its elongated form did not assign it to a period when the art of ship-building was yet in its infancy, and if it did not bear a resemblance to the long canoes of the Southern hemisphere. But at the time of which we are treating, Genoa, which was the place whence St. Louis procured his transports, was so far advanced in matters relating to navigation, that the primitive forms must have undergone considerable modifications. The most probable supposition therefore is, that the bark was merely one that had been constructed by the fishermen of the coast, whose industry and skill the pilgrim king endeavoured, no doubt, to turn to account. Whatever it may have been, however, it is, at any rate, a curious relic of the commercial civilisation of our forefathers.

We remained for two or three hours occupied in taking the length, breadth, and depth of the vessel, and then set off towards the mouth of the old canal, at present blocked up with sand. Soon afterwards, we arrived at the place called the tombs, where the earth sounded hollow beneath our feet. It was here, if popular tradition may be believed, that those Crusaders who died during the occasions that the king stopped at Aiguesmortes were buried. Passing on, in ten minutes more we reached the shores of the Mediterranean.

Although I was familiar with the *mare externum*, as it was called,

by the ancients, having traversed all the northern and western coast of France, from Le Havre to the Bay of Biscay, this was the first time that I had ever beheld the Mediterranean. I recognised the azure daughter of Oceanus and Doris, the bloode Amphitrite, that fantastic goddess, whose anger is as rapid and unexpected as the whim of a coquet while it as terrible as the vengeance of a queen.

The tombs over which we had just trodden, and the name of the king given to the old canal, which at present is lost among the sands, are the only two monuments which remain, the one for the eyes, the other for the mind, of the poetic passage of the pilgrim king, the walls of Aiguesmortes, as we have already mentioned, having been built by Philip the Bold.

A bark was in waiting for us, having been politely sent by our host to spare us a useless walk. We all three went on board, and the sailors having hoisted their triangular sail, and coasting along at a distance of about five-hundred paces from the land, doubled the light-house and entered triumphantly the Grau Louis.

It was Louis XV. who gave orders for the commencement of this new canal, which now runs from Aiguesmortes to the sea, and which has become the real port of the town. The unfortunate place, which could boast of nothing but the recollection of its king, had been completely lost sight of by the Government during the reigns of Louis XIII. and Louis XIV. It is true that Henry IV. had issued directions for certain works, as soon as the Edict of Nantes, promulgated in 1598, had restored some degree of tranquillity to the country; but the States of Languedoc had conceived, about the same time, the project of a port at the Cape of Cette. This project being backed by the influence of the Provost-General of Provence, proved more than a match for the king's good intentions; and Aiguesmortes, beaten in the contest by her young rival, was again doomed to remain a victim to the deadly exhalations from all the surrounding swamps and marshes, whose waters could no longer find their way to the sea for want of proper outlets. The consequence was that all the inhabitants who were in easy circumstances deserted their town, while their poorer brethren, discouraged and eaten up by misery and disease, remained behind, to die before the time allotted as the limit of human life.

At last the Government, which had not made itself at all uneasy at this fearful depopulation, perceived that its own interest was affected. Hands were wanting to work the salt-mines of Poggais; so that the king's officers, who, indeed, no longer ventured to approach Aiguesmortes, were obliged to fill their storehouses elsewhere. The State cared nothing for the deserted and dying town, but it cared for that branch of the revenue which its agonies were destroying.

A decree of Louis XV., dated the 14th of August, 1725, ordered the construction of a canal, the expense of which was to be paid by an increase in the tax upon salt of five sous for every three bushels. The work was begun immediately, and finished twenty years afterwards. Two stone piers, at about two fathoms distance from each other, and extending in a parallel direction a hundred and fifty yards into the sea, protect the stream of water to which the Vistre and Vidourle, which empty themselves here, give a course which not only carries it into the sea, but also drives back the heaps of sand which, without this repelling power, would necessarily form at its mouth.

We left the boat near the lighthouse just as a custom-house officer, who was fishing with a line, was in the height of a struggle with an enormous sea-wolf, which had not bitten the bait, but had swallowed it. The poor man dared not pull the animal out of the water on account of the rod at the end of which he was struggling; he therefore paid every imaginable attention to the prisoner, who threatened to break his chain. He gave out more line, took it back again, gave it out again, brought him to the surface of the water, then permitted him to return into its depths. The perspiration stood in large drops on the fisherman. We took advantage of this to make a bargain with him; we offered a crown for the fish, caught or not caught, taking the risk upon ourselves. The bargain was struck; he took his three francs in one hand, and with the other gave us the rod. We continued the same play, drawing him, as the custom-house officer had done, gently towards the surface of the water. Just as he appeared, Jadin, who was waiting for him with my carbine, sent a bullet through his body, which terminated the contest. He struggled for a moment longer, but these were merely convulsions of death, and shortly afterwards he made his appearance floating with his belly upwards upon the water. As, however, the tackle to which he was attached could not be trusted to convey him the distance of ten or twelve feet between the summit of the road and the level of the canal, we launched a boat to pick up the deceased, who weighed seven or eight pounds, and was instantaneously destined to form the principal feature in a bouille-abaisse.

Bouille-abaisse is to the inhabitants of Languedoc and Provence what the polenta is to the Milanese, and macaroni to the Neapolitans; with this difference, however, that while the polenta and macaroni possess all the characteristics of primitive and antediluvian simplicity, bouille-abaisse is the result of the most advanced state of culinary civilisation, comprising in itself a whole epic of unexpected episodes and extraordinary incidents. There is, perhaps no person in the metropolis, except Méry, who can inform you how many different

kinds of fish, polypi, and other denizens of the briny main are requisite to produce this dish ; and at what precise moment the saucepan containing it must be taken from the fire, in order that it may conscientiously lay claim to its title of *bouille-abaisse*.

Our host would not allow anyone but his sailors to have share in the preparation of this national dish, of which he was desirous that our reminiscences should be worthy of its reputation, and even then he reserved for himself the superintendence of the whole. The consequence was, that Jadin and I were left to ourselves for a couple of hours ; Jadin went off to the midst of the mountains of moving sands which skirt the sea on one side, and the few houses of the *Grau du Roi* on the other, to select a suitable point for making a sketch of the town ; while I ascended to the highest point of the lighthouse, in order to enjoy at one glance the panorama of the whole coast.

On reaching the storey above the beacon-lantern, I commanded the whole flat country around. At my feet were the ten or twelve houses which constitute the little port of the *Grau du Roi*, and, a little further on, the mountains of sand, in the midst of which I perceived Jadin seated at his work ; while, on all sides of him, herds of the black bulls of the *Camargue* galloped by, raising clouds of dust beneath their hoofs ; and followed by their drovers, armed with lances, and mounted on small white horses that are said to be of Arabian descent, and left by the *Saracens* during their sojourn in the South. Still further on were the ponds of the *Reposet*, the *Commune du Roi*, the town, and the *Marette* ; their motionless and deep blue waters, interspersed with tongues of land and planted with rushes and tamarisks, appeared to possess the solidity of a plate of burnished steel. Beyond these rose the walls of the town, hiding the houses beyond them—the houses, as we have already said, having only one storey besides the ground-floor. The eye is guided towards the walls by the large canal which connects the town with the sea. It was covered with empty vessels made fast to its banks, and floating on the surface like so many immense dead fish. Lastly, on the horizon rose the *Ventoux*, with its summit covered with snow, like some hoary advanced sentinel of the great chain of the *Alps*.

I remained at the top of the lighthouse, contemplating this strange landscape, of whose solitude and sadness nothing can ever convey an adequate idea, until the signal for dinner—a musket-shot—was given by our punctual *Amphytrion*. I saw Jadin, sensitively alive to the appeal, pack up his baggage and set off to the place of rendezvous ; as for myself, I had merely to go down stairs, as the table was laid in the lighthouse itself. • •

The *bouille-abaisse* was Homeric. •

Immediately after dinner we once again went up to our Belvédère, in order to enjoy the spectacle of the setting sun. The atmosphere was so marvellously clear that, to the west, we could distinguish the whole extent of coast from Montpellier to Perpignan, and beyond the coast, like a cloud—a shadow, a mere vapour—the Pyrenees; to the east, the whole delta of the Camargue; to the south, the immensity of the ocean, that glistened as if on fire; and to the north, the eastern town brilliantly lighted up by the last rays of the sun.

For nearly half an hour did the whole horizon preserve its golden tint, and the sea its hue of fire. But shortly after that time the sun set in the west, and the shades of night seemed to rise up from the earth. Gradually the sea resumed its bluish colour, and the town its veil of grey; the upper portions of Ventoux alone remained illuminated, until at last only its extreme summit glistened like a volcano, and then even this last flame—a type of human life—was extinguished in its turn; and over the whole landscape, already invaded by the gloom, night at last reigned supreme.

We reached the town by the banks of the canal. When we had arrived at the extremity of the pond of the Reposet, Monsieur Vigne took us a few paces to the right and pointed out the remains of an old wall which most probably dates from the twelfth or thirteenth century. These ruins, called "La Peyrade," are another proof that in the time of the Crusades the sea did not extend as far as Aiguesmortes.

There are very few roads as melancholy as that from the Grau du Roi to the town; and, on this occasion, the twilight rendered it more so than usual. We did not meet a single person for the whole three quarters of a league, although, from time to time, we saw on our right hand a few miserable huts with their mouldering bases bathed in the stagnant waters of the ponds, and also, from time to time, we beheld on our left a flash of fire followed by the report of fire-arms, and proceeding from some sportsman on the look-out for the ducks and black-divers, which proceed capriciously in troops of two or three hundred from one pond to the other, and in passing over the tamarisk-covered islands deliver themselves up to the fowling-pieces of the peasants; for all the inhabitants of Aiguesmortes, who were emancipated by Saint Louis, have preserved the right of shooting and fishing, and have their nets and gun in their house or cabin.

It was hardly eight o'clock when we reached Aiguesmortes, yet every window was closed and every door shut; not a single light was there to tell of life in this vast corpse. We passed through several streets as deserted as those of Herculaneum and Pompeii, and at last arrived at the house of our entertainer; and nothing but the merry lights that were awaiting our return, and the friendly looks of our host's

brother, who had come to pass the evening with us, could have removed the weight of melancholy by which we were oppressed.

We devoted the following morning to making a tour of the walls and the inspection of the town. The first occupied us about forty minutes, and the second two hours. The walls, as we have before remarked, are in a wonderful state of preservation; as for the town, there is not a single object worthy of notice in it, and its churches of the Pénitents Gris and the Pénitents Blancs merit neither the name of public buildings nor the trouble of paying them a visit.

At three o'clock in the afternoon we bade adieu to our cicerone, who, however, hospitable to the last, would not leave us before we were ensconced in the coach that goes to Beaucaire, and which was to set us down, by the way, at Saint Gilles,

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THE MAGNE TOWER, NISMES.

CHAPTER XXII.

BRANDING THE BULLS.

THE canal of Beaucaire runs parallel with the lesser Rhone, and consequently borders La Camargue. Unfortunately, as it is inclosed by two causeways, both of which are twelve or fifteen feet high, it is impossible to see anything but the two horses which draw the passage-boat and the man who drives them. When we had exhausted all the attempts suggested to us by our imagination to see the country round, and were convinced that it was decidedly impossible, we determined what to do. Jadin and I took our seats at separate tables; he employed himself with his sketch of Aiguesmortes, and I arranged the notes I had made during the two days we had just spent there. Travelling in this way has one advantage, that the movement being almost imperceptible, you can write or draw as you proceed. Certainly the society you meet with there is but little disposed to meditation, but

on this occasion we were almost alone; so that, what with writing and drawing, we reached St. Gilles sooner than we expected.

St. Gilles was formerly named Rhode, and Rhode was one of the two towns built by the Rhodians, who, our readers may remember, tried to follow out the Phœnician civilisation in Gaul. One of its bishops, who bore the Latin name of Egidius, which we have changed into Gilles, was the godfather of the Christian town, in which no ancient monuments are to be found, if we except some inscriptions, the remains of some columns, and two or three capitals of porphyry. However, the church of St. Gilles is the most complete monument of Byzantine art preserved not only in France, but perhaps in Europe.

Besides the attraction of art, the church of St. Gilles has also that of historical associations. It was in this porch that Raymond VI., surnamed the Old, nephew of King Louis, surnamed the Young, and brother-in-law to Richard Cœur de Lion, abjured the Waldensian heresy, and did penance for the death of Pierre de Castelnau, legate of Pope Innocent II., who had been assassinated, if not by the Count's order at least without his opposition, and without his endeavouring to punish the murderers.

Under the basilisk is a subterraneous church, no less interesting than the upper one. It contains two sanguinary memorials of religious hatred: one the tomb of Pierre de Castelnau, assassinated by the Vaudois, the other the well into which the Protestants threw the choristers of the church, who exclaimed in falling, "Hosanna! Christo, fili Dei, miserere nobis!"

We spent the whole of the Saturday morning in examining the church, and we were not able to set off for Nismes till nearly two o'clock. As the village of St. Gilles had neither horses nor carriage to offer us, we started on foot.

Fortunately, a walk of twelve miles was not calculated to alarm us; on the contrary, we embraced with great pleasure this opportunity of seeing the country foot by foot; and had it not been for the impossibility of carrying with us the luggage necessary for a year's journey, I think we should never have adopted any other mode of travelling. Indeed, I ask all who have travelled with the poet's album in their hand, or the artist's portfolio on their shoulder, what happiness is comparable to that of this wandering life, so free in itself, which turns indifferently to any point of the horizon, stops where it finds a harvest, leaves at the slightest weariness, without regret for yesterday, carrying sufficient for the wants of the day, and without fear for to-morrow; certain that every morning will bring its dew, every noon its sun, and every evening its twilight and its refreshing coolness? I have never understood why those who might always travel are those who travel the least.

As for me, I confess that the most delightful recollections of my life are those of these expeditions through Switzerland, Germany, France, Italy, Corsica, Sicily, and Calabria, either with a friend or alone with my thoughts. Those objects which, when seen, appear but commonplace, take when recalled to the mind a poetical tinge with which you never would have thought memory could invest them. We should not revisit places we have once seen if we wish to preserve our first impressions. It is the same with scenery as with men; we must not examine the details if we wish to admire the whole.

The walk from St. Gilles to Nismes presents nothing remarkable, and yet I remember it with delight; not that I can recall any adventures on the way, as I believe we did not meet with one; but what I do remember is a magnificent day of southern autumn, the sound of the bells coming through the clear and balmy atmosphere, the holiday-look of everything around, arising from the groups of peasants, who, in their Sunday clothes, were going on Saturday to Nismes, to be in readiness for the fête of the next day.

On approaching Nismes, as we returned from Aiguesmortes, we saw a strange spectacle; the town seemed an immense hive, round the doors of which crowded millions of bees, from whom arose such cries, murmurs, and buzzing hum, as are heard in popular tumults. Above all the noise we distinguished the roll of the drum and the report of rockets. We hastened our pace in order not to lose any of the preparations, and on passing through the gate found ourselves at once in the middle of the procession. It was composed of drums and hautboys, behind which came a boy of twelve or fifteen, without any shoes, wearing a shirt and cotton trousers kept up by one brace, carrying a sort of pole with a plank nailed cross ways near the top, on which was written, in large letters, "Great Bull Branding." Behind this standard-bearer came, arm-in-arm, half the workmen and grisettes of the town; the other half were at the windows. We followed the procession till we reached our hotel.

I found a letter from Reboul awaiting me there; he apologised to us for not being able to do the honours of the fête, because he was obliged to keep a promise made to a friend to spend the Sunday in the country with him, but placed himself at our orders for all Monday.

The branding was to take place at three o'clock the next day; our host promised to send one of the boys about the place to secure us two seats, and we went quietly to bed.

About one in the morning I was awoken by a tremendous noise which came from without. I ran to the window, and perceived at the end of the street a shapeless mass moving rapidly on amidst a confused din, in which could be distinguished men's voices, the neighing

of horses, and frightful bellowing. It was the wild bulls of La Camargue which were to form the next day's spectacle entering Nismes, followed by their drivers, on horseback, who, to prevent them from separating, ran backwards and forwards like shepherd's dogs round the flock. I called Jadin directly, that he might see this strange sight; but while he was getting up the troop of men and animals, to which darkness had given so fanciful an appearance, had passed like a weird vision, carrying with it the clamour and dust; so that when he came he found nothing but the silent and empty street, save that, at a distance, were a shadow and sounds like those of a squadron of cavalry passing by. When I awoke the next day, I thought I must have been a dream, and spoke to our host of the nocturnal apparition, as of a thing I could hardly say I had seen.

He explained to me that the bulls were brought in at night, because in the day they would trample underfoot everything that came in their way. They were driven straight to the circus, where they were confined under the arch of the amphitheatre, which had formerly been appropriated to the combatants. While he was telling me this, we heard the drum again, and the procession passed accompanied by a still greater multitude than the evening before.

As the spectacle was not to begin till three o'clock, and we had all our morning to ourselves, we employed it in visiting the Magne Tower, which we had seen the day before as we came back from St. Gilles. The original purpose of this monument is quite unknown; but it is now used for the telegraph. It is, as its name indicates, a large tower, about one hundred feet high; and about the end of the twelfth century was used as a fortress by the Counts of Toulouse. About the beginning of the seventeenth century the idea that it was an ancient Roman *ærarium** was prevalent, and became so decided that a citizen of Nismes, named François Traucat, asked and obtained of Henry IV. permission to search the interior of the edifice. This permission was granted on the 22nd of May, 1601, "On condition that the said Traucat should pay all expenses incurred for this purpose; and that of the said treasure which may be found, whether gold, silver, metal or other things, one-third should belong to the same Traucat; we reserving the other two-thirds to employ in our urgent affairs.—Given at Fontainebleau, the 22nd of May, in the year of grace 1601, and the twelfth of our reign."

Researches were made at the expense of this Traucat, in which the citizen of Nismes lost his time and his money.

We had just finished our inspection when we again heard the drums and hautboys of the procession, which was crossing the

* Public treasury.

Place de la Fontaine and going to the arena. It was then a quarter to three, and the taverns and coffee-houses emptied themselves in the streets. The boulevard which goes from the theatre to the Porte St. Antoine, and that which leads from the barracks to the esplanade, were crowded. We were inclined to think that the Arena, vast as it was, would not be able to accommodate all the spectators; so we hastened forwards and arrived in time to get in after five or six thousand people. We were satisfied when we found we were among the first. As there were no tickets to be presented, hardly was the iron gate opened than the crowd spread through the building with incredible rapidity. Thanks to our height, we were able to see over the heads of the others the yawning entrance which engulfed the whole population, and driven forwards by 10,000 persons who were crowding behind, we felt ourselves irresistibly drawn towards the jaws of the monster, which swallowed us in our turn; but hardly had we been engulfed than, like Jonah, we found ourselves perfectly comfortable in the belly of the whale. The six thousand who had preceded us were dotted here and there upon the seats, without producing more effect, or appearing more numerous, than the *claqueurs* who are admitted into our theatres before the public. There was no need to trouble ourselves about the boy who had been sent to keep our places; so leaving them for his use, we sat down in the gallery of the vestsals.

At this moment Mylord, who had lost us in the crowd, appeared in the arena, pursued by the keepers, who, like those of the Tuileries, have orders to allow no dogs to enter without their masters. We pitied the painful situation of our travelling companion, who even while running along rolled his flaming eyes all round the circus, looking for us among the six or eight thousand spectators who were already seated. Jadin gave a peculiar whistle. Mylord stopped short, saw us, and sprang from seat to seat, leaping with all the vigour of his short, strong legs; but at the third spring he disappeared suddenly, as if he had been swallowed up. A hole had been worn by time on the other side of the seat he was passing over, and he disappeared in the depths of the amphitheatre, like Decius in the gulf.

We ran immediately to the other side and looked into the cavity of the building, but we saw nothing at the bottom except the stones and rubbish, upon which we expected to find him lying crushed; and as we were very fond of him, notwithstanding daily quarrels with the innkeepers and peasants on his account, through his hatred to cats, we went out the nearest way and hurried to assist him. But it was in vain that we sought for him in the place where he had fallen, and which we recognised by the shape of the aperture; in vain did we

whistle for him in his favourite tones, and call him by his first name—Hope, and by his surname—Mylord. No answer was given. We thought, therefore, that, satisfied with what he had seen of the sight, he had returned to the hotel, and we determined to return to the gallery; when, on re-entering the circus, we perceived our friend Mylord defending our hats against two persons who wished to take them from their places, in order to occupy them themselves. We went to the assistance of our guardian, who greeted us by wagging his tail right merrily. We examined him attentively; there was no trace of his fall, and he appeared quite as easy as if nothing had befallen him. We signed to him to lie down at our feet, and he obeyed.

During this time the circus had gradually filled; all the available seats were crowded, the ruins alone were unoccupied, so that the spectators who were nearest to the arena were only separated from it by a wall about six feet high, which goes round it; and the most distant stood upon the top gallery of the Amphitheatre. Some even were mounted on large blue spikes fastened in the holes of the beams formerly the used to support the *velarium*, but now, on great occasions, such as the birthday of the king or the anniversary of the 27th, 28th and 29th of July, decorated with the tricolour-flag.

At length, when the last stones had disappeared beneath this stream of people, like the remains of the earth beneath the Deluge, when there were no more waiting at the gates, and when it was quite certain that the whole population of Arles was assembled, the gates were closed. The trumpeter of the town, as herald of the festivity, advanced into the middle of the circus and sounded a blast. As the notes died away two peasants, mounted on the little white ponies of La Camargue, entered, each holding in his hands a trident, and rode round the Amphitheatre, driving off the idlers, who now hastened to get what seats they could, and left the circus to the combatants.

I wondered, on looking at the low wall which protected the spectators, how the ancient seats had been guarded from the rage of the animals which the people came to see slaughtered in thousands. A rampart six feet in height would perhaps stop heavy animals, though I remember, in the Spanish bull-fights, the bulls, and especially the bulls of Navarre, which are the lightest, occasionally sprung over the first palisade, which is five feet high, and got into a passage the narrowness of which alone prevents their clearing the second barrier, which is, however, fifteen or eighteen inches higher. But in the ancient sports, in which the animals were tigers, panthers, and lions, to which Cæsar brought a serpent fifty cubits long, who had only to uncoil himself and stretch out his head to reach the fourth

and fifth rows of seats, and Agrippa furnished twenty elephants, whose trunks could have touched the gallery of the emperor and vestals, what barriers protected the spectators, of which no traces remain? And yet no cotemporary author mentions a single accident arising from these causes, and which, without a rampart or a grating, would have been common.

I was communicating my reflections to Jadin, when we heard a cry of joy; and on casting our eyes towards the arena we saw the first bull, which, frightened by this noise, endeavoured in vain to return backwards to the vault from which he had just issued. Accustomed to the vast solitudes of La Crau, to the sandy plains of Aiguesmortes or the fens of Camargue, he appeared stupefied, and cast a dull and ferocious look round the circle of spectators in which he was confined. Seeing no way of escape, and feeling himself surrounded by a circle of granite, he bent his head, bellowed long and loudly, and pawed the ground with his fore-feet. These hostile demonstrations were received with cries of joy by the spectators; but of all present Mylord was decidedly the most agitated. He had till then been lying down, but now he sprang up convulsively, and remembering his former fights at the *barrière du combat*, he would have sprung into the arena had not his master held him back by his chain.

Meanwhile one of the peasants had advanced some steps towards the bull, which, seeing now distinctly the enemy he had to combat, precipitated himself upon him with such rapidity that all the Amphitheatre exclaimed together, "Take care!" but the light stallion of La Camargue gave one bound to the side so suddenly that you would have thought the two adversaries had not met, if the bull, in shaking his head, had not stained the sand of the arena with large drops of blood. The applause which greeted the man and the insult heaped on the animal excited them both; the one to follow up his success, the other to revenge the check he had sustained. Although the second horseman now advanced to provoke the bull in his turn, the animal paid no attention to him, but looked round for the one who had wounded him, and seeing him at the other end of the Amphitheatre, he turned towards him, ready to spring upon him at the least aggression. The peasant then galloped his horse round the arena, like the grooms at Franconi's. The bull looked after him, then, calculating with wonderful sagacity the spot where he should nail the horse and his rider to the wall, he sprang forwards. But his enemies had foreseen this *manceuvre*; the horse, though at full gallop, stopped immediately, and the bull, borne onwards by his own swiftness, struck the wall with his head, like an ancient battering-ram, about three feet before him. The shock was so great that he fell imme-

diately, stunned and trembling, as if the butcher's club had fallen on his head.

The peasant spurred on his horse and made it spring lightly over the prostrate bull. At this moment a man clothed in scarlet, and something in the style of the devils at the opera, came forward, holding a red hot iron in his hand, which he pressed to the leg of the animal. The bull no longer endeavoured to protect himself, but raised his head and bellowed plaintively; and on a rope being slipped over him got up unresistingly and followed, amidst the applause of the assembly, the man in scarlet, who went out by the opposite door to which he had entered. Hardly had the first animal disappeared behind this grating than the one facing it opened, and the second bull advanced into the arena. But, to the shame of the bull tribe of La Camargue be it said, this one had none of the warlike qualities of the first; so true is it that animals, like the men, of the same country, are not only unlike in their disposition, but entirely opposite. Indeed, the impression produced upon the new-comer, by his transition from complete darkness to the light of day, by the comparison between the thirty thousand spectators and the solitary reeds and tamarisks of La Camargue, was evidently a feeling of terror. He turned round in order to return through the door by which he had entered, but finding his retreat cut off, he wandered with uncertain steps about the arena. The two horsemen seeing the sort of animal they had to deal with, approached him on either side with precaution, and catching his nostrils between the two tridents, led him thus into the middle of the arena. There a sort of butcher of Herculean frame awaited them; and taking the bull by the horns, depressing one and raising the other, he threw him on his side. Immediately the same man in scarlet came again with the iron, marked the animal in the same way and drove him into the vault, where he would join his companion, who by his bravery had won as much applause as this one through his cowardice had gained insult and abuse. Hardly had the second left the arena than all the spectators cried simultaneously, "Another! another!" They were at once obeyed; and the new adversary presented himself so quickly that he was in the middle of the circus before they were aware of his presence. The peasant who had not yet fought now made ready. His preparations were not lengthy; they consisted in poising his trident in something like the manner in which knights of former days rested their lances. Then, having cleverly backed his horse, and thus gained all the space that the size of the circus allowed him, he rushed on the bull. The animal, which till then had been motionless, seeing him come, raised his head so quickly that his antagonist missed his aim, and instead of piercing

the nostrils as he had intended, the trident entered the breast the whole length of the three points. The man, afraid of killing the animal, let go the lance, the handle of which fell to the ground, while the iron still remained buried in the bull.

This proceeding did not please the multitude; they shouted and howled as though they had received the blow. As for the bull, by a feeling natural to animals, he pressed himself against the weapon which remained in his wound; walking as it were against his wound and his pain. But after two or three steps the handle of the trident stuck in the ground, and prevented the bull from going on; he made, however, a terrible effort, which would have buried the trident several feet in his body had it not been stopped by the transverse bar which formed the base of the points. The handle of the weapon bent like a bow, then broke suddenly; and the animal fell on his knees with the iron still in his breast.

At this moment the man who had wounded him, taking his companion's trident, returned to the bull, to repair, by a more honourable attack, the fault he had just committed; and before the bull had risen from his knees he buried the points of the lance in his nostrils. This roused the animal, and a veritable combat ensued. The bull roared and threw himself on the man, who sprang aside and wounded him again. The animal now endeavoured to attack the horse, which, accustomed to such manœuvres, sprang so adroitly aside as always to present the trident of the horseman to his enemy. The whole Amphitheatre was enchanted, and the applause was loud; but suddenly all was again quiet. The bull, finding he could not succeed, had marked another victim, and his whole fury was now directed towards the first peasant, who had been imprudent enough to remain in the arena without arms. A cry warned him of his danger, and he was enabled to avoid the first attack; but the bull, quite giving up the armed horseman, pursued the other. We were able to judge of the superior swiftness of the bull; for hardly had the horse gone thirty steps than he was wounded in the side by his enemy, and horse and horseman fell to the ground. The bull hesitated a moment between the two, and then prepared to throw himself on the man; but before he had taken four steps he met with a fresh adversary. This was Mylord, who had made one leap from the gallery to the circus, and a second from thence to the mouth of the bull. The astonished animal raised his head, and showed to the spectators the terrible bull-dog suspended to him by his iron teeth. Meanwhile the peasant had taken refuge beneath the arch where the man in scarlet was safely lodged. As for the horse, he vainly endeavoured to follow his master; the horn had entered its whole length into the side of the poor animal.

The second horseman, not knowing how to attack the bull, remained quiet.

The result of the combat was soon known. The bull, harassed and worn out, endeavoured to crush Mylord, but Mylord was quite a match for him. The bull shook his head, but Mylord loosened not his hold. This lasted some minutes; till the bull, after running madly about, finally stood still, trembling, on his four legs. The butcher then came forward; the bull gathered fresh strength, and flew to meet him; but this new adversary seized him by the horns, and, executing the manœuvre which had formerly been so successful, threw him down. Mylord, seeing his enemy vanquished, loosed his hold and returned, modest and happy, to our feet, little thinking that he was the admiration of thirty thousand people.

As for us, as we feared the enthusiasm of the people should go so far as to decree us an ovation, we took advantage of the opportunity afforded by the attention of the people being fastened on the branding to make our escape by a door immediately behind us. Our triumphant retreat was effected without hindrance; and Mylord followed us, receiving, as the only reward of his victory, the compliment of the porter, who, on opening the gate for us, respectfully shook his head, saying, "Well, sirs, you may flatter yourselves you have a noble dog."

I returned to the hotel, my head full of the excitement I had witnessed, and which shows what a people so terrible in their joy might be in their anger. During the week, however, Nîmes is silent and solitary; you may look from your window and not see above three or four persons the whole length of the street. This proceeds from the whole working population, composed almost entirely of weavers of silk and cotton, living in their workshops or cellars, and only coming forth from their dungeons on occasions of festivity or tumult. From this it probably arises that the language of Nîmes is both melancholy and poetic. A month before our arrival some meetings had been held. the workmen demanded higher wages, and the manufacturers refused to grant them. One of the workmen, in the greatest despair, was heard to exclaim, "O my God, my God! shower down powder for one day, and fire for one hour; that all may be over!"

In giving an account of the massacres of Avignon, I have related those of Nîmes. The same causes produced the same effects. The same hatred sharpened the same poniards, and the same gold paid the blood. But at Nîmes, as at Avignon, we must not make the town responsible for the crimes of some of its inhabitants. The memory of Trestailon is as much execrated by the Royalists themselves as that of Farges, Roquefort or Pointu. The house which belonged to this wretch is deserted and uninhabited, like a cursed spot; and i

is shown to the traveller falling to ruins in the middle of his uncultivated and barren garden.

Since the evolution of July these feelings are much softened down. We are told that the Government nearly imperilled all in ordering the destruction of the crosses. But the Protestants, who by the new political movement had then the upper hand, instead of joining in the work stayed at home, and left to the gendarmes all the responsibility of the sacrilege. The crosses were knocked down, and some old women were trampled beneath their horses. In a few days there were tears and blood in the streets of Nîmes, but the bright sun of the South soon dried them up; and now, in speaking of the almost forgotten events of 1815 and 1830, the inhabitants only say, "It was God's will!" There are fifteen thousand Protestants and thirty thousand Catholics in Nîmes.

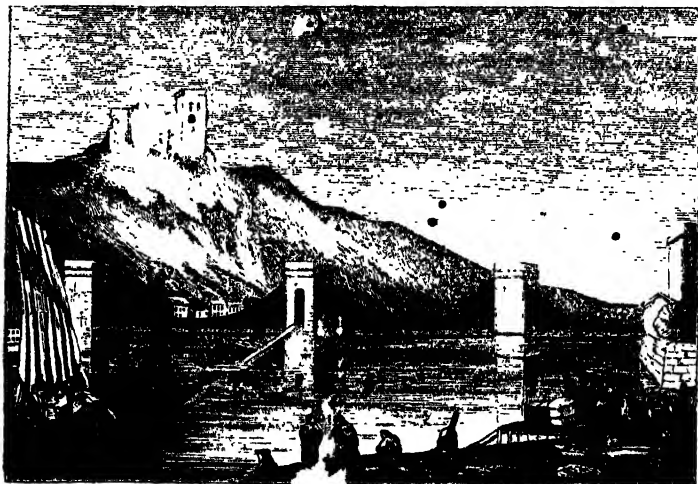
Through all our operations we had not yet had time to visit the *Maison-Carrée*, which is generally considered the masterpiece of ancient architecture at Nîmes. Cardinal Alberoni said it ought to be inclosed in a golden case; and Louis XIV. and Napoleon thought seriously of transporting this wonder of art of the second century to Paris, but it was found to be impossible. Louis XIV. forgot this project in dancing at the opera, and Napoleon in gaining the battle of Eylau. Although greatly desirous of seeing an object which had been coveted by a king and an emperor—both surnamed Great—our visit thither was put off on account of the day being too advanced.

Reboul, according to his promise, came to us the next morning at eight o'clock. Giving orders to our host and to our servant to have our breakfast and carriage in readiness on our return, we set off to see the Roman wonder. I was much disappointed at the first aspect of this monument, which did not come up to the idea I had formed of it. I found it small compared to the Arena, and I quite understood Napoleon's imagining he could have it removed.

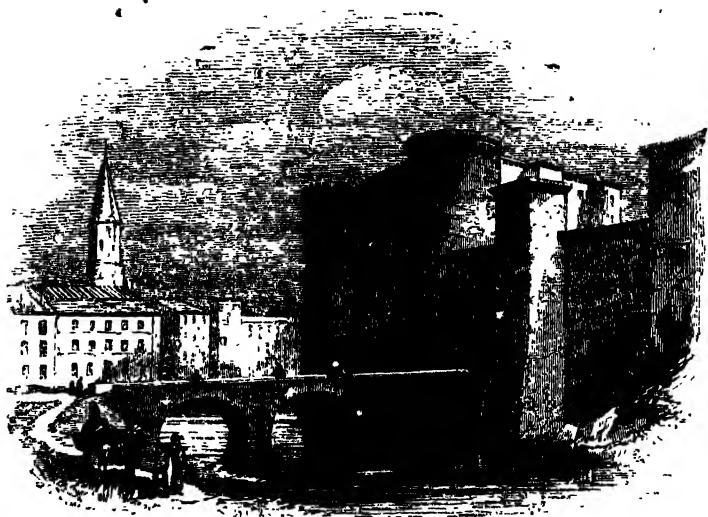
The *Maison Carrée*, as I was informed by Reboul, had undergone many degradations. It was built during the reign of Antoninus; in the eleventh century it was used as an *Hotel-de-Ville*; two or three centuries later it was given up to a man named Peter Boys, in payment of a debt incurred by the town. No sooner was it in his possession than he built a house on the southern side, and defaced the wall by hollowing it out to receive the wood-work and beams destined to support the roof of the new building. From the hands of Peter Boys the *Maison Carrée* passed into those of the Seigneur of St. Chaptes, who converted it into a stable, and, to make it more convenient, built a brick wall across, and divided the interior into mangers and stalls. In 1670 his heirs sold it to the Augustine monks, who built

nave, a chapel, and tribunes. Finally, in 1789, the Maison Carrée, which was then considered as Church property, was taken from the monks, and became the central Hôtel de l'Administration of the Département. Since this period great care has been taken of it, and it has not only been restored in some places, but much embellished.

Reboul returned with us to breakfast, and it was during the few hours we were together that we fairly worried him into allowing his poems to be published; to which, after much opposition, he consented. On my return to Paris, Lamartine and I undertook the negotiation; the result was the publication of a volume of poetry whose success surpassed our most sanguine expectations.



BRIDGE OF BEAUVAISE.



CARLE (F TARASCON.

CHAPTER XXIII.

LA TARASQUE.

WE were nearly three hours in performing the journey from Nîmes to Beaucaire. As this town is only separated from Tarascon, where we intended to sleep, by the Rhone, we got out at the foot of the chateau, and sent our cabriolet on to announce our arrival at the hotel.

Beaucaire, like those gigantic serpents of South America which eat for an entire day and are six months in completing their digestion, lives all the year round on the strength of its fair, the reputation of which is European. The majority of the houses are shops, which are closed during three hundred and fifty-eight days of the year, and only open at the approach of the 22nd of July, when the deserted quays of the awakened town are changed into bazaars. Then the roads of Paris, Nîmes, and Orgon are blocked up with coaches, the canals of Toulouse and the ports of Cette and Aiguesmortes are covered with boats and barges, and the Rhone, that great artery of the South, appears to flow in waves of life. In fact, all the commerce of Europe is assembled at this industrial festival. Mulhausen sends its prints, and white calicos; Rouen, its tissues

Nîmes, its linens and alcohols; Perpignan, its anchovies and sardines; St. Etienne, its guns and ribbons; Grasse, its orange-flower-water and oils; Avignon, its leather; Marseilles, its logwood and colonial produce; Tarare, its muslins and embroidery; St. Quentin, its basins and *percales*; Lyons, its hats and silks; Sauve, its stockings and cotton night-caps; Montpellier, its drugs; Salins, its glass; Vervins, its hemp; St. Claude, its snuff-boxes; Châtellerault, its cutlery; Vienne, its cloth; Amiens, its velvets; Paris, its hardware, jewellery, and shawls; Gênes, its confectionery; Catalonia, its corks; and Prussia, its horses. This fair, which begins, as we have said, on the 22nd of July, finishes on the 28th of the same month. During these days business is transacted to the amount of several millions of francs; that which has arrived in merchandise goes back in gold, that which has arrived in gold goes back in merchandise. This heart, which beats but for a moment, gives life for an entire year not only to one but to forty towns; so great is the quantity of blood which it receives and afterwards sends forth to its furthest extremities. The fair is over on the 28th, and on the 29th the visitors disperse with their goods, the shops are again deserted, and the houses closed. Some *gitanos*, who have come from Spain to live on the remains of the festival, wander about the quay, eating what they have picked up in the streets; but at last, when the last scraps of the feast have disappeared, these also take their departure, and Beaucaire is restored for another year to its sleep, its silence and its solitude.

The old castle which overhangs Beaucaire, and which made so much noise in the twelfth century with its engines of war, and in the fourteenth with its cannon, is built on a Roman foundation. Its various fortifications belong to the eleventh, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries. * From the top of its ramparts a beautiful landscape is seen; in the foreground lie Tarascon and Beaucaire, separated by the Rhone, and connected by a bridge; while in the background is the Roman town—Arles, the Herculeum of France, swallowed up and overwhelmed by the lava of barbarism.

We left the old castle, in which there is nothing perfect except a charming mantel-piece of the time of Louis XIII., crossed the bridge, which is about fifteen hundred feet long, passed by the foot of the fortress built by King René and entered the church, which was erected in the twelfth century and restored in the fourteenth.

This church is under the protection of St. Martha, who entertained the Saviour, and concerning whom the following tradition has been preserved.

The Jews, in order to punish Martha, Mary Magdalene, Maximinus and Marcellus for remaining faithful to Christ, forced them to

enter a bark, and launched it into the sea during a violent storm. The bark was without sail, rudder or oar, but Faith was its pilot; so that hardly had the crew commenced to sing hymns of grace to the Saviour when the tempest abated, the sky cleared up, and a stream of light surrounded the bark as if with a ball. Whilst one part of those who beheld this miracle blasphemed the God who had caused it, the others fell on their knees to worship him; and in the meanwhile the bark, urged as if by a divine hand, reached the shores of Marseilles, and God's labourers, the preachers of his word, the apostles of his religion, dispersed themselves about in order to distribute to those who hungered for it the holy nourishment which they had brought with them from Judea.

Whilst Martha was at Aix, with Mary Magdalene and Maximinus, who was the first bishop of that town, deputies came to her from a neighbouring place, having been attracted by the reports of her miracles. These men begged her to deliver them from a monster that was ravaging their country, and accordingly Martha took leave of Maximinus and Mary Magdalene and followed these men.

On arriving at the gates of the town she found all the inhabitants assembled to meet her. At her approach they knelt down, saying that they had hope only in her, to which she replied by asking where the monster was. A wood close to the town was pointed out to her; and towards it, alone and without any means of defence, she made her way.

She had hardly entered it when a long-continued bellowing was heard, at which all the people trembled, thinking that the poor woman who had undertaken a thing which no one had dared to attempt, and who had gone without arms where no armed man would have dared to go, had been destroyed. But soon the bellowing ceased, and Martha re-appeared holding a little wooden cross in one hand, and in the other this monster, who was fastened to the end of a riband which was tied round her waist.

She advanced thus into the middle of the town, glorifying the name of the Saviour, and presented the people, by way of a plaything, with the dragon which was still bloody from the prey which he had last devoured.

Such is the legend upon which the veneration paid by the inhabitants of Tarascon to St. Martha is founded. An annual festival commemorates the victory of the Saint over the "Tarasque," as the monster, who takes his name from the scene of his depredations, is called. On the eve of this holiday the mayor proclaims by sound of trumpet that no one will be responsible for any accident that may happen on the following day, and that those who may get wounded

are warned beforehand that they must not complain, and that whoever receives an injury must make the best of it. Thanks to this formidable caution, which ought to keep every one at home, from the dawn of day the whole town is in the streets; as for the "Tarasque," it is ready in its den.

It is an unpleasant-looking animal, evidently intended to remind one of the original dragon which it represents. It may be twenty feet long, and has a large round head, an immense mouth, which opens and shuts at will, eyes which are filled with firework-powder, a neck which can be drawn in or extended, a gigantic body, intended for the reception of those persons who are to put it in motion, and a tail as thick and as stiff as a beam, which is screwed on to the spine in a manner well calculated for breaking the arms and legs of those it comes in contact with.

The second day of Pentecost, at six o'clock in the morning, thirty knights of the "Tarasque," clothed in tunics and cloaks, and instituted by King René, proceed to rouse the animal in its place of shelter. Twelve porters get inside it; a young girl dressed in imitation of St. Martha fastens a blue ribbon round its neck, and the monster walks out amid the great applause of the multitude. If a very curious person should approach too near its head, the "Tarasque" stretches out its neck and seizes him by the seat of his trousers, a portion of which generally remains in its mouth. Should an imprudent person approach it too closely from behind, a blow from its tail suffices to knock him down. Should the "Tarasque" be harassed on all sides, the fireworks are lighted, flames dart from its eyes, it rises up, turns itself round, and all within its reach, to the distance of seventy-five feet, get knocked about and scorched without mercy. If, on the other hand, some inhabitant of importance come in its way, it goes towards him, performing a thousand graceful evolutions as evidences of its joy, and opening its mouth as a sign of hunger; the important personage understands this, and feeds the animal with a purse, which it digests incontinently, to the great advantage of the porters it contains.

In the year 1793, the Arlesiens and Tarasconnais being at war, the latter were conquered and Tarascon taken; when the Arlesiens, thinking nothing would have a more humiliating effect upon their enemies, burned the "Tarasque" in the public square. It was a monster of the greatest magnificence; its mechanism was as ingenious as it was complicated, and its manufacture had cost twenty thousand francs.

Since that period the Tarasconnais have never been able to replace their ancient "Tarasque," which is still the subject of the keenest

regrets. One has certainly been made, but it is said to be mean and contemptible compared with its alder brother ; when we saw it, it appeared, in spite of the lamentations of our guide, to be in a very comfortable condition.

Now, as there is an historical side in all these traditions, and some points which can be explained in all these miracles, it is probable that a crocodile had come from Egypt (like that one which was killed in the Rhone, and of which the skin was preserved, until the Revolution, in the town-hall of Lyons) and taken up its quarters in the environs of Tarascon ; and that Martha, who had learned the art of attacking the animal on the banks of the Nile, managed to deliver the town where she is remembered with so much honour from the jaws of this monster.

The church to which we introduced our readers at the commencement of the above legend offers nothing remarkable in the way of architecture, but it contains some very curious pictures. Seven of them are from Vien, and represent the Visit of Christ to St. Martha ; the Raising of Lazarus ; the Embarkation of St. Martha ; Mary Magdalen, Lazarus, and Maximinius ; the Landing of St. Martha at Marseilles ; St. Martha Preaching the Gospel at Tarascon ; the Death of St. Martha ; and finally, the Burial of St. Martha.

Besides these seven pictures, which are marked by all the defects and all the beauties of the masters of that time and school, we have St. Cuneunda refusing to marry a Greek Prince, and devoting herself to the service of God ; the Saviour ; the Annunciation ; the Wise Men Worshipping ; St. Catherine ; St. Thomas Aquinas and a Virgin, by Parrocel ; the Assumption of the Virgin, and St. Martha attending on our Saviour, by Mignard ; and the death of St. Francis d'Assises, by Vanloo. The church of St. Martha possessed a great many more paintings of value ; but at the time of the Revolution, when they had been removed to a loft in the Asylum for the Indigent, the paupers washed out the colours of the greater part of them in order to make trousers with the canvass.

But the greatest loss experienced at this period was that of a bust of St. Martha, in solid gold, which had been given to the town by Louis XI. This bust, around which the entire life of St. Martha was represented in enamel, contained twenty-two thousand ducats of gold, without counting the statue of the King, who was represented on his knees praying before her. During a time of dearth it was sent to Gênes and exchanged for wheat ; the republic of Gênes taking it at its full value, that is, at one hundred thousand francs.

Another not less precious relic was *un bras de vermeil*, con-

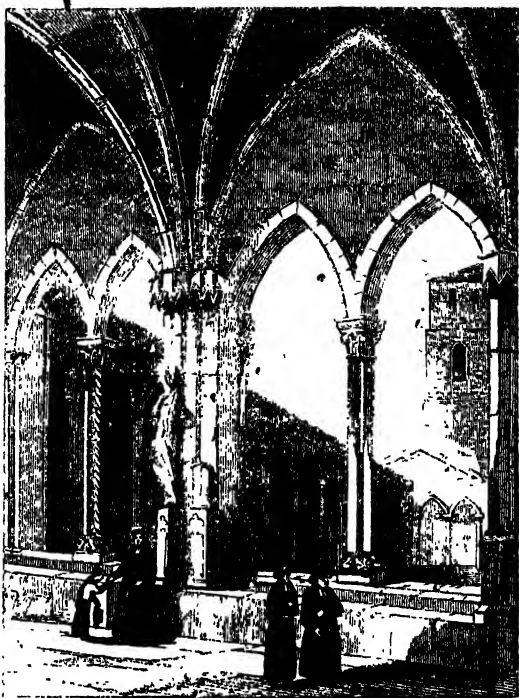
taining one of St. Martha's bones, on the fingers of which were ninety rings, some of which were worth as much as ten thousand francs. At the period when the bust was taken to Gènes, the arm was removed in some other direction; but its destination is unknown.

A very curious thing in this church is the tomb of St. Martha, which is less remarkable for any merit of execution than for the veneration which it inspires. For the rest, the figure of the saint, which is of white marble, recumbent on a bed of black, is very beautiful; and when seen by the trembling rays of the lamp which lights the subterranean chapel, has a most holy and impressive appearance.

As Tarascon offered us no other object of interest, we persuaded our friend Boyer to put the horse back into the cabriolet, at about five o'clock in the afternoon, and proceeded toward Arles, where we arrived at nine.



AMPHITHEATRE AT ARLES.



MONT MAJOUR.

CHAPTER XXIV.

ARLES.

ARLES is the Mecca of French archæologists; it is their ancient city *par excellence*. The ground is covered with Roman monuments, and around them, at their feet, beneath their shade, within their very crevices, thanks to the religious civilisation of St. Louis, a second and Gothic town has sprung up, which, in its turn, has given birth to the houses of which, well or ill, the modern town is formed. At first sight the two latter styles strike the eye, but if the foundations are examined, the narrow streets searched, and the various ruins put together, the Roman city re-appears, with its theatre, its circus, its prætorian residence, its baths, its forum, its imperial palace, its altar to the Goddess of Fortune, and its temple of Jupiter Olympus. The skeleton of the giant has not been completely buried, and its bones protrude through the earth on all

sides. In fact, Arles, if Ausonius is to be believed, was the Queen of Gaul. "The situation in which it is built," wrote Honorius and Theodosius to Agricola, the prefect of Gaul, "was so happily chosen, so large a number of traders and travellers flocked to its harbour, that all the produce of every other part of the world found its way thither; so much so, that being indeed the entrepôt of the whole world, it might be imagined, from the quantity of things displayed in its markets, that its foreign riches were the produce of its own soil. In fact, all that the rich East, odoriferous Arabia, fertile Africa, soft Assyria, beautiful Spain and fruitful Gaul contained was found there in plenty, according to the want, desire, or caprice of the most refined Sybarite. Everything that could be produced was brought there by land, by sea or by river, in boats, ships and chariots"*

Arles was accordingly a favourite town of Constantine. His thoughts were equally divided between it and Byzantium, for he had once lived there, he had been happy there, and it was there that his wife, Fausta, had given birth to his eldest son, who was named after himself. What was the cause which prevented Arles from becoming the second capital of the world it is impossible to say. Did Constantine tire of it, as a lover does of a mistress, and was he unfaithful to it on seeing the blue waves of the Euxine and the flowery shows of the Bosphorus? Did his distaste for it arise from the danger which he ran in his palace on the Rhone, that night when, forewarned by his wife, he concealed himself behind some tapestry, and saw his father-in-law, Maximinian Hercules, advance towards the imperial bed, sword in hand, and stab a eunuch whom he had placed in bed instead of himself? Or did the terrible *mistral*, the scourge of those parts, appear too obstinate an enemy, too violent an adversary, for a man who had breathed the soft air of Ostia and the perfumed breeze of Naples?

It was from Arles that Constantine started to fight Maxentius; it was during his journey from Gaul to Rome that a cross of light appeared to him bearing the inscription "In hoc signo vinces;" and it was in double recollection of his favourite town and of his miraculous victory that he caused medals of gold, silver, and bronze to be struck, bearing on one side a hand extended from a cloud holding a cross, and on the other side a legend composed of the two following words: "Arelas civitas."

Maxentius having been drowned in the Tiber, and all the prisoners having been set free, the Emperor was solemnly baptised by Pope Silvester, and returned to Arles, where, in the year 314, he

* Vita Imp. Honor. et Theod., lib. II., § 3.

assembled a council, in 316 caused the celebration of the decennial games, and in 324 gave the name of Cæsar to three persons, viz., Crispus, his son by Minervina his first wife; Constantine, who, as we have already said, was born to him at Arles, by Fausta, the daughter of Maximinius Hercules; and Linus, his nephew. Afterwards, by way of consoling the town for his leaving it, he behaved like a man who, on leaving his wife, gives her a liberal pension; he presented it with an obelisk of granite which was brought from the banks of the Nile, enriched its palace with magnificent statues and splendid colonnades, constructed at a great expense an aqueduct, by means of which the waters from the neighbouring mountains were conducted to its public reservoirs, and, finally, made it the residence of the Prætor of Gaul, thus rendering it almost equally great and important with Constantinople and Rome.

It was also to Arles that St. Aignan, the Bishop of Orleans, came in his turn, being besieged by Attila, to seek assistance from Aëtius, the præfect, who, with the aid of Mere-wig, conquered the King of the Huns near Châlons.

The Roman sway terminated at Arles with Julius Valerius Majorian. He crossed the Alps in 458, took possession of Lyons, and perceiving, like Constantine, that Arles was admirably situated, resolved to establish his imperial court there.

It was during his residence in this town, and in the palace of Constantine, that he invited Sidonius Apollinarius to sit at his table, and to this circumstance we owe the letter of the poet to his friend Montius, in which he gives the details of the grand feast at which seven great lords assisted, and describes the palace, adorned, as he tells us, with magnificent statues placed between columns of marble.

Majorian, who was assassinated at Tortona, lost with his life the empire of the West, and the city of Arles, the only Roman colony remaining, passed under the yoke of the Goths in 465; it was subject to them till 537, at which period Vittegis surrendered to Childbert, King of the Franks, the city of Arles, with all his possessions in Gaul.

The new master of Arles visited it, and had games and combats celebrated there, in imitation of those of the Romans. Hunting one day in the neighbourhood of the town, he met with some hermits on a small mountain in the centre of a forest, and, touched by their piety, founded the monastery of Montmajour.

In 732 the Saracens of Spain, after having been beaten between Tours and Poitiers by Charles Martel, overran the southern provinces, and rendered furious by their defeat, pillaged the city of Arles, destroyed its monuments, and buried under their ruins the

treasures of art collected during five centuries of civilisation. Expelled by Charles Martel in 736, they returned to Provence in 797, where Charlemagne vanquished them near the mountain of La Corde, two years later, killing twenty thousand men.

It was in honour of this victory, says M. de Noble de la Hauzière, in his "History of Arles," that Charlemagne built at the foot of the mountain Montmajour a small chapel, dedicated to the Holy Cross. A Latin inscription, now almost illegible, states the cause of its erection.* Unfortunately for the authenticity of the dedication, modern historical research recognises neither the inscription nor the victory it commemorates; it therefore seems probable that the monks of Holy Cross, unwilling to pray for Charles Martel, who obliged the religious communities he had come to assist to pay heavy ransoms, attributed the honour to his grandson. Besides, the true date of the preservation of the church of Holy Cross, proved by a charter, is later than the age of Charlemagne by two hundred and twenty years. It was erected by the Abbé Rambert, superior of the Abbey of Montmajour, and consecrated in 1019 by Pons de Marignan, Archbishop of Arles.

The empire of Charlemagne was dismembered; Provence, Burgundy, and the Empire fell to Lod Her. In 855, disgusted with the world, he took the cowl, leaving his son, Louis II., Emperor; his son Lod Her II., King of Lorraine; and his son Karl, King of Arles and Provence.

The Emperor Charles the Bald, who some time later made a fresh division of the States, raised Arles into a kingdom, and gave it for its king, Bozon, already Governor, of Provence and Italy. The new kingdom, of which Arles was the capital, consisted of Provence, Dauphiné, the Comtat Venaissin, the Principality of

* "Know all men, that the mighty prince Charles the Great, King of France, having laid siege to this town, which was in the power of the Infidels, and having rendered himself master of it by the force of his arms; the Saracens who were left in these countries having come in great numbers to take possession of this town and fortify it; the Prince advanced with his army to meet them, and gained a complete victory over them. On which account wishing to give a proof of his gratitude to God, he dedicated this temple to the honour of the Holy Cross; he also made it his care to rebuild the present monastery of Montmajour, dedicated to St. Peter. This edifice had been destroyed by the Infidels, and rendered uninhabitable; he restored it to its ancient splendour, placed in it monks to perform divine service, endowed it in perpetuity, and made it magnificent presents."

• The following epitaph is still to be seen there:—

"Many of the Franks who perished in this combat repose in the chapel of this monastery.

"BROTHERS, PRAY FOR THEM!"

Orange, part of the Lyonnais, Bourgogne, Franche Comté, Piedmont, and Savoy as far as Geneva.

The kingdom of Arles lasted 255 years, and was governed by eleven kings,* and, subsequently, by consuls; ninety-nine years passed in constant alternations from royalty to republicanism, and, finally, in 1220, the podestat was established.

It was during this period, and in the midst of civil broils, that the splendid basilisk of St. Trophimus was built and the foundation of the cloisters laid; Arles being already in possession of Montmajour. It was then from the eleventh to the twelfth century that religious civilisation bore fruit, and Christian art took root on Pagan soil.

During the following 144 years the city, sometimes a republic, sometimes a commonwealth and sometimes a kingdom, passed from the hands of the podestats into those of the religious communities; from them to consuls, from consuls to seneschals, and from seneschals to the Emperor Charles IV., who abdicated in favour of Charles V. The abdication took place at Villeneuve-les-Avignon; and from this period the title of King of Arles ceased to belong to the emperors, and the city became again subject to the Counts of Provence, who were Kings of Naples, Sicily, and Jerusalem; which title was borne in 1480 by the good King René, the crowned artist, who consoled himself with his pencil and his viol for the loss of his sceptre and his three kingdoms. Two years later, Louis XI., as heir to Charles III., assumed the title of Count of Provence, which was borne by his successors, and Arles was re-united to France.

We ask pardon of our readers for this long archæological-historical dissertation, but it will not be regretted by the traveller who, like us, arrives at Arles in the evening, and wishes to form some idea of the town he is to inspect on the following day.

We remained three days at Arles, for less time would not suffice to see and examine everything. Our first visit was to the Place des Bonhommes. In a circuit of about fifty paces, it shows you the remains of three civilisations separated from each other by a thousand years. The first is the obelisk of Egyptian granite; the only one which has been met with in France, and which, as we have said, was a gift from Constantine to the town he was leaving; part of the façade of a large monument, which it is thought must have belonged to the capitol, and of which nothing is left but a part of the frieze and the two columns which support it; and the basilisk of St. Tro-

* Bozon I.; Louis Bozon II.; Hugues I.; Conrad I.; Rodolphe III., called the Slothful; Gerardus, called the Usurper; Conrad II., called the Salic; Henry III., called the Black; Henry IV.; Henry V.; and Conrad III.

phigus, an admirable companion to that of St. Gilles; these two basilisks are the more curious from their being, as we think, two perfect monuments of Byzantine art in France.

One other remarkable thing is, that in the ornamental part of the façade of St. Trophimus we recognise the effect produced upon the artist by the models of ancient architecture which presented themselves. He has surmounted the principal entrance with a triangular *fronton*, like that still to be seen on the ruins of the capitol, and ornamented the cornice with twining palm-leaves, the illegitimate but acknowledged offspring of Roman architecture.

Near the church of St. Trophimus stands its cloister, half Roman and half Gothic, perhaps the most curious in France. By the profusion of ornaments on the drapery of the figures executed on the capitals of the Roman pillars, we easily recognise the Oriental style of the twelfth century. Constantinople was endeavouring to recompense Arles for having deprived it of the empire of the world.

The Amphitheatre is larger but in greater decay than that of Nîmes. When the Saracens devastated the south, part of the population took refuge in the arena, and, walling up its arched entrances, made an impregnable fortress of the Roman monument. Towers were soon erected above the gates, houses were built with regularity, and an isolated but complete town rose in the heart of the city, having its suburbs, its ramparts, its streets, market-place and church. Of this strange city but one house is left, the remainder having been demolished when the Government at last discovered that Nîmes and Arles possessed works of art which might render even Rome jealous. Next in importance to the arena is the theatre, the erection of which is of earlier date than the Roman conquest, and goes back as far as the time of the Greek colonies. According to a poem of Festus Avienus, Arles received from its neighbours of Marseilles the surname of Theline, on account of the fruitfulness of the soil. The descendants of Euxène had already given it their gods, as is proved by the fragments discovered of the temple of Diana of Ephesus; they wished to introduce their poets, so they gave Arles a theatre, which was not completed when the Romans succeeded them. This explains the difference of the workmanship of the two columns of marble, still standing, which support a fragment of architecture with a frieze above it, and the opposite side, now called the tower of Roland, the style of which is barbarous.

Next comes the Eliscamp promenade, so called from two Latin words, *elisei campi*. This was formerly a large cemetery, in which Pagans and Christians, differing in faith, but with the same hope, were laid side by side. Their tombs are intermingled, but those of the

Pagans can be recognised by the D.M. which recommends their spirits to their gods, and those of the Christians by the cross which places them under the protection of the Saviour. Almost all these tombs have been opened, some of them have been carried away by the inhabitants of La Crau to make troughs and paving-stones; others, of which the tops only have been used, are open and empty. Of the latter some still show the stone separation which prevented husband and wife, though reposing in the same grave, from ever intermingling their bones; and at short distances the sound of the earth under the foot that presses it proves that at the side of these desecrated tombs some still remain which neither curiosity nor avarice have yet profaned.

The museum of Arles, which that of Paris has deprived of its chief ornament, the Venus and her Mirror, has been enriched by the spoils of the other monuments. Each has furnished some share of its relics, but its greatest treasures have been brought from the field of the dead. I know no collection so rich in tombs of the Empire, the bas-reliefs of which might serve as a history of the decline of art. The oldest, I think, dates as far back as the beginning of the fourth century.

Government gives 700,000 francs yearly for the excavations at Arles, but it would do better to send a *préfet* who understood art, and place at his disposal a battalion of pioneers. We have an army of 400,000 men, out of whom 350,000 are idle. Would there be any difficulty in sending five hundred to be employed in clearing this new Pompeii?

It is interesting to walk round Arles, the ramparts of which almost form a second museum; at about every twenty yards you find, incrustated in the wall, the shaft of a pillar or the fragment of a capital. Wherever the Romans had erected monuments, these monuments had been employed to build cities, with their churches and ramparts; and yet you hardly perceive that any parts are missing of these gigantic edifices.

One of the three days we passed at Arles was a holiday, or rather a market-day. There was a sheep-fair; from 125,000 to 130,000 sheep were penned at the foot of the ramparts, on the south side. This event, trifling enough in itself, had an agreeable effect upon me, as a stranger; it brought from the houses, in their holiday dresses, the Arlesiennes, whom I had hitherto only seen fetching water or spinning at their doors. About three or four in the afternoon, abandoning the outward boulevard to the dandies of the town, they spread through the streets, walking together in small parties of six or eight, stopping at almost every door to chat, forming noisy laugh-

ing groups. Their reputation for beauty is well deserved; and not only are they beautiful but graceful and elegant. Their features, which are extremely delicate, are mostly in the Grecian style; they have generally brown hair and soft black eyes, such as I have only seen among the Indians and Arabians. Among a group of Ionians is frequently to be seen a young girl, evidently of Saracenic origin, by her long well-formed eye, olive complexion, her flexible form, and child-like foot; or a tall woman of Gallic blood, with fair hair and blue eyes, with a quiet and composed bearing like that of an ancient Druidess. Almost all are as fresh-looking and as much developed as the Dutch women; for the moisture of the climate, which will destroy their evanescent beauty before they are thirty, gives them the delicate tints of the flowers which blossom in marshy grounds or near the banks of rivers.

Unfortunately for the painter and poet who seeks the picturesque and the beautiful, these graceful daughters of Belovesa, Euxène, Constantine and Abderahmen, lost part of their charms when they renounced their national costume; which, uniting for them all the ages of the past, consisted of the short tunic of the Spartan girls, the corsage and black mantilla of the Spaniards, the buckled shoe of the Romans, and the large bratelet and close-fitting hood of the Gauls.

Of these picturesque vestments the Arlesiennes have preserved only their antique and singular head-dress, which, unsuited as it seems to the long waist and loose sleeve, still gives them an interesting appearance, which their lovers are far from possessing. The Arlesiens have nothing remarkable about them; thus it is a common thing to cite the men of Tarascon and the women of Arles, as they do the women of Rome and the men of Naples.

Is it not strange that in national costumes the last thing abandoned is the head-dress? In all the seaports of the south you meet in the streets numbers of Turks and Greeks who have assumed coats and trousers, but rigidly preserve the turban. The ambassadors of the Sublime Porte show us this strange mixture every day, when they enter our saloons and theatres in the French costume.

After the city of ruins ceases to be galvanised by a fête or a market, it again slumbers in its Roman dust. Resembling more a military tent which has been abandoned than an inhabited city, Arles was an imperial not a sovereign town. Embellished and decorated by a whim, deserted by caprice, this royal mistress, after five centuries, again revived. Its situation on the Rhone, a source of riches when its walls contained a magnificent emperor or warlike king, is of no value now that it is only a third-rate city. Under

the republic of the empire, Arles recovered a temporary appearance of life; for commerce, driven from the seas, took refuge in the rivers, causing internal trade to increase. Therefore all the seamen, porters, and those employed about the docks, here as at Avignon, are republicans; while, on the other hand, the gentlemen, shopkeepers, and peasantry are mostly Carlists. The city is divided between the two parties, as everywhere else; the upper town, which was at first a feudal fortress, is aristocratic, while the lower town, consisting at first of cabins built near the castle, which by degrees have been changed into houses, remembering its origin, is almost entirely democratic.

Arles, which from declining had become stationary, now begins to progress, slowly and with faltering steps, more like the infirmity of age than the weakness of childhood. Though numbering 18,000 inhabitants it has but one milliner, and she cannot support herself by her business; and during the last five years only a bookseller, with patronage from Aix and Marseilles, has been enabled to maintain himself there. The only books sold there before were prayer-books brought round by hawkers.

Arles, therefore, in our opinion, ought not to be looked upon as a living but a dead town; all that can be done to re-animate its trade and commerce would be thrown away and lost; poets and artists should go in pilgrimage there, not traders or merchants. The kings of Naples never attempted to re-people Herculaneum and Pompeii, and they were right; a tomb is only poetical when mute, and its greatest solemnity comes from its silence and solitude.

Arles is a tomb, the tomb of a people and of civilisation, a tomb like those of the barbarian warriors, with whom were buried their gold, their weapons and their gods. The modern city is encamped upon a sepulchre; and the earth on which it stands contains as much wealth within its bosom as want and misery upon its surface.

CHAPTER XXV.

LES BAUX.

AT a few miles' distance from Arles, is a town which is still more dull, secluded, and without life. The translator of Byron, the author of "Charles Edward," who is the only literary celebrity which Arles has produced, had recommended me strongly not to pass through his native town without visiting the site of the ancient Court of Love, in Provence; which gave Arles its *podestas*, Orange, its princes, the Hague, its stadtholders, and Amsterdam and London, their kings. Consequently, as soon as we had visited all that was remarkable in Arles, we bent our course towards Les Baux.

The road is quite in harmony with the place to which it leads. Passing by the larger and smaller ponds of Peluque, it keeps in a line for some distance with a Roman aqueduct, which commences close to a mountain near Orgon, crosses the road of Aix a little above Elsemat, goes by the side of St. Remy, and is lost sight of in the neighbourhood of Arles. We followed it into a species of waste fall of rushes and reeds, the marshy soil of which appeared to have formed the bed of some former pool. We left the aqueduct of Arles, to follow that of Barbegal, and found ourselves in the midst of mountains, which were quite as dull as the desolate plains we had just quitted. At last we arrived at Maussanc, and were offered refreshments, as we should have some trouble to get any either at Manville or Les Baux.

At half a league from Maussanc, in making the *détour* of a mountain, we caught sight of the town which we were about to visit, in the midst of a naked country, of a reddish appearance. We proceeded along a steep and winding path, and made our approach without seeing any signs such as those which usually announce the vicinity of a place full of human life; without hearing a breath which could indicate the existence of a town. The fact is, that the inhabitants have disappeared, and that the unfortunate town is dead—completely dead. It has died from neglect, from exhaustion, from starvation; because a road which used to lead from Orgon to Arles and which was, indeed, the artery through which the blood reached

its heart, has received another direction, or been entirely lost from the period when the splendour of Provence first began to decay. Afterwards it could no more exist than a young girl, who having lived only in love, has had her love taken away from her.

By degrees, a portion of the inhabitants, tired of the solitude which reigned throughout the place, forsook it, in order to inhabit Orgon, Tarascon, or Arles; the remainder, with a religious fidelity to the paternal roof, died in their seclusion. No persons either replaced the exiles, or succeeded the dead; and the uninhabited city at last stood exposed, abandoned, grieving, and mourning on the highway like a beggar seeking alms.

Half way up the path we met with the first sign of this tomb, in the shape of a cross. Decay had spread to the symbol of eternal redemption, equally with all the surrounding objects. The legs of the Saviour were broken, and the figure was hanging by one of its wiry arms to one of the iron arms of the cross.

A little further on we turned a fresh corner, and found ourselves opposite the lower gate of the town. The wooden panels had been taken away, doubtless in order to be made into firewood, while the iron bars had been torn away by some gipsy for the purpose of being sold. We entered one of the streets, and found all the windows and doors open. We saw houses, the porticoes of which were supported by columns of the period of the *Renaissance*, and adorned with baronial escutcheons. We saw hospitals where there were neither nurses nor patients; where the groans of the sick and the last sighs of the dying had ceased to be heard. We saw an old castle cut out of a rock, doubtless in remembrance of the parable in the Gospel; but this rock had been rounded into towers, cut into compartments, and variously excavated, until at length the base gave way, and the monolithic castle fell in one piece, as if overturned by the hand of a giant.

The only thing in tolerable preservation was the cemetery. Close to the castle, on an esplanade which overlooks the entire valley, hundreds of tombs, of all sizes, and destined for persons of different ages, have been built. There are tombs for the mother, tombs for the old man, and tombs for the child. Have they already served their purpose; and has a sacrilegious hand uncovered them, and removed their bones? Or are they still undisturbed; and did the prodigality of the grave-digger surpass the greediness of death, and provide all these tombs at the very time when there ceased to be any corpses to place in them?

I sat down in the middle of this strange cemetery, with my feet hanging into a tomb, and remained with my eyes fixed on this extraordinary town,—habitable, and yet uninhabited; dead, yet preserving

the aspect of life; resembling, in fine, a dead man clothed in the usual dress, placed erect, and painted. I fell into one of those states of sadness, which would be less melancholy accompanied by tears, less eloquent expressed by words, less heart-rending proclaimed by sobs.

I was awakened from this condition by the sound of a bell, and rose like a man who opens his eyes and seeks for an explanation of some dream which has continued after his sleep has ceased. But my guide could not explain it, and I accordingly prepared to seek an interpretation at the real source. I hastened, then, towards the church, the door of which was open, like all the others. I ascended about ten steps, which led to the peristyle, and entered.

After having vainly endeavoured to moisten my fingers in the *bénitier* (which appeared as if it had been determined to overwhelm me in one day with all the different aspects of death), the saddest spectacle was presented to my eyes.

At the foot of the altar, on an uncovered bier, lay the body of a little girl of from nine to ten years of age. On either side of the coffin knelt her two sisters; the mother was weeping in a corner; and the brother was himself tolling the bell, and calling on God to be present at this ceremony, from which the priest was absent. A dozen beggars, who form the whole population of Les Baux, were scattered about the other parts of the church.

No mass was said for the soul of this poor child; nothing but prayers faintly uttered, with sighing and sobbing. Four poor men, who had put on their best clothes for the solemn occasion, then raised the coffin, left the church, followed by the remainder of the *cortège*, walked towards the upper town, entered the hospital, and approaching one of the tombs, deposited the bier by its side. The mother drew near, kissed her child once more, her daughters did the same, and last of all, her son, who replaced the covering over the face of the corpse. A man then took from behind a stone a hammer, some nails, and a plank; the lid of the coffin was nailed down, and it was then deposited in the grave. The earth was rolled upon it with that noise, the deep echo of which sounds to us of eternity; and when the last shovel full had covered it over, the young girls approached, and threw bouquets of white flowers, which they had gathered in the neighbourhood, into the tomb. I had no bouquet, and threw down my purse; one of the beggars picked it up and presented it to the mother, who did not thank me, but wept bitterly.

I then left the hospital, before the façade of which (it dates from the *Renaissance*, and its entablature is crumbling away, in spite of the nine columns which support it) is a terrace, from which an extensive view is obtained. On the south is the vast blue ocean.

spotted with white sails; on the east, the plain where Marius defeated the Cimbric-Teuton, which is overlooked by Mount Victoire, where the trophies gathered on the field of battle were erected; on the north and west are the hospital and the town.

The surrounding landscape was very beautiful; and in the midst of it was the scene of a most celebrated occurrence. The genius of Rome had there met with one of its greatest triumphs. Two hundred thousand barbarians had been left dead in the valley as a hecatomb; and their bodies, unburied, washed by the rain, and scorched by the sun, gradually decomposed in those fields, which derived their ancient name of *Campi putridi*, and their modern one of Pourrière, from these fetid remains. But nature soon repaired these ravages. The soil produced stronger grass and richer corn in those places where it had been so thickly manured; and when the harvest had been gathered in, there remained on the fatal field, which had been the cemetery of an entire people, nothing but large whitened bones, of which the peasants made spectral-looking fences for their vines.

Any other day, at any other time, perhaps, I should have descended from the rock to the plain,—I should have walked on till I came to the shores of the Canus, and found the Holy Mountain, which the Provençal sailor, standing on the deck of his vessel, points out in the distance to travellers. After this I should have searched for the remains of the pyramid, where bold bas reliefs represented Marius, standing on shields borne aloft by his soldiers, and proclaimed *Imperator*. I should have found some peasant who would have related to me, as if it had been an event of yesterday, the battle which took place two thousand years ago. He would have told me—so vivid are the traditions of this great defeat at the spot where it took place—how the Roman general brought with him a Syrian Prophetess, in honour of whom he named the village of Martigues; and who, the day before the battle, was carried in a gilt litter through the ranks of the army, to which she promised victory. He would have shown me the place where Marius pointed out the river, in front of which the enemy had stationed themselves, and said to his soldiers, who, dying of thirst, demanded drink of him, “You are men, and there is plenty of water;” and where the soldiers, the same evening, drank with avidity the red and blood-stained water. Afterwards he would have told me of the fête which is kept up in the country in memory of the victory; and every year, in the month of May, the neighbouring population flock together, and a Christian procession, carrying the banner of the cross, enters the Pagan temple built by Marius; the men crowned with leaves, as emblems of triumph, and the women with

garlands of flowers: then, above the crumbling walls of Pourrière, he would have shown me the arms of the town, which, till the revolution, were a Roman general carried on a shield by two soldiers.

But now I had other thoughts; my mind was not occupied by the slaughter of an army, and the tomb of a people; I saw only the death of a beggar girl, the tomb of a child. I felt a wish not to seek poetry and history on the battle-field, but reflection and religion in the little church. I returned, and found it silent and empty; I turned into the darkest part, and, leaning against a column, I fell into one of those pious reveries, which, when the lips fail to move, form the prayer of the heart.

I do not know how long I remained thus, seized by a religious enthusiasm, which has such an effect on me, that when among the Chatreux of Grenoble, and the Capuchins of Syracuse, I was obliged to leave these places abruptly, to overcome my desire to enter a cloister: but the time must have been long, for I did not awake from this species of trance till my guide came to tell me night was coming on, and that it was time to return to Arles. When I quitted the church I felt a strong desire to carry away with me some memorial of it. Thus it is with every deep emotion we experience. At the moment our feelings overcome and enthral us, we seek to perpetuate them, and we know that the only way to succeed in this endeavour, is to revive them by the sight of an object which reminds us of them; so well are we aware of our inability to preserve, unaided, even the memory of them. But at the same moment, I reflected that this pious robbery of a church, pure as it might be in the eyes of God, who knew with what religious intention I should have committed it, was, nevertheless, a theft in the house of God, and consequently a sacrilege. Then I thought of a plan which would reconcile my desire and my conscience; this was to leave, in place of what I took, a sum four times its value, which the first poor person who came to pray would profit by. I then took in one hand a little worm-eaten wooden figure of a saint, but putting the other into my pocket, recollected I had given my purse to the mother of the little beggar girl I had seen buried. I was going to replace the saint on the altar, when the sight of my guide relieved me from my perplexity. I asked if he had any money with him; he gave me ten francs, which was all he had. I put them in the place of the statuette; and, a little reassured, carried it away with less fear.

Now, shall I pass from my recital to my confessional? At the risk of bringing to the lips of some of my readers the disdainful and contemptuous smile of Voltairian philosophy, shall I relate to all the world what I should, perhaps, only tell the priest? Yes; for some

poetical and religious minds will understand me; besides, dissection is always interesting, particularly when made upon a living body.

I have said that, thanks to the ten francs, I carried away the saint with less fear. Still, this sort of purchase was far from satisfying me, either because the objects that I had seen during the day, or the simple, but deeply sad ceremony, which had touched my heart, had excited my mind, and, by its over excitement, weakened it. "I left the church that had beheld my action—which I know not what to term, for I did not think it guilty, yet could not think it innocent—with terror in my soul. Night, which was rapidly approaching, contributed to increase this feeling. I accompanied my guide along the road leading to Maussane, and reached that village without having exchanged a syllable with him.

Our carriage was waiting there for us; Boyer harnessed the horse. During this time I saw my gun, which I had left on the chimney-place in the morning, and dreading an accident, which I should not have thought of at any other time, would not take it with me loaded, fearing the jolting of the cabriolet should have caused it to go off. I therefore went into the garden to discharge it in the open air; and as I raised it to my shoulder an idea for the first time struck me, who had been a sportsman from my childhood, that the barrel might burst and blow off my hand. I laughed at the idea, raised the gun to my shoulder a second time, and put my finger on the trigger, but it flashed in the pan; I had forgotten to prime it. I thought this a warning, opened the lock of my gun, took out the balls, put them into my bullet-case, and returned to the kitchen. I there found Boyer, who had finished his operations; the horse and the cabriolet were waiting at the door. I went out to enter the carriage, but as my foot was on the step my superstitious fears returned. I recollected the road we were to take led amongst precipices. I thought, as I had thought about my gun, that if I had done wrong, God could punish me in one way as well as another; and not wishing to risk it, ordered the cabriolet to go on while I followed it. Boyer, who could not understand this mania for walking alone when I could have ridden comfortably with him, stopped repeatedly to ask if I would not get in, but I persisted in my refusal; and yet I was fatigued, more from agitation than travelling, and more from mind than body.

We took the wrong turning at St. Martin's or Fonvielle, I do not know which; so that instead of returning by Bartegal we came by Le Castelet. We entered a kind of little forest, and had hardly walked a quarter of a league when we saw some ruins on an eminence. Boyer told me they were the ruins of the Abbey Montmajour, which we have spoken of in our historical sketch of Arles.

Seen by night it is a magnificent object, and the moon was sufficiently bright for us to see all the details of it. I advanced, intending to pass under its crumbling arches; but the same idea which had taken such hold of my mind returned and stopped me at the threshold; a stone might fall from the roof and injure me.

On reaching Arles, I shut myself in my room; I took out the saint, placed it on the drawers, and kneeling before it prayed,—a thing which I must acknowledge I had not done for some time previous.

The next morning, Boyer sent the saint to be placed among the things collected on my route, which were to be sent direct from Avignon to Paris. Had I kept it amongst my luggage, I should probably not have dared to continue my journey.

Now, I acknowledge that there is a great deal of hardihood in my telling this story, but it is what I owed to my readers; for, considered as a piece of anatomy of the human heart, it is, if not the most interesting, certainly the most curious thing which happened to me during my travels.

We devoted the remainder of the day to taking views of the town and making sketches of the monuments; and the next morning, before daybreak, were on our road to Marseilles.

CHAPTER XXVI.

CRAU AND CAMARGUE.

Two courses are open to the traveller from Arles to Marseilles—the route by sea and the route by land. The route by sea, by the steamer and the Gulf of Lyons; the route by land, by the stage and the canal of Bouc. Perhaps it may be considered that the name given to this latter route is not altogether appropriate; nevertheless, it is so called.

The ways of Providence are inscrutable. On one occasion I betook myself to Madame Saquis' to witness a pantomime called the *Mad Bull*—a very pretty piece of performance, with a literary dash about it, remarkable for its florid style and high-flown sentiment, and which had been recommended to my notice by the *Journal des Debats*; but, from first to last, I looked in vain for the interesting animal which had considerably lent its name to the production.

On the fall of the curtain I went out, and on my way inquired of the female box-keeper why the piece which I had just seen was called the Mad Bull.

"Because that is its title," was her reply.

I went away, of course highly satisfied with the explanation.

As we had had but a very sorry breakfast while on our journey, we naturally inquired where we could dine, and were informed we could do so at the town of Bouc. As we were ignorant of the peculiar attractions of that town, we ascended the roof of the coach, well pleased with the prospect at least of a dinner.

Our object in thus taking up this elevated position was to observe the country; for the excavations of the canal having been thrown up slope-like on either side, any one below might fancy himself, without much stretch of imagination, travelling through a wheel-rut.

The country, without offering much variety of scenery, may be considered as somewhat peculiar; for on the right lies the Camargue, where, according to the proverb, "*Les chasseurs ne trouvent pas une pierre à jeter à leurs chiens*;" and to the left, the Crau, which may be described as literally paved with flints.

* The Camargue, or camp of Marius, "*Cani Marii ager*" (a rather

indifferent etymology, by-the-bye), is the Delta of the Rhone; which means, that our geographers have discovered a similarity between its shape and that of a Greek D,—for the same reason which led Polybius to liken Italy to a triangle; or to the leaf of an oak, according to Pliny; or, according to M. Piquet, to a boot. It is an immense swamp, over which the sea rolled some two thousand years ago, but from which it appears to have just receded. Here and there, in the midst of these pontine marshes of France, a poor habitation rises into view, where the hunter who is lost in these solitudes is sure of meeting with the hospitality of the desert. The peasant possesses only a morsel of bread and a little water; but of that bread and of that water, half is at the service of him who hungers or thirsts.

The Camargue, uninhabited and uninhabitable as it is, has nevertheless its religious traditions and its historical associations—the former, in connexion with the village of Saintes Maries, abridged into the Village of Saints; the latter, with the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem.

The village of Saintes Maries, formerly called Our Lady of the Sea, is indebted for its modern name to King René. King René, in his character of poet, was acquainted with the old Provençal legend which states, that after the death of Christ, the Jews placed Mary Magdalen, the two Marys, Martha, Marcella, their servants, Lazarus, and Maximin in a boat, and, taking advantage of a storm, pushed the boat off to sea, that they might all perish. But God abandons not his servants. The sea became calm; a gentle wind carried the boat away from the shore. During the whole of the passage, which lasted two months, twice daily the Lord occasioned manna to rain down. At last, one fine evening, the holy men and the holy women landed at the most forward point of the Camargue, in a poor village inhabited by some fishermen. Mary Magdalen directed her steps to Sainte-Beaume; Martha, to Tarascon, where we have seen her tomb in passing; St. Maximin took the road to Arles, and St. Lazarus the one to Marseilles. As for the two Marys and Marcella, they remained at the village of Our Lady of the Sea, where they died after having converted its inhabitants to the Christian faith.

King René not only knew this legend, but had put it into verse, had set it to music, and had pencilled it forth on canvas; when, one night, wishing to give him an unequivocal proof of their gratitude, the holy women of Our Lady of the Sea appeared to him, and commanded him to go in quest of their relics, which they directed him, to take out of the earth, and erect a suitable tomb over them. As may be well supposed, the good King René did not require to be

told twice. At break of day, he mounted his horse; hung at his side that purse which he always carried out full, and which he always brought back empty; took his album, to sketch off any pretty face he might meet on the road, and set out towards Our Lady of the Sea.

It is further stated, that King René found the relics at the spot indicated. It was on that occasion that the good king changed the name of Our Lady of the Sea, to that of Saintes-Maries—more appropriate on account of the treasures which it possessed. The news of this discovery spreading through France, Italy, and Spain, pilgrims came hither in crowds; every house became, in consequence, an inn, and every innkeeper a millionaire. The prosperous star of the village continued in the ascendant till the middle of the sixteenth century, when the progress of religious reform giving rise to doubts, indifference naturally followed. The inhabitants, on the breaking out of the French Revolution, expecting persecution, were by persecution forgotten, and from that time have sunk into abject poverty.

Indeed, notwithstanding the annual exposition of relics, which had in other times amassed, on a fête day, a fortune for a year, this poor village has fallen so rapidly into decay, from sheer lack of pilgrims, that it has returned to its original condition—its innkeepers becoming again fishermen: besides, since the establishment of steamers, the sea has become so destitute of fish, that these unfortunate men can scarcely obtain the common necessities of life. Here they continue, a degenerate and wretched race, living only to die on the shores of their ancestors. If a habitation falls, there it lies—the family which once occupied it goes forth to beggary; so rapidly, indeed, is the village disappearing, that in fifty years the church only will be left standing, and in three or four centuries, the legend alone of its existence will be left.

During our stay at Arles, a rather singular event occurred at the village of Saintes-Maries, which will convey a pretty tolerable idea of the spirit of its worthy inhabitants. The church of the Saints, near which is a holy well, yielding very excellent water, though scarcely one hundred feet from the sea, rejoices in a worthy old curé, whose brother had formerly discharged the duties of pilot on this coast. On retiring from business, the gallant old sailor carried along with him the small annuity of two hundred and fifty francs, to defray the large expenses necessarily attendant upon the habits of an inveterate smoker and hard drinker. His brother, the curé, though possessing scarcely the means of subsistence for himself, undertook to share that little with him, provided he would give over his peculiar propensity for swearing,—a condition which was readily acceded to by

the latter; but as habit, however, is but second nature, our worthy pilot only swore, if possible, more briskly than ever. The curé, finding admonitions useless, at first simply blessed himself on each occasion, but ultimately did not even this, committing his brother to the mercy of God, who punishes, he argued, not words so much as intentions; for his brother was one of those good-natured souls who had never in his life been guilty of an evil intent. Matters had thus progressed for five or six years, when, towards the close of the sixth, the beadle died. Now, as the deceased had monopolised in his own person the duties of beadle, clerk, and vestry-keeper, the post which thus became vacant, and which produced, independently of baptismal, marriage, and burial fees, a fixed income of one hundred francs, was worth accepting. The curé, reflecting that the addition of one hundred and fifty or two hundred francs would procure many domestic comforts, offered his brother the berth, which was accepted by the latter, on the condition that he should be allowed to issue his orders in sea phraseology; observing, in virtue of the old axiom, that a habit was more easily acquired than lost. As the curé saw nothing to object to in this proposition, the pilot was, in consequence, inducted the following Sunday into his new office. Clad in his cape, and with the cross in his hand, he paraded himself up and down the church, and on the chanting of the Epistle, very adroitly contrived to pass the Gospel-book from starboard to larboard. At first, as may be supposed, the curé was somewhat scandalized at hearing the sacristy called the captain's cabin, and the tabernacle the bread-safe. He, however, soon became accustomed to this, as to other things, being supported in his belief that such trifles were inoffensive in the sight of God, who gave the best proofs of his good feeling for the parsonage by blessing its inhabitants with excellent health.

The two brothers continued thus to pull together for nearly fifteen years, when one morning an affair of importance calling the good curé to Arles, he started on his journey, having previously satisfied himself that no expected birth or contemplated marriage would be inconvenienced by his absence. It is true there was a sick person, but as the doctor had assured him that he would keep the patient alive till his return, he departed thoroughly easy in his mind.

That same night the invalid died.

This was considered an event of a very perplexing nature in the village of the Saints. As the curé was not expected to return for three or four days, and as it was next to an impossibility to send for him, there being no communication between the village of Saints and Arles save through a messenger to the town of Constantin once a week, and with whom, on the present occasion, the curé had set out,

it became evident that as the deceased could not be induced to await the curé's return before dying, it would be equally impossible to defer his burial. Whereupon the relatives, calling upon the curé's brother, made known to him their pitiable situation. The ex-pilot, after listening to all they had to say, inquired of them if they had nothing more than that to trouble them?

"Diantre!" was their reply, "we find it quite enough."

"The deceased was not a heathen?" inquired the beadle.

"He was a Catholic, like us."

"Well, then! send me some one to serve mass, and make the responses. I will inter him myself, and do it quite as well as my brother, you may depend on it."

"Done!" they replied; "we did not think of that; you are right."

And away they went for the corpse, while the reverend sailor decked himself out in the captain's cabin in the sacerdotal robes; mass was performed, and the dead was interred; the entire village assisting at the ceremony and praying over the grave, no one feeling scandalized thereat.

The curé, on his return, inquired after the invalid.

"He is stowed away," replied the pilot, "in the ship's hold."

On the whole story being communicated to him, the good curé, instead of expressing much astonishment at the proceeding, was delighted to find, that in case of absence or illness, he could depend upon one so well calculated to discharge the functions of his office.

We will now skip back to the fourteenth century, and pass at once from Saintes-Maries to the Chevalier Dicudonné de Gozon.

The Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, which order, as is well known, was founded by Gerard Tauques, a Provençal gentleman, whose birthplace we shall meet with by-and-bye at Martigues, inhabited during the fourteenth century the island of Rhodes, from whence they derive their name. Now, Rhodes is derived from the Phœnician word *Rod*, signifying serpent. This name originated, as no doubt will be inferred, in a cause, and that cause from the fact that innumerable reptiles from time immemorial had made this land of colossal notoriety their home.

It is, however, only fair to observe, that these same serpents began rapidly to diminish in number during the two centuries that these warrior monks occupied the island, who, no doubt, during their spare hours, amused themselves in hunting them down. The result of their activity was such, that the notion soon became prevalent throughout the commandery that the dreaded enemies had been extirpated, when one day, to the disagreeable surprise of all, a monstrous and gigantic

dragon, in comparison with which the famous serpent of Regulus was but a mere adder, stalked forth over the land.

The knights, faithful to their traditional glory, destructive as that fidelity might prove to them, offered themselves in numbers to combat with the monster, and went forth one after the other to drive him from out of his cavern in the valley of Rhodes; but of all those who sallied forth, not one returned, consequently each day witnessed, as a matter of course, the loss of some one of the most valiant members of the order. The grand master, Helion de Villeneuve, rendered desperate by the result of these attempts, prohibited, under pain of degradation, any knight of his order from combatting with the monster, assigning as a reason that so fearful a scourge could only have been raised up by God, and that it must consequently be met, not by temporal, but by spiritual weapons; whereupon the knights relaxed their exertions, much to the disappointment, no doubt, of the monster, who having accustomed himself to the delicate flavour of human flesh, was now compelled to fall back upon ordinary beef and mutton.

While affairs were in this position Dieudonné de Gozon arrived at Rhodes. This knight of Camargue, who united in his own person great bravery with equally great prudence, but who had hitherto signalled himself only in the west, landed here with the view of impressing his fellow-knights with a due notion of his prowess. But, as we have said, his bravery was only equalled by his prudence; he therefore determined upon not rashly risking his life, like his predecessors in this adventure, without first obtaining some knowledge of the enemy he had to deal with.

Consequently, Dieudonné de Gozon made the most minute inquiries possible about the monster, which he ascertained inhabited a marshy fen some two leagues from the town. He further learnt, that at eleven in the morning—that is to say, the hottest period in the day—it was his habit to come forth from his cavern and bask in the sunbeams, where he would remain for about four hours on the watch for his victim, and then return to his cell till the next day.

This, however, was not sufficient; Gozon desired to see the serpent with his own eyes. Consequently he sallied forth one morning, furnished, not with arms offensive or defensive, but simply with a pencil and a sheet of paper. Arrived within some thousand paces of the cavern, he looked out anxiously, as may be supposed, for a place of safety, from whence he might make his observations without being noticed; when having esconced himself to his satisfaction, he impatiently awaited, pencil in hand, the coming out of the serpent. The exact habits of the monster brought him out at his usual hour, when his first act was to pounce upon an unfortunate bull that had

strayed within his domains, and which he forthwith bolted whole; thus satisfied with his morning's performance, he stretched himself out in the sun within five hundred paces of the concealed Gozon. Gozon was thus fully enabled to complete his portrait; the serpent, as he lay extended, was so perfect a specimen of a model, that he was immediately sketched off, with the most scrupulous regard to detail. The picture completed, the knight retired with the greatest possible precaution, and retraced his way to Rhodes.

His comrades inquired if he had seen the serpent, and, on being shown the portrait, those who had simply reconnoitered the monster at a distance, declared it to be a most faithful likeness. On the morrow, Gozon again sallied forth from Rhodes, and betook himself to his old hiding-place. In the evening he returned at the same hour as previously, and on being interrogated as to his day's achievements, replied that he had made some corrections in his drawing; an announcement which gave rise to much mirth. The following day he again went out, again took the same precautions, and returned again with the same reply to the inquiries of the knights, who, believing him to be a madman, troubled themselves no further about him. This process continued for three weeks, at the end of which period, the young knight had learnt his serpent off by heart. He then asked for six months' leave of absence of the Grand Master, and having obtained it, returned to his Chateau de Gozon, situated on the lower Rhone, in Camargue.

On his return, he was made much of by every one, particularly by two magnificent dogs which he possessed: these animals were of the largest description, and had been trained to keep bulls at bay during the process of marking them with a red hot iron. Gozon, in return, caressed them, as he had his own ulterior ends in view. Fearing that their training during his absence might have somewhat degenerated, he immediately exercised them upon three bulls.

Satisfied that he could depend upon them as two capital auxiliaries, Gozon immediately set to work to carry out his plans. Thanks to the drawing which he had taken on the spot so closely after nature, Gozon was enabled to construct a perfect serpent, both in shape, colour, and appearance, to which he communicated perfect action, through the medium of internal mechanism. His automaton completed, he next turned his attention to the training of his horse and dogs. On first beholding the monster, artificial though it was, the horse became unmanageable, while the dogs fled; the next day their fear diminished, though nothing could induce them to approach the animal. The day after, the horse advanced within fifty steps of the monster, and the dogs showed their teeth. Eight days after-

wards, the horse trampled the serpent beneath his feet, and the two dogs flew at him, as at a bull.

Nevertheless, Gozon continued to exercise them thus for two more months, accustoming his dogs to seize their prey by the belly, which he had observed was free from scales. To do this, he was in the habit of putting fresh meat in the stomach of his automaton: the dogs, knowing where their breakfast awaited them, dived in search of it into the very entrails of the animal. At the end of two months, their training was complete; moreover, the monster was fast falling into pieces, notwithstanding the daily repairs to which it was subjected.

The knight now set out for Rhodes, where he safely arrived, after a month's voyage; something less than six months having elapsed since his departure.

His first inquiry on landing was after the monster, whom he was informed was in a most flourishing condition; only that cattle and game having become somewhat scarce, he had now extended his excursions to the very walls of the town. The Grand Master, Helion de Villeneuve, had ordained the observance of forty hours of prayers. Forty hours of prayers, however, had proved of no more efficacy than even a simple *Ave Maria*; so that the unfortunate inhabitants of the Isle of Rhodes were lost in the utmost despondency.

The knight, mounting his horse, and followed by his dogs, repaired to the church, where he performed his devotions, continuing in prayer from seven in the morning till mid-day, during the whole of which period he left his dogs without food, while at the same time he supplied his horse with an ample feed of corn. Mid-day arrived; he set out from the town, to surprise the monster during his enjoyment of his habitual siesta, followed by the half-famished hounds.

But as the monster, as has already been observed, had been latterly in the habit of extending his excursions to the town, the knight had scarcely proceeded a mile from the gates, when he beheld the object of his search. The latter no sooner caught a view of the knight than, raising his head with a snort, he extended his wings, and advanced rapidly towards him. His expected prey, however, proved somewhat hard of digestion; for no sooner had he come in view of the dogs, than believing him to be their old friend the automaton, and remembering that their breakfast was in his stomach, they immediately threw themselves upon him, and attacked him savagely, well backed up by the horse's hoofs and the knight's exertions. In vain did the unfortunate serpent endeavour to seek for safety in flight; the fates were against him. One blow from the knight's lance threw him on his flank. This was followed by a kick from the horse, which disabled his wing, and by a fierce assault from the dogs upon his

entrails. Loud were the shouts of Exultation which now rent the air from the inhabitants, who had ascended the battlements of the town, to witness the combat. Encouraged by these plaudits, the knight leaped from his horse, cut off the serpent's head, and carrying it before him as a trophy, rode into the town amidst universal acclamation, when he was led, followed by his two dogs and the entire population, to the palace of the knights.

Arrived at head-quarters, he found the Grand Master, Helion de Villeneuve, awaiting him. Instead, however, of being complimented by that officer upon his valour, he was reminded of the decree which had been issued, prohibiting any Knight of the Order of St. John from coping with the monster; and in virtue of that decree, against which he had so fortunately run counter, was committed to prison, upon the principle that want of proper discipline in a knight was a more grievous calamity than the wholesale consumption of half the inhabitants and every herd of cattle in the island. A council was thereupon summoned, and Gozon was degraded from the rank of knight. But, as may be easily imagined, no sooner had this sentence been recorded, and the ends of justice consequently satisfied, than Gozon was reinstated in his former titles; fresh honours were heaped upon him; and on the death of Helion de Villeneuve, which occurred some few months afterwards, he was raised to the dignity of grand-master. On this occasion Gozon assumed a dragon on his arms; a device which continued in his family till the commencement of the seventeenth century, when his descendants became extinct.

As for the horse and the two dogs, they were maintained for the rest of their lives at the public expense, and embalmed after their death.

So much for Camargue. We will now pass on to Crau.

Crau is the plain in which the contest took place between Hercules and the people whom he desired to civilize; a contest in which the vanquisher of the Hydra had been at but overpowered, when Jupiter, coming to his assistance, caused a shower of stones to descend upon his adversaries, which have left their traces behind them even to the present day—a period of four thousand years since the combat—and have consequently given to the plain the name of Crau, derived from the Celtic word *craig*, signifying a flint; or, according to other authorities—the learned generally differ—from the verb *kradrú*, to cry. Be this as it may, it so happens that the earth here is everywhere covered with flints, otherwise rarely to be met with in Camargue; amidst which grows a delicate and pleasant-flavoured herb.

The meadow-land—which, to the practised eye of a Beauce or

Champagne farmer, would be worth fifty francs an acre—is the more valuable from its requiring but little outlay on its cultivation; the green turf of Crau being seldom visited by hail or spow-storms. Here, as in a terrestrial paradise, vegetable nature flourishes unaided.

This is truly an extraordinary plain, with its desert-like mirages, and hurricanes, which hold here an undisputed sovereignty. At their first advance herds, dogs, and shepherds hasten to shelter themselves from their impending fury, which, when at its height, scours, whirlwind-like, the length and breadth of the plain, carrying before it the very stones, as chaff before wind, and even sweeping onward clouds of earth; scattering abroad entire herds of sheep; while the very shepherds are either wounded or slain by its violence. So fearful indeed is the destruction thus produced, that when this storm of the elements subsides, the very ruins of its rage can scarcely be described.

The ancients assigned a place among their deities to this angry spirit of the elements; and Seneca, who gives us an account of some of its most boisterous achievements, tells us that Augustus raised a temple to its honour.

During our journey, however, through Crau, we were fortunate enough to escape without any practical illustration of what we have attempted to describe.

About two, P.M., our coach pulled up and we got down; and, on inquiring where we were, were informed that we had arrived at the town of Bouc.

We looked about us, and observed three houses, two of which were closed and the other open. We approached the latter, and found it to belong to an innkeeper, who was amusing himself at a game of billiards by playing against himself.

We inquired of the worthy fellow if it were possible to get a dinner. His reply was, that nothing could be more easy, provided we could hold on for an hour. Wishing to know how we could pass away the time in the meanwhile, he advised us to take a stroll through the town.

“What town?” I asked.

“The town of Bouc,” replied he.

Being under the impression that I must have passed through it without noticing it, I turned back to the doorway, and gazed about me. There stood, beyond a doubt, the two closed houses which I had observed; but as for a town, there was not even so much as a hillock behind which it might be concealed. I returned, and found Jadin perusing a paper which was stuck up against the wall.

"Bouc must be some subterranean town like Herçulaneum," I observed; "or, like Pompeii, it must be buried in ashes, for I have not been able to see so much as a vestige of it."

"All right," exclaimed Jadin; "I have discovered it."

"Where is it?"

"There," he replied; pointing out to me the printed notice on the wall, which I approached and read—

"Napoleon, by the grace of God, Emperor of the French, King of Italy, &c., &c., have ordered, and do order as follows:

"That a town be raised, and a port be constructed between the town of Arles and the village of Martigues; the said town and port to be called the town and port of Bouc.

"That our Minister of Public Works do forthwith charge himself with the execution of the said order.

"Given at our chatcau of the Tuilleries, the 24th July, 1811.

"Signed, NAPOLEON."

Beneath the above appeared the plan.

"There it is," exclaimed Jadin; and truly, during those few leisure moments which peace afforded him, Napoleon had cast his eye from the map of Europe to that of France, and fixing his attention upon that bank of the Mediterranean which lies between Crau and Camargue, six leagues from Arles, and ten from Marseilles, exclaimed, "That place requires a town and port."

To him a thought was but a will. The next day the above instrument was drawn up, and his name attached.

The plan was immediately laid out, and engineers despatched. But the campaign of Russia arrived, and with it the disasters of Moscow. As men were scarce, the engineers were recalled, having only had time to construct a canal, and to lay out the ground-plan of the town; subsequently a precocious speculator erected three houses, of which, as we have seen, two were empty, and the third occupied by our host.

Such was the town which he had invited us to inspect.

A sudden feeling of terrible anxiety seized me, lest our prospect of dinner should prove as imaginary as the town. At one bound I descended from the parlour to the kitchen. The spit was on the turn, and saucepans were on the fire. I, tremblingly, approached to assure myself that what I saw was neither the ghost of a leg of mutton, nor the mere shadow of a partridge. I was much relieved to find that they were substantial.

"Ah! ah! is it you?" observed mine host, while turning the spit, "Have but a little patience. Just take a turn through our principal street, and I will rejoin you opposite the theatre."

I considered the man insane; but as my contempt for an idiot is only equalled by my respect for a maniac, I prudently took Jadin's arm, and went out in search of the principal street. We had not much difficulty in finding it. Stuck up within some few paces of the house, was a notice board with the inscription, *High Street* on it, and sure enough there we were.

We proceeded onwards. At the end of some hundred paces we met with another post and another inscription: *The Theatre of Her Majesty, the Empress Marie Louise*. We pulled up; this, beyond a doubt, was the spot indicated by our host.

We were right. Within five minutes we saw him making his way towards us.

The politeness of the worthy man was unprecedented; never have I met with a more erudite cicerone. For two entire hours he walked us up and down the four quarters of the town, pointing everything out to us, showing us the shops and the pleasure-grounds, not omitting the most trivial details. Luckily I had provided myself with my gun, and in the course of our peregrinations was consequently enabled to shoot a couple of quails in the Exchange, and a hare in the Custom House.

Bouc would be a delightful town, but for a reason somewhat the reverse of the one given in the case of Roland's horse. Roland's horse had but one defect, which was that he was dead; the defect in the town of Bouc is, that it never existed. Otherwise it would be a most unexceptionable place; as it is, it must be allowed, that a better dinner may be had here than in many other towns which, to the disgust of travellers, have the misfortune to exist.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE MARTIGAO.



ON hearing my first shot, my *ciccone* informed me that there was a police regulation which forbade any firing of guns in the interior of a town; but as I fired again about five minutes afterwards, in spite of this announcement, he did not think fit to make any further objections. However, he had found out that I was a pretty good shot, and had made up his mind to derive some advantage from the proof of skill which I had been imprudent enough to give him.

Accordingly, when we asked for our bill, after devouring all the dinner, with the exception of one dish, which we could make nothing of, and which Mylord, to whom it was turned over, also rejected, after a few ineffectual attempts, the host said to us:—

"You gentlemen are sportsmen, I believe?"

"Yes; as we have already shown you," I answered.

"If you would do me the honour to sleep here to-night, I could offer you such shooting to-morrow as you have never seen."

"The deuce you could!" said I.

"You are joking!" said Jadin.

"No, gentlemen; it is just as I told you."

"What sort of shooting is it?" said I.

"Shooting *macreuses*, gentlemen, in the ponds of Berre."

"And the *macreuse* itself, what sort of a thing is it?" I asked.

"It is the bird which I served up to you in a *salmi* to-day."

"And which even Mylord would not touch," I added. "A nice sort of animal your *macreuse* seems to be!"

"You know, gentlemen, that we don't go out shooting so much for the value of the game, as for the pleasure of bringing it down."

"You are right," I replied; "but what then?"

"Well, gentlemen, there will be great sport to-morrow at Les Martigues. If you leave here at six in the morning, you will just be in time to take a boat. I can give you a letter to my cousin, who is connected with the town of Berre."

"Just such another as you, I have no doubt," said Jadin.

"I beg your pardon, sir!" said the innkeeper, not catching the remark.

"Nothing," I remarked. "What were you about to say?"

"Why, sir, I was only going to say that when you come through the town of Bouc, you will be able to give a fine account of your sport."

"He is fond of his town," said Jadin.

"But what," said I, "are we to do between now and this evening?"

"Is not this gentleman an artist?" said the innkeeper, with a polite bow to Jadin.

"I am; and at your service, my good man," was the reply.

"Well, sir, can you not take a view of the harbour during the afternoon?"

"Exactly so," said I to Jadin; "there is your work cut out for you. I shall jot down my notes, and as we must be up to-morrow at five, we must go to bed early."

"As you please," said Jadin to me; "only I warn you that this fellow is a regular cut-throat."

"Well then, we'll stop here," said I to the innkeeper. "Go and write us the letter and prepare our beds."

In spite of Jadin's presentiment, the night passed away without any accident. At five the next morning our host awoke us.

"Well, where is the letter?" I said.

"Why, gentlemen, I reflected that this was not the coach-day, and consequently that there would probably be no one starting from the tower of Bouc. So I have put the horse in the carriage, taken my gun down, and if you, gentlemen, do not think me unworthy of your society, and will permit me to drive you, I can offer you a couple of places. You will then arrive at Les Martigues in a fresher and more active condition than if you had walked there."

"My good man," said Jadin, approaching the innkeeper, "I owe you reparation for having misjudged you. Give me a pinch of snuff."

"And produce a bottle of your Cahors wine," added I.

The host presented Jadin with a pinch, and withdrew for the wine which had been ordered.

"Well! what do you think of our host?" I inquired of Jadin.

"Truly my heart expands towards him, and his town."

Ten minutes afterwards, we were rolling along on our route to Martigues, where we arrived at day-break.

I never saw a more original looking spot than this little town; situated between the lake of Berre and the canal of Bouc, and erected, not upon the shore of the sea, but upon the sea itself. Martigues is to Venice, what a charming peasant girl is to a fine lady; it only requires, however, the caprice of a king to convert the village beauty into a queen.

Martigues, it is said, was built by Marius. The Roman general, in honour of the prophetess Martha, who attended him, as every one knows, gave it the name which it still retains. The etymology, perhaps, is not very exact; but etymology, as is well known, is, of all hothouses, the one which forces the most extraordinary flowers.

The most striking feature about Martigues, is its joyous appearance, its streets intersected with canals, and strewn with cyanthas and the pungent sea-weed; its crossways, where boats ply, like coaches in ordinary streets. Then, at every step, dwarfs of ships rise into view, with their tarred bottoms and dried nets. It is a vast boat, in which every one is engaged in fishing; men with nets, women with lines, children with their hands; they fish in the streets, they fish under the bridges, they fish from the windows; and the fish, always plentiful and always stupid, thus allow themselves to be captured in the same spot, and by the same means, for the last two thousand years.

And yet, what is very humiliating for the fish, is, that the simplicity of the inhabitants of Martigues is such, that in the Provencal patois, their name, *Lé Martigao*, has passed into a proverb. *Lé Martigao* are the Champenois of Provence; and as, unfortunately, they have not had born unto them the smallest resemblance of a La Fontaine, they have preserved their primitive reputation in all its purity.

That fellow was a Martigao, who, wishing to cut off a branch of a tree, took his bill-hook, ascended the tree, seated himself on the branch, and cut away between himself and the trunk.

That was a Martigao, who, entering a house in Marseilles, saw for the first time a parrot, approached it, and addressed it familiarly, as is the custom towards the feathered tribe.

"Sacré cochon!" replied the parrot, in the gruff voice of a drunken musqueteer.

“A thousand pardons, sir,” said the Martigao, taking off his hat; “I took you for a bird.”

These were three Martigao deputies, who, sent to Aix to present a petition to Parliament, made out immediately on their arrival the residence of the chief president, and gained admission into the hotel. Conducted by the usher, they traversed some passages, whose splendour astonished them; the usher introduced them into the cabinet leading to the audience-chamber, and, pointing to the door, bade them enter, and retire. The door, however, which the usher had indicated was hermetically sealed by a heavy piece of tapestry, according to the custom of the time; so that the poor deputies, observing neither key, nor handles, nor egress, through the large folds of the curtain, pulled up, much embarrassed, and ignorant what to do. Thereupon they held a council, when the most intelligent of the three, after a minute's silence, observed: “Let us wait till somebody goes in or out, when we will do as he does.” The advice appeared good, was adopted, and the deputies waited.

The first who appeared was the president's dog, who, without further ceremony, dived under the curtain. The three deputies went down on all-fours, passed through like the dog, and as their petition was granted, their fellow-citizens never doubted for a single moment that to the suitable way in which it was presented, rather than to the justice of their claims, they were indebted for their prompt and complete success.

There are many other stories told, not less interesting than the preceding; for instance, that of the Martigao who, after having for a long time studied the mechanism of a pair of snuffers, to assure himself at last of the utility of that small utensil, snuffed the candle with his fingers, and duly deposited the snuff in the receiver. But I am afraid that some of these charming anecdotes must lose much of their value in their transition. Here, however, they possess a racy flavour of the soil, while from the time of its foundation, which we have traced to Marius, Martigues has supplied anecdotes and cock-and-bull stories for every town; with a liberality, according to our host, which is beginning by degrees to grow wearisome.

Martigues has, nevertheless, furnished a saint to the calendar, in the shape of the blessed Gerard Tenque, by trade a grocer in the town of Marius. Having occasion to visit Jerusalem, for some purpose connected with his business, he was so incensed at witnessing the ill-treatment experienced by the pilgrims in the Holy Land, that he determined henceforth to devote himself to the relief of these pious travellers. Parting with his shop, which may be supposed to have been doing a thriving business, from the fact of the long journey he

had taken in connection with it, and collecting all the loose cash thus realized, he set out, staff in hand, to get up a subscription for these poor people among the merchants of Alexandria, Cairo, Jaffa, Beyrout, and Damascus, with whom he had had dealings. These holy exertions of Gerard were blessed by heaven with a success so far exceeding his expectations, that he was enabled to erect an hospital, and an asylum for the reception of all Christians whose respect for the Holy Land led them to Judea. The first crusade taking place during the establishment of this institution, the conquests of Godfrey de Bouillon obtained for it so much importance, that it received many privileges and statutes from Rome, which became vested in the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem. Thus was that splendid order, which, in its exclusiveness, admitted only knights of the highest blood, and of the most renowned valour, to its privileges, founded by a poor grocer.

When the relics came to be divided among the Christians after the capture of Jerusalem, Gerard Tenque received for his share the chemise worn by the Holy Virgin on the day when she was saluted as the mother of Christ by the angel Gabriel. This relic was the more valuable from the unquestionable mark of authenticity which it bore, in the shape of the initials, M. T. and L., which were deciphered in the corner of it, and which evidently signified, *Mary of the Tribe of Levi!*

Gerard Tenque after his death was canonized. On the recapture of the Island of Rhodes by the Infidels, the Knights, determining not to leave the sainted bones of their founder in their hands, exhumed his coffin, and transferred it to the Chateau of Manosque, attached to the lordship of the Maltese order. Here the governor, possessed to a certain extent of the incredulous spirit of St. Thomas, and knowing that the chemise of the Virgin had been interred with the deceased, had the coffin opened, in order to satisfy him of the authenticity of the relics deposited with him. The body was in a perfect state of preservation, and the chemise was safe. Now, the governor, concluding, with much acuteness, that since the blessed Gerard had been already canonized, he could have no occasion for so important a relic as that which he had hitherto monopolised, and which, no doubt, had proved very efficacious in contributing to his salvation, conceived that that efficacy might be made to extend to others—or, in other words, as well-regulated charity commences at home, the worthy governor appropriated the chemise, which he had deposited in a very handsome shrine, and removed to his Chateau de Calisanne, in Provence, where it is said to have worked miracles. On his death-bed, the governor, who naturally left no issue behind him, unwilling to expose so sainted

a relic to the sacrilegious hands of collaterals, bequeathed it to the principal church in the nearest fortified city to his chateau, as so precious a jewel could not be entrusted to a defenceless town.

As may easily be imagined, when the tenour of this will became known, much excitement arose in all the neighbouring towns; each sending its geometer to measure its distance from the Chateau de Calisanne. The town of Berry was decided upon as possessing the most incontestible claims to the holy relic, and consequently the miraculous chemise was adjudged to it by the Archbishop of Arles, much to the grief of the good people of Martigues, who only lost by half a fathom. From that time—that is to say, from about the middle of the fifteenth century—this sacred chemise was exposed every year, on the festival day of St. Mary. At the period, however, of the Revolution it disappeared, no one knew whither.

Our host had completed this edifying legend as we gained the bank of the Lake de Berry, when we met, not a mere assemblage of hunters and a few boats, but positively an army and a fleet.

As our host was acquainted with a party of these hunters, he had no occasion to go in quest of his cousin, whom he would have found it rather difficult to make out in the midst of so great a crowd. He was universally welcomed, every one offering the use of his boat. As we were his friends, the invitations of course extended to us; we, therefore, following him, embarked in the same boat. As I have said, a perfect fleet was assembled here. I counted eighty sail; as for their accompaniments, I could only form a rough guess at their number. Our boat, which was the least laden, carried six men. In the midst of the assembly, and distinguished by its flag, lay the admiral's bark, which kept up a communication by means of signals with the two vessels forming our extreme ends; a line of huntsmen extended along the whole shore, while boys, carrying pistols in their hands, waded up to their middle in water.

It had been previously decided, in order to avoid those misunderstandings which always conclude pleasure-parties of this nature, that the game should be proportioned out to each boat. The admiral, who was an old sailor, had transmitted a copy of this decision to each of the mayors assisting in the hunt; and each mayor had read it aloud to those under his charge. Every one promised to conform to it, and then took up his position with the intention of doing exactly the contrary.

At one glance, I understood perfectly the plan of the battle. The tactics consisted simply in scouring the whole breadth of the lake, and in driving before us the sea-gulls; which, not daring to enter the boats, swam as long as they could swim, but finally found them-

selves driven to the shore; and, as the boats continued to advance, the poor animals were compelled to take wing and pass over the heads of the hunters. At this moment they received a fire; after which, they fled frightened to the other extremity of the lake. Then the same *manœuvre* recommenced, till it produced a similar result; and this continued so long as day gleamed in the sky, as strength continued in the rowers, or sea-gulls on the lake.

Moreover, if the poor birds, too harassed, rose up and disappeared—a thing which never happened till after the fifth or sixth flight from the one end of the lake to the other—this circumstance had nothing in it alarming; they were certain to be found again, the next day, on the lake De Fos or De Marignanc. As a sea-bird, the gull inherits much of the dulness of the fish.

Scarcely had each party taken up its position, when the admiral, through a speaking trumpet, gave the signal for departure. At the same instant every boat was put into motion, and all advanced in perfect order.

However, as, notwithstanding our number, we were unable to span the breadth of the lake, considering it was three leagues, the admiral suddenly sounded a halt. A troop of sea-gulls spread themselves over the circle, and threatened to escape us. Twenty boats were detached, which, by means of a dexterous *manœuvre*, gained upon the fugitives, and compelled them to re-enter the line.

During this evolution we remained inactive, and our host, who, as may have been seen, was highly informed, took advantage of our inactivity to point out to us, on the tongue of land behind which the sea-gulls threatened flight, three rocks of unequal size, called the Three Brothers, a name which they got, he told us, from the following anecdote:—"Three sons of a farmer, of whom the eldest was blind, the second blind of one eye, and the third sharp-sighted enough, inherited from their father all the harvest which had been gathered in. That brother who had his two eyes made three shares of the wheat which the deceased had left as heritage; a large share for himself, a smaller share for the one-eyed one, and a very small share for the blind one; but such a division was too unjust for heaven to sanction, consequently the three parcels of wheat were changed into stones, and these are the three rocks yonder, and to which, in commemoration of this wonderful event, the name of the Three Brothers has been given." We inquired of our host what was the moral of the fable, and he was on the point of explaining it to us, when, unfortunately for the edification of our readers, the speaking-trumpet of the admiral making itself heard ordered us to continue on our way. The fleet came up to the wind; the *manœuvre* was magnificent. This reminds

me that Claude Forbin was a native of Gardanné, and Bailly from Suffren de Saint-Cannat; very likely they both commenced their apprenticeship to the sea by gull-hunting.

We now continued the advance, in accordance with the order given, and as we did so the ranks of the unfortunate animals before us grew so thick, that they covered the surface of the lake like an immense carpet. Never, since the celebrated destruction of game at Raincy, where, among other things, eleven thousand rabbits were killed, had I seen such a quantity of animals swarming together in so small a space. Soon the lake afforded them only a too limited surface, and half the sea-gulls commenced running over the backs of the others; at last one decided upon taking wing, some others followed, then a greater number, then an entire mass, which advanced towards us with a fearful noise, and which, in an instant, passed like a cloud over our heads. The report of two thousand fowling-pieces immediately followed, and a shower of sea-gulls literally fell from the skies.

Never had I seen a similar sight; it reminds me of the famous flight of pigeons from Bas-de-Cuir. The lake was strewn with the dead and dying, which every one endeavoured to secure. As it had been arranged that the game should be divided into equal shares, every one, of course, filled his pockets, pantaloons, and sleeves. Our host looked like a bag of nuts. Within four paces of us a boat capsized; the accident was occasioned by a struggle, and the struggle continued in the water. I soon discovered that the race was not for the most skilful but for the most active, and that the game belonged, not to those who shot but to those who picked up the most. At the extreme end of the line two boats were struck with shot; some grains of spent shot hit ours; the rest lodged among those who lay between us and the combatants. Some rubbed their posteriors, others shook their fingers, every one swore the sea-gulls were avenged.

The mayors displayed the tri-coloured cockade; the gendarmes, drawn up on the two banks of the lake, drew their sabres; the admiral exclaimed, "Down with your arms!" at the highest pitch of his speaking-trumpet; but so long as the body of a single sea-duck remained on the surface of the lake he possessed no means of stopping the disorder. As for myself, I openly rammed down two balls into my gun, and declared that whatever I received I should return with interest.

At last matters turned out for us much the same as they did for the Gid: the combat ceased, not for want of combatants, but for want of victims. Without reckoning those which were concealed, each

boat might have held, one with the other, from twenty to twenty-five ducks. The ranks were, then reformed, the word to face about was given, and we advanced with an excitement which the heat of the engagement had only redoubled, towards the fugitives, who hastened to the other end of the lake: but this time, notwithstanding all the efforts of the admiral's galley, every one rowed forward on his own account, and in spite of the cries of the laggards, the most active were the first to arrive; the butchery immediately commenced, and though less orderly than the preceding one, was not less murderous. This lasted from seven in the morning to three, P.M. We were knee-deep in sea-gull. Mylord had disappeared beneath a layer of birds, as Tarpeia beneath the bucklers of the Sabines.

We disembarked, horribly fatigued with our naval expedition. Our boat-companions invited us—they could not have done so more courteously—to take our part in the common mass, to which we had, moreover, honourably contributed.



CHAPTER XXVIII.

ANCIENT MARSEILLES.

THE first thing I did on my arrival had been to write to Mery; so the next day, at seven o'clock in the morning, I was awoken by him.

My readers know Mery, either by his works or personally. Those who know him only by his writings, love him for his works; those who know him personally, love him for his works and himself.

Mery is one of those singular creatures whom God has been pleased to make, and in whom he has united all that is good, exalted, and intellectual in other men. Mery has the heart of an angel, the head of a poet, and the mind of a demigod.

Twenty years ago Mery took up a pen for the first time. Let any one rise, and say, "I complain of that pen."

Thus Mery, with as much talent as any one, and with more wit than anybody I know, has not an enemy in the world, not even among fools. It's wonderful!

With the power of taking such a high stand, he is contented with an insignificant one. A corner of the sunny Provence; his head shaded by a pine tree, his feet by the shores of the sea, and a cloak on his shoulders, winter as well as summer; this is all that he requires.

And then what calmness of soul, what serenity of mind, what benevolence of heart! He is the ancient philosopher, with the faith of the Christian.

Besides, why should not Mery believe and hope? Did any one ever believe and hope in him, and be ever deceived?

With what joy we saw one another again! for if I have a regard for him, I believe that he, in his turn, regards me not a little.

But poor Mery was considerably embarrassed: he was not unaware that I was making a picturesque tour; and he could only show me Marseilles.

In fact, Marseilles, the Ionian city, the contemporary of Tyre and Sidon, full of perfumes from the festivals of Diana, full of emotion from the narratives of Pythias;—Marseilles, the Roman city, friendly to Pompey, inimical to Cæsar, all feverish from the civil wars, and all proud of the place which Lucain has given it;—Marseilles, the Gothic parish, with its saints and its bishops, with the shaven heads

of its monks, and the chapleted brows of its consuls;—Marseilles, the daughter of the Phœceans, the rival of Athens and the sister of Rome (as she has styled herself in the inscription with which she has encircled her Head);—Marseilles has preserved little or nothing of her different ages.

She had an ancient relic, which was almost a sacred thing to her: it was the house, No. 54, in the Rue des Grands-Carmes, which had been inhabited by Milo, the assassin of Clodius, and banished to Marseilles, notwithstanding Cicero's defence. This house preserved, in commemoration of this event, above the door a bust, which the people, in their ignorance, called the *stone saint*; and which is now cast aside into the corners of some granary or other. This is the history of the man whom this bust represented.

In the year 700 of the building of Rome, Clodius sought the prætorship.

Clodius was the same person who, a few years before, had entered Cæsar's house, while Pompeia, his wife, was celebrating the mysteries of the Bona Dea; and who, recognised in the woman's clothes in which he was dressed, had been denounced by Aurelius.

It was an accusation which actually brought with it the punishment of death; but Clodius was rich. He had just purchased a house for 4,800,000 sesterces; and there is no punishment of death for a man who can pay 3,027,833 francs for a house.

Clodius brought witnesses. A knight, named Cassinius Schola, deposed that he was with him at Interamnium, at the time when Aurelius pretended that he had seen him in Rome.

Clodius bought the judges; but as the judges could take the money and condemn him all the same—as was foreseen—he made them write down their decisions on waxen tablets of different colours, in order that he might know those who had put the *absolve* and those who had put the *condemno*.

Clodius was acquitted; which did not prevent Cæsar from repudiating his wife, saying that the wife of Cæsar ought not even to be suspected. Poor Cæsar!

Clodius then sought the prætorship. We have seen how preceding circumstances pleaded in his behalf.

At the same time, Annius Milo sought the consulate; and as he was very rich also on his part, he had the chances of getting it, which very much annoyed Clodius, who felt very certain that his prætorship would be nothing if Milo was consul. I have forgotten to say that there was an old grudge between Clodius and Milo. Clodius had got Cicero banished—Milo had got him recalled from banishment; so Clodius set up for the consulate Plautius Hypsæus and Metellus

Scipio. On both sides, money had been distributed lavishly; but as Milo had respectable people with him, and Clodius the multitude, all the chances, as may be seen, were for Plautius Hypsæus and Metellus Scipio.

Meanwhile, Milo resolved to go to the city of Lanuvium, where he had to elect a flamen. On the 13th of the calends of February, towards two o'clock in the afternoon, he was going towards the Appian gate—for Lanuvium was situated to the right of the road to Naples, near the hill of Mars—and as, for any one who had a rival, the roads were not safe in the neighbourhood of Rome, he was accompanied by about a hundred slaves, whom he had placed, for greater safety, under the orders of Eudamus and Birria, two famous gladiators. Now, the gladiators in those days were the *esbirri* of these. As to Milo, he was in his chariot, with his wife Lausta, and his friend, Marcus Fufius.

They travelled on for about an hour and a half, without anything occurring, when, on drawing nigh to Albano, they saw another party of about thirty persons, who were drawn up by the side of the road, while a man on horseback, who seemed to be the master, had got down from the Via Appia, and was talking, near a small temple of the Bona Dea, with the decurions of the Aricians; three men, who appeared of his party, formed a separate group. The man on horseback was Clodius, who was returning from Ancium, where he had a great number of clients. The three men forming a separate group were that same Cassinius Schola, who had borne witness for him in the affair of Pompeia, and Pompenius, his nephew, and Clodius, both plebeians, both new men—something like our stockbrokers;—the others were slaves.

The two parties passed each other; Milo and Clodius exchanged looks of hatred. Both, however, restrained themselves, and Milo was nearly fifty yards in front, when Birria, who was walking last, all the while talking with Eudamus, and playing at quarterstaff with his javelin, struck, with the wooden part of his weapon, a slave of Clodius, who had not thought it necessary to get out of his way. The slave drew his sword, calling his comrades to his aid. Eudamus and Birria, on their part, called out to arms. Clodius came forward insolently to chastise the man who had taken the liberty of striking a person who belonged to him. But at the moment when he was drawing his sword, Birria prevented him, by running him through the shoulder with his javelin. Clodius fell, and they carried him into a tavern by the roadside.

On hearing a noise behind him, Milo had stopped his chariot, and had turned round to ask what had happened, when he saw Fufius, the chief of his slaves, coming terrified towards him.

"What is the matter?" asked Milo.

"The matter is," replied Fustenus, "that I believe Birria has just killed Clodius."

"By Jupiter!" said Milo, "this is a thing about which you must be certain. Go back, and learn what it is all about, and return and tell me if he is dead."

Fustenus ste off running.

"Master orders him to be finished," said he to Eudamus and Birria.

As may be seen, Fustenus was a stupid fellow, who only understood half what he heard. Eudamus and Birria, on their part, did not require to be told twice; they hastened with all the people they commanded to the tavern, whither they had carried Clodius. His slaves tried to prevent them entering; but they were too inferior in numbers; eleven were killed; it is true that that was a kind of way for them to become free;—the others fled.

Clodius was snatched from the bed on which he lay, and received two other wounds, both mortal, when they dragged him, dying, into the high road, where they despatched him: then Fustenus took off his ring, which he carried to Milo, saying to him—

"This time, master, he is quite dead."

Satisfied with this statement, Milo continued his journey without troubling himself about the body.

The senator Lentius Tediùs, on his way from Rome, found the corpse knew it again, had it put into his litter, and returned to the city on foot. He had it carried to his beautiful house on Mount Palatine, the same which, some time before, as we have already said, Clodius purchased for nearly five million sesterces. In a moment, the news of his assassination was spread abroad, and the people hastened from all parts of Rome to Mount Palatine, guided by the cries of Fulvia, his wife, who, leaning on the bleeding body, tore her hair with one hand, and with the other showed the wounds of her husband to the multitude.

Thus the night passed, the crowd incessantly augmenting, and towards morning it became so considerable that many persons were suffocated. At this moment two tribunes of the people arrived; they were Municius Plaucus and Pomponius Rufus. When they were seen, the vociferations against the murderer were redoubled, for they knew them to be friends of Clodius; and so, instead of calming the maddened multitude, they gave them an example, and ordering the body to be borne away as it was, they had it placed upon the rostrum, in order that it might be better seen by the multitude: thence they descended with it into the Curia Hostilia, where the people having

made a funeral pile for it with the tables and chairs of the tribunals, and with the books of a bookseller whose shop was near at hand, they set fire to it.

Now, as there was a strong wind, the flames spread to the curia, and from the curia to the Basilica Portia, both of which were in flames. Then, to carry out the funeral ceremonies of Clodius in a manner worthy of him, the people went and pillaged the houses of Milo, and Lepidus, the interrex.

It is necessary to state that Hypsæus and Scipio, the candidates opposed to Milo, took a great share in all these proceedings.

However odious, though, was the assassination of Clodius, the manner in which he was avenged appeared even more odious to the good citizens. Milo, seeing that his enemies had had the impudence to make his crime forgotten by their excesses, returned to Rome, and announced his presence there by making public that he would continue to pursue the consulate, and to support his pretension, distributing among the tribes a thousand ases a-head: a thousand ases amounted to from fifty to fifty-five francs; nearly a million were given away.

The distribution was considered moderate; and so Milo, instead of being nominated consul, was ordered to appear, on the sixth of the ides of April, before the quaestor Domitius, on the charge of violence and faction.

The accuser and the accused had each ten days to prepare—one his accusation, the other his defence.

The trial lasted three days: it took place, as usual, in the forum. For three days Rome was full of such rumours, and the judges were pursued with such threats, that the day when judgment was to be delivered, the great Pompey, whom they had appointed provisional consul, was obliged to take upon himself the command of the armed force; and after having ordered all the avenues to the forum to be guarded, he went and posted himself personally, with a troop of chosen soldiers, at the temple of Saturn.

Milo had naturally chosen Cicero for his counsel, and reckoned strongly on his eloquence; but as he reckoned less on his courage, he had him taken to the Forum in a closed litter, for fear that the sight of so many people and soldiers would disturb his mind, and deprive it of its powers. But it was much worse when Cicero got out of his cage, and, without any expectation, found himself in the midst of a vast crowd, shouting out to him that it was Milo who had killed Clodius, and that it was he, Cicero, who had advised him to the murder. He narrowly escaped with his life; nor would he have done so, had not Pompey, who wished to give all possible latitude

the defence, ordered the soldiers to drive away from the Forum, with the flat parts of their swords, all those who had insulted the orator.

But the mischief was done: once disturbed in mind, Cicero did not easily recover. Besides, his great power was irony: he had saved a much greater number of accused folks by the ridicule which he had heaped upon their adversaries, than by the interest which he had taken in his clients. Now, to get at the precise words which cut a man through and through, one must have the mind easy, and such was not—far from it—the state in which Cicero found himself; consequently, his speech was embarrassed, cold, and languid. Everybody looked forward to the peroration: the peroration was even weaker than the speech. The result was, that Milo was condemned by a majority of thirty-eight against thirteen.

It is true that the friends of Clodius had been more generous than Milo; for they had distributed, during the four days that the trial lasted, nearly three millions.

The votes being collected, the quæstor Domitius rose with a sad and solemn air, and took off his toga by way of mourning: then in the midst of the profoundest silence:

“It appears,” said he, “that Milo has deserved banishment, and that his goods ought to be sold: it consequently pleases us to interdict him fire and water.”

Mad clappings of the hands and shouts of furious joy accompanied this judgment, whilst, on the other hand, the friends of Milo spat on the judges; one among them even walked up to the quæstor, and, alluding to the three millions that had been distributed by the friends of Clodius, said to him, as he pointed to the soldiers:—

“You have asked for guards, have you not, that they may not rob you of the money which you have just gained?”

As to Milo, he was reconducted home by a numerous escort that Pompey gave him, hurriedly made all his preparations for the voyage, and left the same day for Marseilles.

It is believed that the illustrious exile was well received in the Greek city; but nothing brings comfort in exile. When, some time after his arrival, Milo received the corrected speech which Cicero sent him, he could not avoid seeing the difference there was between the written harangue and that which the orator had spoken, replying to him with some bitterness in these words: *Cicero si sic egisses, barbaros pisces Milo non ederet.*

Which means: Cicero, my friend, if you had spoken as you have written, Milo would be consul at Rome instead of eating bearded fish at Marseilles.

Milo did not die at Marseilles: he was killed in Calabria, in the

war between Cæsar and Pompey. According to tradition, however, this house in the Rue des Grands-Carmes was his, and this bust was his. Some archaeologists have fancied that they have recognised in this bust the effigy of St. Victor; but their antagonists have victoriously replied in asking them what St. Victor had to do with the Roman wolf, which was seen sculptured underneath the niche, and with those delicate leaves of the acanthus, so elegantly worked, that the chisel which had sculptured them bore in the very work the date of Augustus's age. Finally, the people, who knew more than all antiquarians, past and future, have consecrated this tradition, which could not save the house in the Rue des Grands-Carmes from that charming yellow stucco work, which is in such great favour with municipal authorities.

One of the ruins which date from the same period is the Porte Joliette, which has not been demolished, because it is used for the *octroi*. Etymologists contend with all their might that this name of Porte Joliette is derived from *Porta Julii*, as they say that it was through this gate that Cæsar entered the city after Trebonius had brought him to his senses. There were on this gate some bas-reliefs and inscriptions, meant to relate this great event; but they have been crased by that biting sea-breeze, which reduces every kind of stone into powder, and nothing more remains than the corroded ring, from which hung the porteullis which was raised to admit Cæsar.

Add to these two relics some arches of the ancient palace of Thermes, which now form, in the Place de Lenche, the shop of a cooper, and you will have enumerated all that Marseilles has retained of Roman ruins.

It is of very little matter, as is seen, that it is called Massilia, when one is so near the Pont du Gard, the Maison Carrée, and the triumphal arch of Orange.

CHAPTER XXIX.

GOTHIC MARSEILLES.

MARSEILLES is scarcely richer in monuments of the middle age than in ancient ruins. When you have seen the belfry of Accouls; the abbey of St. Victor; the ruined tower of St. Paul; the Hotel de Ville, and the fort of St. Nicholas, you have surveyed all that stands in Marseilles from the fourth to the seventeenth century.

The belfry of Accouls is all that remains of the church of Notre-Dame de las Accoas, destroyed at the Revolution. It is a heavy, massive, Roman arrow; suggestive of no remarkable tradition whatsoever; and fails completely for a moment to arrest the notice of the passing traveller.

Different, however, is the case of the old abbey of St. Victor, which is at once a monument both curious and venerable. Its site is in a cave, in which Cassius, on his return from the deserts of Thebes, discovered the body of St. Victor. This cave was situated in the middle of a vast cemetery; and it is to the piety of Cassius that the church we see at the present day owes its endowment.

It was only ornamented with battlements in the thirteenth century, but its original foundation reaches back as far as the year 410.

It is in the cave of St. Victor that is found the good Black Virgin, the most venerated of all the Marseillaise madonnas; whose principal office it is, in times of great drouth, to furnish refreshing supplies of rain. Once a year, on Candlemas-day, she is brought into the church, decked out in her gayest robe, crowned with her silver diadem, and presented to the veneration of the faithful. This image is generally attributed to St. Luc—doubtless a saintly origin, but not one that is to be accepted as infallible. They, however, who look with the eye of faith, shut to all but the good Black Mother (as she is familiarly called by the Marseillaise people), assign her origin to the thirteenth or the beginning of the fourteenth century.

As to the tower of St. Paul, it was also battlemented similarly to the abbey of St. Victor, for it was also of early date. Till about a year ago it was a proud monument, as it had been in the

days of the Constable of Bourbon. A patriotic reminiscence should have been its protection. It was on its platform that was levelled the famous culverin which contributed so largely in compelling the Spaniards to raise the siege; and furnished to the merry Marquis of Pescaire the occasion of making one of his happiest bon mots. But municipal councils are equally the enemies of wit and ancient ruins. They hold them in the same estimation; and appear to consider anything they are unable to comprehend as an insult to their understanding. The old tower, though it had survived through the space of one thousand years, was tenacious of life. Time, that had worn itself out on its rugged mass, still treated it with the most respectful consideration. The municipal trumpets, however, were sounded, and the feudal tower fell, to arise again, transformed into a manufactory of soap.

It was truly a glorious souvenir to preserve this tower, before which the famous Constable of Bourbon, afterwards the conqueror of Rome, was compelled to retire. His vengeance had been aroused; he entered France with that famous emblematic standard representing a winged stag and flaming swords. He came back to France reconciled with the Genoese, Milanese, Florentines, Venetians, Henry VIII. of England, Pope Adrian VI., and the Emperor Charles V.; and, after having driven out the French from Lombardy, he assumed, in place of all the other titles of which he had been deprived by Francis I., that of Count of Provence, and marched on Marseilles to reclaim his possessions.

On the other hand, a crowd of French gentlemen had thrown themselves into Marseilles; but, taken unawares, and not having had time sufficient for organizing an army, they were only able to bring the assistance of their individual courage. There was the Marshal de Chabannes, who was to die before Pavia, rather than surrender; there was Philip de Brion, Comte de Chabot; there was the great engineer, Mirabel.

Marseilles, reduced to her own unaided power, resolved at least to leave none of them unemployed; and, supported by the recollection of having repelled the great Cæsar, she did not despair of vanquishing the constable. Consequently, she enrolled a burgher militia, amounting to about 9,000 men; levelled her suburbs, without respecting either churches or convents; repaired her fort and ramparts; and, so high was the enthusiasm of her population, that even women were seen assisting in the labours of the workmen.

While things were in this state, the roar of cannon was heard from the sea. It was La Fayette, at the head of the French fleet, engaging the Spanish squadron under the command of Hugo de

Moncade. The result was the capture of three galleys by their countrymen; an advantage of so good omen, that the courage of the Marseillaise was not a little elevated. About the beginning of July, 1525, news reached the town that Charles of Bourbon had defeated the troops of Ludovic de Grasse, Seigneur of Mas, and crossed the Var. Within a few days, a rumour was heard that Honoré de Puget Seigneur of Prat, chief magistrate of the town of Aix, had yielded the keys of that town to Charles of Bourbon, who had appointed him governor; and finally, on the 13th of August, Charles himself was seen approaching at the head of a small troop to reconnoitre Marseilles.

"A plague upon it!" exclaimed Pescaire, his lieutenant, on glancing over the positions that had been taken up; "it appears that we shall hardly make so good a bargain of Marseilles as of Aix."

"Bah!" replied the Bourbon, with a contemptuous shrug; "at the sound of the first cannon you will see the burghers approaching with the keys of the town."

"We shall see," said Pescaire. Pescaire was the St. Thomas of the expedition, with this simple difference, that instead of becoming converted, he increased daily in incredulity.

On the 19th, the constable drew up his whole army before Marseilles. It was composed of 7,000 German infantry, 6,000 Spaniards, and 2,000 Italians; with 600 light horse. The Marquis de Pescaire occupied with his men the Hospital of St. Lazarus; the constable, with his Germans, lay at Port Galle; and the Spaniards held the road to Aubagne. It was decided to open the trenches on the 23rd; and the constable consequently invited Pescaire in the morning of that day to hear mass, and breakfast with him in his tent. Pescaire, who was at once a saint and a glutton, was punctual to the appointment. They commenced with the celebration of the mass, performed by the chaplain of the constable before a small temporary altar; on each side of which knelt the two chiefs of the besieging force, in pious attention. On a sudden, the sound of cannon roared in their ears; and the priest, who was, at the moment, in the act of elevating the Host, fell, weltering in his blood, on the altar, without even time to utter a cry.

"What is that?" exclaimed the Bourbon.

"Nothing, sir," replied Pescaire. "It is only the burghers of Marseilles bringing you the keys of their town."

The priest was raised; he was dead. The mass was ended, and the two chiefs repaired to breakfast.

Indeed, the Bourbon, if little sensible to the misfortunes of others, was equally indifferent to his own. When he was struck with the

ball that killed him, he lay down in the trench, ordered his white cloak to be thrown over him, and, pointing to the breach, told his soldiers to push on all the same.

The same day the trenches were opened, and they began to cannonade the town. On their side, the Marseillaise artillery performed wonders; more especially the famous culverin, whose position was higher, and whose range was longer than those of the other pieces. This was so evident, that the recognition of its superiority gained for it the most skilful gunners, and enabled it to devastate the ranks of the enemy. Some days were passed in making as much confusion as possible above, and as little as possible underneath; that is to say, while the trenches were opened for the cannon, the Spaniards were quietly pushing on a mine towards the town.

At length, on the 25th of September, the breach was practicable, and the Bourbon resolved, contrary to the advice of Pescaire, to order the assault. The motive of this resolution was the constable's evident desire to finish the war by a brilliant stroke. It had been agreed upon, among the allies, that while he invaded the south of France, the Spaniards were to march through into Guienne, the English by Picardy, and the German forces by way of Bourgoyne. In consequence, however, of the faithlessness of Henry VIII. and Charles V., Charles of Bourbon, stimulated by feelings of the deepest animosity, had found himself unsupported at the place of appointment. On the other hand, he had received intelligence that the Marshals de Chabannes and Montmorency, having succeeded in uniting their operations with those of Comte de Carcres, were preparing to hasten to the assistance of Marseilles with a numerous army, and well appointed artillery; and in addition to this, provisions had all along been difficult to procure, and they were now threatened with the failure of their ammunition.

During the whole of the 25th, the Bourbon was engaged in making his dispositions for the assault; and Marseilles, for repelling it. On each side, the blow was decisive.

At sunset, the Spaniards, led on by the Bourbon himself, advanced to the breach, leaving Pescaire, who disapproved of the attempt, to witness the assault at a distance with folded arms. The struggle was terrible; three times did the Bourbon conduct his Spaniards to the breach, through a hurricane of balls, and flame, and smoke, and stones, but as often to be repulsed. A fourth time Bourbon would have led them back to the assault, but night closed in, and he found it impossible to rally them.

During the course of the night news having reached him of the arrival of the advanced guard of the French army at Salon, he could

do nothing but retreat. At three, o'clock in the morning, the constable gave the order to fall back. At break of day the Marseillaise perceived the army in full retreat, and flocking to the ramparts, they saluted the retiring Spaniards with clapping of hands and victorious shouts; on its part the culverin put forth its utmost powers, and devastated their enemy's columns so long as they remained within range.

Thus closed this glory hall to the sound of the same music to which it had opened; and yet it is no other than this venerable tower, on which had stood the leading instrument in the orchestra, that has fallen beneath the decree of the municipal council. Peace be to its shade both here and hereafter!

The Hotel de Ville, though somewhat defaced, has undergone but little change. There had existed the escutcheon of France, sculptured by Puget. Poor Puget, happily ignorant of the fate reserved by our revolutions for his work, he had placed on the escutcheon those three *fleur de lis*, which had been the arms of St. Louis, Francis I., and Louis XIV. He imagined that the victories of Mansourah, of Marignan, and of Denain, had moistened them with sufficiently glorious blood, to insure their permanent vitality in the soil of France; but Puget deceived himself, and his escutcheon, defaced by the hand of the people, awaits in its place, without colour or armorial bearings, the new arms and colours that the will of France may please to select. *Deus dedit, Deus dabit.*

The great object that strikes the eye on ascending the stairs of the Hotel de Ville of Marseilles is the statue of the assassin Libertat, whose name, in which the ignorance of the people saw a symbol, proved a sufficient protection against all attacks.

It was towards the close of the year 1595, and consequently a year since the entry of Henry IV. into Paris. All the captains of the League had rallied round him; every city of France had sent in its adhesion to his claims, and there remained amongst the rebel commanders but l'Epernon, Casana, and an obscure lieutenant of the name of Laplace; and amongst the towns, but Grasse, Brignoles, and Marseilles.

Henry IV. had defeated Mayenne at the battle of Fontaine-Française, and effected a reconciliation with the Pope Clement VIII. The news of these two events, circulated at the same time, the one by Charles of Lorraine, Duke of Guise, son of the Balafre, whom he had appointed governor in Provence, and the other by the Monseigneur Aquaviva, vice-legate at Avignon, had greatly advanced the cause of the Bearnais; so that Aix, Arles, Moustiers, Riez, Aups, Castellane, Olioules, Le Baunet, Gemenos, Cegreste, and Marignane opened the gates to the cry of "God save the King," and there remained, as we

have before said, but d'Epernon, who held Brignoles, Laplace, who occupied Grasse and Marseilles, in the possession of Casaulx.

One morning, an officer of the name of Granier entered the chamber of Laplace, whilst he was at breakfast: "Comrade," said he, "you must die!" and with action suited to the word, plunged a dagger in his breast. Such a demonstration was unanswerable; Laplace opened his eyes for a moment, uttered a cry, and fell back a corpse. The magistrates, immediately upon the receipt of this intelligence, traversed the town, crying out, *Vive le Roi*, and when they perceived the approach of the Duke of Guise at the head of the advanced guard of his army, they went out to meet him, and opened the gates to his forces amidst the most enthusiastic demonstrations.

There was then left but Brignoles and Marseilles. D'Epernon himself had been successively abandoned by all his captains, and by a part of his soldiers. Of ten thousand men he had brought with him, there scarcely remained true to him more than fifteen hundred. But as he was of an obstinate and headstrong character, he had resolved to hold out to the last, to the despair of Brignoles and its neighbourhood. A peasant of the Val, of the name of Bergne, determined to rid the country of the mad Leaguer.

D'Epernon had taken up his quarters at the house of a man of the name of Roger. The people of the Val owed Roger two loads of wheat, which, owing to the scarcity of provisions, he demanded on the very day they were due. It was just the opportunity that Bergne was waiting for. He carried the two loads to Roger's house, substituting powder for the wheat, and tied together the two sacks just as it was usual to tie the sacks of wheat, only in the fastening he arranged a contrivance by which, the moment the cord was untied, this kind of infernal machine should be fired. He then quietly loaded his mule with his double sack, and went off to deliver it during the duke's dinner hour, and placed it in the vestibule, which lay exactly beneath the room where d'Epernon was taking his repast. The people of the house desired Bergne to stay till the return of Roger, who was absent, in order that he might obtain his receipt, but Bergne, who perceived a servant approaching the sack, and being anxious to get away, replied that another day would do as well; and so having gained the door, the moment he had reached the outside of the house he fled at his topmost speed.

Scarcely had he reached the end of the street when a tremendous explosion was heard. The whole house was blown to atoms. D'Epernon, by a singular fortune, found himself astride of a beam, having received only some slight wounds.

Still, as the attempt might be repeated, and he could scarcely

hope to be always so fortunate; as he had, besides, got pretty well disgusted with the useless war, fruitful in nothing but open treason and hidden perils, d'Epéron in his turn abandoned Provence.

There remained, therefore, only Marseilles and Casaulx to make head against the growing power of Henry IV.

Like all those men who, having appeared suddenly on the political stage and played for a moment some great part, but who soon have sunk into obscurity without time to say their last word, Casaulx has been harshly judged both by posterity and his own contemporaries. Some say that, overlooking the ancient associations of the municipal town, he had formed the design of breaking the ties that bound Marseilles to the monarchy, with the view of making her a free city—a commercial republic, similar to Genoa and Florence, to the realization of which object the topographical position of the town was eminently favourable. His own hopes in case of success, in all probability, pointed to the cap of the doge or the banner of the gonfalonier.

Others, on the contrary, and their opinion is supported by that of the President De Thou, maintain that d'Epéron was nothing but an obstinate Leaguer, who sacrificed the town to his ambition,—an ambition aspiring only to the title of Spanish grandee, and to the possession of some Calabrian marquissate; and, in truth, there is strong reason to believe that the President De Thou was not far wrong.

Be that as it may, Casaulx was still master at Marseilles; he had a body-guard, he levied contributions, he confiscated the goods of the Royalists, he established town-dues; in fact, his fleet (for he even had a fleet), having captured a vessel that had sailed from Leghorn, with works of art, silver, and jewellery, presents from the young Duke of Tuscany to the King of France, Casaulx appropriated the whole to himself, without giving any account of it to the commune. It is, indeed, true that it was valued at about 180,000 francs, a sum which, although it cannot, perhaps, form an excuse, certainly furnishes a very good reason for the act.

Casaulx then held Marseilles in a state of open war, at the time when the rest of Provence was pacified, and this was peculiarly agreeable to the Doge of Genoa and the King of Spain, for Jean-Andrew Doria sent his four galleys with one hundred soldiers each, and Charles II., very unjustly set down in genealogies as the last male of the house of Austria, engaged himself to let Marseilles want for neither men nor money, on condition of Casaulx binding himself never to acknowledge Henry of Bourbon as king, never to open the gates to any but Spanish soldiers, and to form no alliance without the approval of the court of Madrid. Casaulx promised all that was asked of him, and, as a proof of his sincerity, he caused Henry IV. to be burnt in effigy with great pomp on the place of the Exchange.

- Meanwhile some of the Marseilles people were far from being of Casaulx's way of thinking, and occasionally adverse opinions were expressed in a manner calculated to remove all doubt as to their existence. One evening, as Casaulx was walking on the Place Neuve,
- four shots were fired at him from the windows of a house, and killed his cousin Altovelli, the assassins escaping under the protection of night.

- Another conspirator, of the name of Atria, was less fortunate in a similar attempt, and expiated his failure with his life. He was a monk, and had formed the plan of blowing the consul up; with this view he communicated his design to another monk called Brancoli, and they both resolved to take advantage of the Christmas holidays, and carry out their idea on the day when Casaulx came to worship the holy sacrament in the church of the Preachers, by placing a grenade beneath the bench on which he was accustomed to kneel. Unfortunately, Brancoli confided the plot to his brother-in-law Bequet—Bequet lost no time in making his way to Casaulx and discovering all, on condition that Brancoli should be pardoned. Casaulx was as good as his word; Brancoli was allowed to escape, while Atria was hung; his body was afterwards burnt, and his ashes scattered to the winds.

These two attempts were not greatly calculated to encourage others equally ambitious of forming new plots. Still there was one man, of the name of Libertat, who did not abandon all hopes of reaching a more satisfactory result. Libertat, like Casaulx, has been viewed in two different lights; one party have wished to represent him as a really true friend of Marseilles, feigning, after the example of Lorenzo de Medicis, the utmost goodwill and friendship for the consul, in order to secure further time to the success of his attempt; whilst others have pronounced him but a hired assassin, only engaged to the commission of the crime by the seductive preliminary conditions of a handsome reward; and to the shame of humanity it must be acknowledged that these last are most probably right. In fact, the assassin's conditions were, that he should be appointed governor and commander of the Reale gate of the fort of Notre Dame de la Garde, together with two galleys, 60,000 crowns down, an estate of the yearly rental of 2,000 more, and the town dues on spice and drugs; and in addition to the lion's share, other sums were to be paid to the minor assassins. As to herself, Marseilles was to preserve all her immunities, a supreme court of justice was to be established, and a general amnesty proclaimed. The Duke of Guise, who was the principal party to these conditions, received information that all was ready, nothing being wanting but favourable opportunity.

Finally, the 17th of January, 1596, was fixed upon as the day of execution, and the duke was put on the alert, and ready to enter the town. On the 16th, the conspirators, having previously indulged for an inordinate time in the profoundest devotion, received in the church of the Sisters of Sion the holy sacrament, which, says the chronicler, they caused to be taken out of the tabernacle, *in order to recommend their enterprise to God.* The Duke of Guise was punctual to his time, and arrived under the walls between the night of the 16th and the 17th. Scarcely had he done so, however, than a monk, perceiving from the windows of his convent a large mass of troops by the glancing of their arms in the obscurity, ran off to Casaulx in breathless haste, and apprised him of the presence of the enemy beneath the walls, disclosing his suspicions of some surprise.

Casaulx, who was in no very good health, and who was not inclined to place too much confidence in the monk's story, sent Louis d'Aix to reconnoitre this troop. Louis d'Aix went out of the Reale gate, which was under the command of Libertat, who drew up the drawbridge after him, so as effectually to bar his return.

Louis d'Aix did not push his nocturnal expedition very far, for he soon fell in with a company of Royalist soldiers under the orders of the Seigneur d'Alamannon. At the first report of firearms the cannon of the ramparts joined in the confusion. The Duke of Guise thought all was lost, but Libertat found means to reassure him of his fidelity, and that all the alarm was but a feint. The duke strictly adhered to his advice. Louis d'Aix, finding himself hard pushed with his men, made for the gate, in order to get back into the town, but finding it closed against him he was on the point of being taken, when one of the monks of the Preachers threw him a cord, to which, stimulated by the hot pursuit in his rear, he clung with the grip of despair. The lusty Preacher, after the most gigantic efforts, succeeded in dragging the commander to the top of the wall.

* Day broke : Libertat, looking about him, saw that, in accordance with his orders, all the conspirators had, with few exceptions, joined him ; they consisted of his two brothers, his two cousins, Jean Laurens, Jacques Martin, Jean Viguiet, and two others. Then, says our chronicler, Pierre Libertat, who had some business to transact with Casaulx, sent a message praying him to repair without delay to the Reale gate ; as the enemy was advancing in force at all points, and he thought his presence necessary to maintain the soldiers' courage.

Casaulx, without a suspicion of mischief, summoned his body-guard, gave them the order to arm, and set out at their head towards the Reale gate, without even taking the precaution to arm himself. At this moment a soldier, seeing him approaching from a dis-

tance, said to Libertat, whose attention was occupied in another direction :

" Captain, here comes Monsieur the Consul."

Libertat turned round, and distinctly saw the consul coming towards him. He marched between two ranks of twenty men each, and advanced at double quick time ; but Libertat was too impatient to wait the approach of Casaulx ; he went out to meet him, and on coming up with the first rank of musketeers he drew his sword. This action struck the brigadier that led them as somewhat unusual, and he consequently attempted to stop him with the point of his halbert ; but Libertat, seizing the halbert by the handle, laid open the officer's head with a blow of his sword, when instantly five or six shots were fired, which, though aimed within point blank distance, failed to wound him. Then giving the signal to his friends, he threw himself into the ranks of the body-guard, which, giving way before him, left the passage open to the consul ; this latter, astonished by all the fire and noise, half drew his sword, whilst retiring before Libertat, and exclaimed :—

" What is your business with me, captain ?"

" I want to make you cry *Vive le Roi*," said Libertat, at the same moment plunging his sword into his bosom with such force as to send out the point all bloody between his shoulders. Frightful as was this wound, Casaulx was not killed instantaneously, for having fallen at first on his face, he still had strength to rise on his knee but at this crisis, Barthélemy Libertat, brother of Pierre, struck him a blow behind the neck with a pike, when Casaulx sunk to rise no more.

The same day the Duke de Guise took possession of the town of Marseilles, in the name of Henry IV., after swearing to maintain the privileges of the commune, as, in truth, all the governors were in the habit of doing.

For his part, Libertat received all that had been promised him ; rank, honours, money, land, and an abbey. More than this, he had a marble statue erected in his honour.

That is the same statue before which you find yourself on entering the Hotel de Ville of Marseilles ; and as regards which, as still more curious, the sword you see in its hand is the same with which Pierre Libertat killed Casaulx.

As the Hotel de Ville contains nothing more very remarkable, one may dispense with proceeding higher than the two first steps. After the League came the Fronde ; Marseilles was split into factions, the *Canivets*, or *Mazarinistes*, partisans of the king, and the *Sabreurs*, or partizans of the princes.

From 1651 to 1657, men shot and slaughtered each other in the

streets of Marseilles like dogs. At length it was whispered to Louis XIV. that all the evil sprung from the Marseillaise nominating their own consuls, which officials were naturally indulgently inclined towards their townsmen. And partiality, as is well known, proves but a poor remedy in the case of civil war.

The advice given to Louis XIV. was effective, for he was also perfectly of the opinion of Louis de Vento; who counselled him to depose the consuls elected by the people, and to name others himself. The king asked for a list. Louis de Vento presented Lazare de Vento Labane, Boniface Pascal, and Joseph Fabre for his approval as consuls, and Jean Descamps, as assessor. Louis XIV. signed the appointment without hesitation; and instructed Louis de Vendome, Duke of Mercœur, Peer of France, his governor in Provence, to superintend the execution of the ordinance he had just issued.

The precaution was not without its advantages. The new consuls, having repaired to the Hotel de Ville to replace their predecessors, were hooted in every street they passed through; but feeling themselves strongly supported, they kept up their courage, and as some corsairs had been observed hovering about the court, they seized this as a pretext for praying Le Chevalier de Vendome, son of the Duke of Mercœur, to enter the port with his galley—a stratagem by which they introduced soldiers into the town in contempt of its privileges. The indignant town rose *en masse*. So is it with these heads of Provence, always full of heat and fury—a spark fires the train, and in Provence every fire is a conflagration.

Gaspard de Nioselle headed the insurgents; he was a man of great courage, and possessed considerable popularity. Ten or a dozen of those great Marseillaise names, so musical in their language, and so sonorous in history, rallied round him at his first call. On the 13th of July, 1658, during the sitting of the consuls, the Hotel de Ville was attacked, shots were exchanged, and Nioselle was slightly wounded; to the great exasperation of his partizans, who now seriously threatened to carry the building, when the consuls sent a mediator to the insurgents. This mediator was Fortia de Piles; he engaged himself in the name of the consuls to send the galley away. Thus the storm was calmed, and the people retired satisfied.

On the 19th it was reported on the Exchange that the consuls, instead of sending back the galley, had applied for further reinforcements; a rumour of the arrest of Nioselle at the same time getting wind, the effect of these two pieces of intelligence was, to rekindle the still smouldering passions, which the presence of Nioselle, instead of assuaging, seemed only the more to exasperate. He placed himself at their head, with his brother, the commander of Cuges; the gates were

closed, the burghers assembled in arms, the women crowded to the windows to animate them, and the consular soldiers were repulsed. Fortia de Piles, desirous a second time of presenting himself as mediator, had his valet killed at his side. They marched on the Hotel de Ville, which was speedily enveloped in the smoke of fire-arms, and riddled with balls. One of the consuls escaped in the disguise of an abbot, and the two others hung out towels, tied to the ends of their walking canes, as a signal of their unconditional surrender. The soldiers were compelled to betake themselves to the galley, and the galley itself was driven out of the fort, doubled the mole-head, and pushed out to sea, amidst the shouts of the whole town.

Nioselle was lord of Marseilles; and the first use to which he put his authority, was to place the town in the most respectable state of defence possible; but on the other side the Duke of Mercœur had not been idle. A body of Royalist troops had advanced so far as Vitrolles, and then to Pennes, and thence to Aubagne; and the chevalier Paul de Vendome now blockaded the port with six vessels. Marseilles was surrounded by land and sea.

Again, however, the parties came to an amicable arrangement: the Duke of Mercœur was of the opinion of Pope Alexander VI., that he desired not the death of the wicked, but that rather he should live and pay a handsome ransom. Besides, as is known, Mazarin still permitted the sinner to sing; and he must indeed be hardened to complain.

Not only, however, did the transgressor complain, but scarcely had he been relieved from the incubus of the Duke de Mercœur's presence, than he revolted again. The King's consuls were ousted, and were replaced by François de Bausset, Vacer, and Legrange; the advocate, de Loule, being appointed assessor. So, as is perceived, nothing was permanent, and all was to be done over again.

On the 16th of October, 1659, La Gouvernelle, lieutenant of the guards of the Duke de Mercœur, reached Marseilles: he was the bearer of a decree of the parliament of Aix, for the arrest of Cospard de Nioselle; he was in the act of reading this decree to the consuls, when the partizans of de Nioselle burst into the council chamber, seized and tore up the parliamentary decree, and captured the mustaches of La Gouvernelle. This time things went too far, and Louis XIV. decided to come in person, and bring the mutineers to reason.

Accordingly, on the 12th of January, 1660, the king passed the Rhone at Tarascon; and, on the 17th, accompanied by the queen mother, by the Duke of Anjou, by Mademoiselle, by the Cardinal Mazarin, by the Prince of Conti, by the Count of Soissons, and the Countess Palatine of Nevers, he made his entry into Aix by the gate of the Augustins.

Marseilles knew well that Louis XIV. was not a man to joke with. His entry into the parliament, spurred and booted, had rung through France; and it was not now with the lash, but sword in hand, that he presented himself.

As he was the most prominent transgressor, Nioselle was compelled to hide himself; and, with his two friends, he found a refuge in the cellars of the Capucines; Etienne de Puget, bishop of Marseilles, being sent to the king to disarm his anger.

Etienne de Puget seemed highly flattered with the choice of his countrymen, but as he had some peccadilloes to reproach himself with, connected with the place of revolt itself, whose cause he was going to plead, he determined to interest the king more deeply, by adding to his age a score of years.

And in this he succeeded, by enveloping his head in an immense leather cap, infusing a continuous tremor into his legs, and modelling his face to a certain grimace, carefully studied before a glass, whose effect was to throw out into bold relief every line and furrow; with which skilful precautions he presented himself before the king.

The farce was so well sustained that Louis XIV. was duped; he approached close to the bishop, lowered his head to catch his voice, for the poor old prelate was so weighed down with years, and his voice was so feeble that his words could not otherwise reach the king's ears; in fine, the king, touched by the venerable ambassador's infirmities, ordered an arm-chair to be brought for him. The ambassador, after some little difficulty, secretly delighted with his success, sat down. Once established in his seat, so violent a fit of coughing attacked the poor old man, as to make the court afraid of his going off into a fit, and offered so fine an opportunity for advancement, that several of the abbés of Mazarin's suite gathered round the cardinal to urge their claims to the reversion of the bishopric. Mazarin to the first was silent, to the second he said a little; but when a third addressed him, he called the captain of his guards, and pointing to the bishop, who, bent double in his chair, still kept up the play with the utmost success.

"Monsieur de Bézémaux," said he, in that Italian accent, which so pleasantly set off his usual facetiousness, "be so good as to kill Monsieur de Puget."

Every one was struck with horror.

Bézémaux made an instinctive gesture of refusal; the bishop sprang to his feet; Louis XIV. alone, ever with an eye to some piece of pleasantry, burst out laughing; and even the sacerdotal candidates for the prelacy looked upon this as a somewhat expeditious mode for vacating it.

"Gentlemen," said Mazarin, "what is it, then, that you want me to do? I must of necessity order him to be put to death, since you have not the patience to await his decease."

In spite, however, of the humour of Mazarin, which had caused him such terror, the bishop was able to obtain nothing positive. Louis XIV. said that he would examine on the spot, what there was to be done, and he sent the Duke de Mercœur, to announce his good pleasure to Marseilles, with seven thousand men.

The way in which the Duke de Mercœur fulfilled his mission, was far from encouraging; the consuls had gone out to meet him as far as Avene, and he ordered them to go back and await his presence at the Hotel de Ville. On his entry into Marseilles, the Duke de Mercœur marked out certain places, where gibbets were simultaneously erected, after which he repaired to the communal hotel, and entered the chamber of the municipal deliberations with his guards; when, seeing the consuls standing uncovered, he addressed them:—

"Gentlemen," said he, "I am of opinion that you are more unfortunate than culpable, but you have fallen into disgrace with the king. His majesty has determined that you shall no longer be consuls; and that for the future there shall be no more magistrates of that name. He has resolved to change the form of government of the town, and has instructed me to depose you, and to place your authority in the hands of M. de Piles, as civil and military governor, till such time as his majesty has regulated the form of your political government."

Having finished this speech, the Duke of Mercœur made a signal to the captain of his guards, who approached the consuls, and divested them of their robes of crimson velvet lined with white, and embroidered with the symbols of their office. Thus despoiled, the consuls retired, being informed by the duke, as they withdrew, that all the other municipal officers, even including that of district captain should be maintained, and that the soldiers would pay for everything they took. The same day the four robes were sent to Mazarin, in proof of the execution of the king's orders, and the troops encamped in the streets.

The bronze cannon were then destroyed, not forgetting the famous culverin of glorious memory, which had beaten off the Bourbon, and a practicable breach was finally made in the wall, that the king might, in accordance with his expressed desire, enter Marseilles as into a town taken by assault. In fact the king, after having paid a visit to St. Beaume, and after having shown himself "resplendant as the sun" (which was his desire) at Toulon, Hyères, Solier, Brignolles, and

at Notre-Dame de Grâces, veiled the glories of his countenance behind the cloud of his displeasure, and at four o'clock in the afternoon of the 2nd of March, 1660, presented himself on horseback before the breach.

Arrived there, he cast his glance on the gate, which was covered with confusion being the object of the royal contempt, and observing above it a large tablet of black marble, on which there was this inscription in golden letters:—

*Sub ejus imperio summa libertas.**

He asked what the inscription was, and was informed that it was the motto of Marseilles.

"Under my predecessors that may have been possible," said Louis XIV., "but not under me." Upon which he made a sign, and the tablet disappeared.

The king stayed no longer than was necessary for the execution of his orders, and again continued his march. On the breach he was met by De Piles, who on his knees, presented him, with the golden keys of the town on a silver salver. The king went through the form of taking them, and replaced them again on the plate. "Keep them De Piles," said he, "you guard them well; I give them to you."

Behind the king marched a Provençal captain, of the name of Waltrick, at the head of two companies of troops. This man ordered the city gates to be thrown open for him, and in answer to the observation that the breach had been expressly made for his passage, he replied "That would be an insult to my country: this breach will do very well for a king, but we captains, and men of war, enter through no breaches but what are made by cannon balls."

The king took up his abode in the Hotel de Riquetti de Mirabeau, ancestor of the famous Mirabeau, destined, a century later, to shake so profoundly that same monarchy which Louis XIV. thought eternal. As to the hotel, it is the same that stands at the present day on the Place de Lenche, and used as the hospital for foundlings.

Along the whole route the king had met with none but men;—not a female face had shown itself. The young king, as well as those who formed his suite, not excepting the cardinal himself, had so notorious a reputation, that this occurred at all the royal entries. Wives and daughters deplored it no less than the king and his courtiers; but fathers and husbands were prejudiced on the point.

Nioselle was condemned to lose his head; and the decree ordained in addition, that both he and his posterity should be degraded from the ranks of the nobility, that his arms should be destroyed by the

* Perfect liberty enjoyed under any Government.

public executioner, that his house should be razed to the ground, and that on its site should be erected a pyramid, recording his infamy.

This decree was faithfully executed, with the simple exception of the most important point. Though a price of six thousand livres had been placed on his head, no one was found base enough to betray him, and Nioselle succeeded in reaching Barcelona, where he lived in exile for fifty-five years.

At the end of this period Louis XIV., aged, and near his end, granted him a free pardon. Nioselle came back to his country, saw the pyramid that dishonoured his name levelled with the ground, was reinstated in his honours and rank, and died the same year; as though he awaited but his restoration, to take leave of this world.

As to Louis XIV., during a ramble at Marseilles, observing the charming houses surrounding the town, smiling beneath the sun, and raising their white walls, their red tops, and their green blinds amongst the scattered pines that concealed them, he inquired by what name those pretty residences were called in the language of the country.

"They call them Bastides," replied Fortia de Piles.

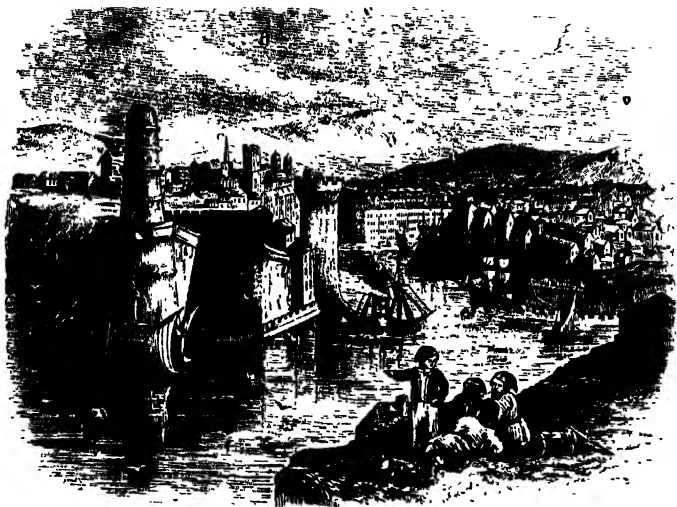
"Good," said Louis XIV., "very good! I, also, will have a Bastide at Marseilles. Duke of Mercœur, choose me a position, and I will take it upon myself to provide you with an architect."

The locality fixed upon was in front of the tower of St. John, built by King René; the architect was Vauban; the Bastide was called the Fort St. Nicholas.

When the foundation stone was laid, the following inscription, which we translate from the Latin for the greater advantage of our readers, was placed on it with much pomp:—

"For fear, lest the faithful Marseilles, too often the victim of the criminal agitations of some, should either, by the hardihood of the unprincipled, or by too great a passion for liberty, finally bring about its own, as well as the whole kingdom's destruction, Louis XIV., King of the French, has provided for the safety of the nobles and of the people, by the construction of this fort. The king has ordained it; Jules Mazarin, after the conclusion of the Peace of the Pyrenees, counselled it; Louis de Vendome executed it, 1690."

The fort St. Nicholas was demolished in 1787: that fatal year for bastides.



MARSEILLES.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE PRADO.

THERE still remain a few dark and terrible souvenirs, like the one we have just evoked, and which dates from 1815. We could recall them to the minds of our readers, but they are too recent. We will therefore pass them over in silence, in order to arrive the more speedily at the Marseilles of the present day.

Formerly, when a stranger arrived at Marseilles, and wished to partake of *clovis* and *bouille-abaisse*, the two national dishes of the Phocéans, he was asked, in the usual time-honoured words, "Do you know Policar?" and the stranger replied, "Yes, I know Policar:" for Policar was known by every body.

Who has hurled Policar from his high position, who has thrown the statue from its pedestal, I know not; but I know that when, at my last journey, I spoke of Policar, every one laughed in my face; and when I persisted, as I remembered Policar with gratitude, some one asked me if I had just returned from Astracan?

Through fear of being tossed, like Sancho, in a blanket, I was compelled to be silent; yet, as I had a great mind to taste some *clovis* and *bouille-abaisse*, I mustered courage enough to say, in a minute afterwards

"Where shall we go, then?"

• “To the Prado.”

I directly understood that it was the Prado which had dethroned Policar.

While waiting till it was time to go to the spot in question, we took a stroll round the harbour.

The harbour of Marseilles is the most striking one I have ever seen, not on account of the many vessels it contains, nor of its panorama, which extends from Notre-Dame to the tower of St. John; nor of its humming-birds, parrots, and monkeys, which, deceived by this beautiful climate of the south, fancy they are still in their own country, and, by their songs and gestures, amuse the passer-by in a thousand ways; but, because it is the rendezvous of the whole world. No two persons clothed in the same manner are to be met with there; nor two men speaking the same language.

It is true that the water is very dirty; but above this water, which, on account of its dirtiness, is all the better, as the Marseillais affirm, for the preservation of the vessels, there is so blue a sky, filled with such beautiful gulls in the day-time, and studded with such shining stars at night, that a man may certainly be allowed not to look down, when there is so fine a sight to view above him.

It was into this harbour that the bodies of the Mamelukes were thrown in 1815. Poor fellows! do you know what crime they had committed?

Napoleon had brought them from Egypt, where they had served Ibrahim and Mourad-Bey. As a compensation for the country they had lost, he had given them a fine climate, one like their own, and a small pension, in order to procure them a pleasant life and a tranquil death. It is not astonishing that these children of Ishmaël should have loved Napoleon.

When he fell in 1814, large tears ran down their cheeks: they were seen to weep, and their gratitude was turned into a crime. They could no longer go out, without being insulted and stoned; yet they had nearly become Frenchmen; they wore coats and trousers, and of their own costume had kept but the turban. The head-dress is always the last thing that a man's nationality allows him to part with.

The Mamelukes at last laid aside their turbans, and substituted hats. This sacrifice ought certainly to have been taken into account; such, however, was not the case. Their white moustaches attracted attention, and outrage still pursued them.

They might have cut off their moustaches, but had not the courage to do so: they preferred remaining at home. For some time, people went and cried, *Vive le roi!* before their houses, and broke their win-

dows; but at last the public mind became more calm, and they were left comparatively undisturbed.

One morning, it was reported that Napoleon had landed at the Gulf of Juan: the Mamelukes looked out through their key-holes. A week after, they learned he was at Lyons: they showed their heads at the windows. Three weeks after, they heard he was at Paris: they put on their old warlike castans, those that had been at Embabel, Aboukir, and Heliopolis, and walked about the streets of Marseilles, where they had not dared to appear for the last year.

When they met any of either sex who had insulted them—for women, too, had done so—they stopped before them, and twisting their long, white moustaches, and shaking their heads, said, with a smile of triumph:

"Napoleonné, il é pïou fort qué tout."

"Napoleon is stronger than all."

Such was the crime for which these poor Mamelukes were all assassinated. But why on earth were they grateful? A like misfortune happened neither to Prince Talleyrand nor to the Duke of Ragusa.

The chief advantage of the harbour of Marseilles is, that it affords in all weathers a dry promenade, paved with flat bricks, a circumstance that cannot be too much appreciated, especially by a person coming from Lyons. There is shade, too, in the summer, and sun in the winter, which is, and always will be, an invaluable advantage, no matter, whence one comes, nor whither the other goes.

What a pity that the water of the harbour is so dirty, and that the bodies of the Mamelukes were thrown into it!

From the harbour we went to the Museum.

Under the name of museum, which solemn title is seen on a door opposite the Marché des Capuchins, are included the Academy of Marseilles, sister to the Academy of Lyons; the Library, of which Méry is the director; the Cabinet of Natural History; the Cabinet of Medals; the School of Design; the School of Architecture; and the Gallery of Pictures.

The whole are contained within the old convent of the Bernardines.

The Library possesses fifty thousand volumes, and from eight to ten thousand manuscripts. The collection of books was discontinued at the end of the eighteenth century; the Academy of Marseilles believing, probably, that nothing had been written since that epoch worthy of perusal. Méry is employed, to the great horror of the Provençal Academicians, in completing it, and will probably lose his place in consequence. So much the better! for then he will perhaps write another *Villéiade*.

The Cabinet of Natural History, on the contrary, is becoming

every day more and more valuable. There is not a vessel which arrives from the arctic or the antarctic pole, from Calcutta or Buenos-Ayres, from New Holland, or Greenland, that does not bring its tribute. The result is that the different kingdoms are very closely packed, and the captains have been begged to bring back nothing but striated monkeys, pilchards, and humming-birds.

The School of Design is proud and blustering; this is because she has produced Paulin Guérin, Beaume, and Tanueur. •

Her sister, the School of Architecture, however, is very humble; the poor thing has only produced Puget, and she is waiting for something better. •

The Gallery of Pictures is magnificent; few cities in Provence possess as valuable a collection as Marseilles does: it is true that this city, since the taking of Algiers, has become a capital.

The place in which the pictures are hung remind one at first sights of the Sistine chapel. Here is the same fault in the manner in which the light enters through scanty windows; but there is also the same silence and solemnity. After all, the pictures perhaps gain by this—on looking attentively, they can be seen. • •

There are in the Museum of Marseilles twelve or fifteen pictures of the first order; a landscape by Annibal Carracci; a large Assumption, by Augustine Caracci; a picture by Perugin, the like of which are neither at Paris nor at Florence; two immense pictures by Vien; a superb portrait attributed to Vandyck; two pictures by Puget, who, after having given to marble the appearance of animation, occasionally took up the pencil to make a piece of canvas swell with life; a *Salvator Rosa*; a Michael Angelo Carravagio; a Miraculous Draught of Fishes, by Jordaens; a Guercini of magnificent colouring; and lastly, the *chef-d'œuvre* of the Museum, the celebrated Hunt of Rubens.

When all these have been viewed, it will be well to examine a Mercury, which is in a corner of the chamber, at the back. It is but a copy, it is true, but a copy from Raphael by M. Ingres. •

On leaving the Museum, we returned to the Place Royale for a coach. There I saw the famous fountain, which constitutes the chief ornament of the place. Like the famous lake of which Herodotus speaks, it wants but one thing—water. Méry calls it the “hydrophobic” fountain; it is not at all unlikely that it will keep the name. I asked if I could not see any other; for this one had hurt my feelings.

Méry ordered the coachman to take us first to the Rue d'Aubagne; there I saw what I wanted, that is, a fountain well supplied; it is dedicated to the *poeta Sveranno*, as Dante is called, and this simple inscription is written on it:—*The descendants of the Phocians to Homer*. A magnificent plateau extends beyond the fountain, which flows

into a Trojan basin. You might fancy yourself before the Scæan Gate, or the banks of the Simois. It is a chapter of the *Odyssey* in action.

I perceive that I have just copied, or, nearly so, four lines out of the *Stranger's Album*. These devils of Marsillais possess so much wit and poetry, that they thrust it everywhere, even in their guide books, a thing unknown in any other place. David says, in speaking of the inhabitants of Provence, that if they possessed less imagination they would nearly all be men-of-genius.

We passed near the pyramid on the Place Castellan. I presume that it was raised for no other object but to serve as pendant to the triumphal arch before the Gate of Aix. The one is about as good as the other: the triumphal arch, however, has the disadvantage over the pyramid of being covered with sculptures, which somewhat spoil the stone, while they do not embellish it.

At a hundred steps from this place, you find yourself outside Marseilles, on a splendid boulevard, where there will be plenty of shade in twenty years, if the trees continue to grow; in the meantime there is plenty of dust. Dust is the plague of Marseilles; it is in your eyes, your mouth, your pockets. You may put up with it, if you be a philosopher; but nobody can ever like it, not even an optimist.

All the surrounding mountains are actually calcined by the sun. I don't know where on earth Lucan saw his famous sacred forest, in which Cæsar had his war engines made, nor where William of Tyre discovered those magnificent woods, in which the crusaders cut the masts for their ships. Perhaps it is on account of the great quantities of wood then used, that there is such a scarcity of it now; all I can say is, that, at present, not even enough could be found to make a bundle of lucifer matches.

To compensate for this, however, there are magnificent valleys of sand, of the same kind as those which lead to the lake of Natroun.

When the giraffe first came to Marseilles, it arrived ill. The learned declared that it was sea-sick; but the driver shook his head, and explained, in excellent Ethiopian, that what they took for sea-sickness, was simply *nostalgia*. As the learned did not understand a word of what the driver had said, they looked wise, bowed their heads, reflected for an instant, and then replied that he was perhaps right. The Ethiopian, seeing that they were of his opinion, seized the animal's string, and at twelve o'clock precisely, under a burning sun, led it along the sea to the passes of Mount Redon.

As soon as the giraffe found in the midst of these barren rocks, it raised its head, distended its nostrils, struck the ground with its foot, and seeing a cloud of sand, as hot as the sand to which it was accustomed at home, rise all around, it fancied itself back again in Darfour or

Kordofan, and jumped about with such unbounded joy, that it tore its string from the driver's hand, leaped over his head, and disappeared behind the rock. The poor Ethiopian ran back to Marseilles, quite disconsolate. When the learned perceived he was alone, they directly conjectured that he had come back without the giraffe. From this conjecture to the supposition that the animal was lost, there was but one step—a step the scientific world immediately made with that certainty for which they are so famous.

They immediately asked the commander of the garrison for two regiments. These two regiments surrounded Mount Redon, and found the giraffe stretched full length on the fine African sand, which had restored it to life. The giraffe was too comfortable to allow itself to be retaken without trying to escape; but it had to deal with a skilful strategist. The colonel who commanded the expedition was a native of Gemenos, and consequently acquainted with the defiles of Mount Redon. After having performed prodigies of agility, the poor giraffe, seeing itself everywhere surrounded by the military, was forced to surrender. So, it gave itself up to the Ethiopian, who led it in triumph to Marseilles.

It had never been better in its life; a single day in the sands of Mount Redon had sufficed to restore it to health.

On turning the angle of the wall, we found ourselves before the sea. Nothing else now attracted our attention. From the beach of the Prado, in particular, the sea is magnificent.

As for me, I could not resist the temptation: I let Méry go and order the *clovis* and the *bouille-abaise* at the Muette de Portici and jumped into a boat.

The boat belonged to a fisherman, who was just going to pull up his nets; in addition to the mere excursion, I had the amusement of fishing in perspective.

While going to his buoys, the fisherman told me the names of all the capes and promontories: they were sonorous names, mostly borrowed from the Ionian language, and which, in the absence of chronicles, would attest the origin of the ancient possessors of this part of the world.

On the verge of the horizon, rises the light-house of Planier, built on a rock in the middle of the sea. The fisherman told me, as he rowed along, that this light-house had been the scene, a few months before, of a terrible accident: a ship, loaded with sugar, had been thrown on the rock that forms its base, had split, and gone down. All the crew were saved, but the cargo was lost.

"The deuce!" I exclaimed, touched by the loss of the captain and owners of the ship, "it was a great misfortune."

"Indeed it was!" replied my companion. "Fancy, sir, that for more than six weeks there was not a whiting to be seen for three leagues round. It appears that this fish can't bear sugar and water."

So the loss of the sugar was looked upon as a misfortune by this sympathizing man, merely because it had driven away the whittings for six weeks.

Fortunately, the first net that we drew up gave us the proof that the whittings had returned: it had three in it, one of which was as large as a man's leg. The others contained wolf-fish, gurnets, surmulletts, and dorades: there were all sorts, even a spiny lobster, which had most probably come to play upon the other fish, but which, by a reverse of fortune, would, it was not unlikely, be devoured itself.

We returned with our booty which immediately passed from the bottom of the boat into the frying-pan and fish-kettle. Méry then presented me to Courty, the master of the establishment, which is called the *Muette de Portici*.

Courty appeared greatly embarrassed: he had been told that I was an experienced gastronomist, and this had placed me much higher in his esteem than if I had been simply presented to him as the author of *Antony* and *Mademoiselle de Belle Isle*.

Now Courty is an artistic cook, worthy of inhabiting a place better able than Marseilles to appreciate the science so profoundly created of by Brillat-Savarin. With a few exceptions, no one seems to think it necessary to *dine* at Marseilles; provided they eat, they are content.

In consequence of this, Courty is lost among a people who do not understand him. Yet this does not hinder him from discovering, from time to time, an unknown dish. In this respect he is of the same opinion as M. Henrion de Pansey, who said that the discovery of a new dish was more useful to humanity than the discovery of a new star. "There will always be enough stars for the use we make of them," says Courty, disdainfully. This is so much the more true, as there are many more stars at Marseilles than at Paris.

Courty surpassed himself. I regretted that I was not equal to the reputation they had given me. My praise opened his heart; he told me his troubles. Near the *Muette de Portici* is a low tavern, frequented, on account of its low prices, by everybody, even by those who ought not to go there.

This, perhaps, is because there are flowers and shade at Courty's; things to which the Marseillais are not accustomed.

While we were dining, a friend of Méry's came and invited us to go fishing by torchlight that evening. We took care to accept. In the meantime Méry asked permission of his friend for me to visit his

house, which was built after such an antique and foreign fashion, that they are convinced at Marseilles it has crossed the sea, like that of Notre-Dame de Lorette. It has been called, on this account, the Phœnician House.

It was, in fact, quite an eastern building, like those found at Florence, with two stories, and columns supporting a roof, which served as a double terrace. In the daytime the terrace was under the roof, and at night above it.

The little houses at Marseilles have, besides, a creeping trellis, reaching half way up the walls, which is green in the spring, red in autumn, and loaded with magnificent grapes half the year.

After having shown us his house, M. Morel presented us to his family, which was composed of three or four girls, all rivaling each other in beauty; of about the same number of sons-in-law, and of double the number of grandchildren.

All reside together in this little Phœnician house, which appears to me one of the happiest in Marseilles. Yet M. Morel was going to pull it down, and build, in its stead, a bastide, similar to all the bastides in Provence, that is, something square, a sort of fortress, with holes at regular intervals, which are open during the day and closed at night; though, in my opinion, the contrary ought to be the case. M. Morel, to the great horror of Méry, was about to begin his work of demolition, when one of his daughters found, in an old coffer that had not been opened for two hundred years, an old manuscript written on old parchment, in a hand so hieroglyphical, that neither M. Morel nor his sons-in-law understood a word of it; they were obliged to get Méry to read it.

M. Morel hoped that it was a title deed, which would double his rent-roll; but it was only a memoir of the time of the *Connétable*, and related to the Phœnician House.

The Phœnician House had played a conspicuous part during the siege of Marseilles. As soon as it became known that the Phœnician House belonged to history, it was no longer possible, as will be easily understood, to pull it down; so it was allowed to remain, much to the satisfaction of Méry.

I begged M. Morel to allow me to read this memoir; but he likes fishing better than archaeology, and said that he would give it to me when he returned. Night came on, with that rapidity peculiar to southern climates, and we had scarcely time to make our preparations.

Every one, however, set to work, men and women, myself among the rest. My tight coat incommoded me; they brought me one of M. Morel's jackets; I could have put both Méry and myself in it. But Méry was in his cloak; and when Méry is in his cloak, it is impossible to get him out of it.

At about nine, everything was ready. One of M. Morel's sons-in-law undertook to keep up the fire, which was burning at the prow in an iron chafing-dish; two others were armed with fish-gigs, to harpoon the prey with, and stood respectively starboard and larboard. M. Morel and I did the same; for, in spite of my opposition, they had placed me in the active part of the boat. Méry was at the poop, in the midst of the ladies, who lent him their shawls to heap on over his cloak. Jadin, pencil in hand; sat down on one seat, with Mylord between his legs; and the fisherman, with a scull in each hand, placed himself on the other. Courty, who remained behind, pushed the bark, and we were immediately afloat.

At this moment, Jadin had an awful tussle with Mylord, who absolutely wanted to go and swallow the fire. Loud barking followed; which, as it was not in the programme of the sport, terminated in stifled growls—a sure proof that Jadin had had recourse to a desperate remedy—namely, the toe of his boot—in order to obtain the silence necessary for the pursuit we were engaged in. However, as this accident had not attracted the fish, we doubted for some time of our success. Not a single fish was to be seen, and yet we perceived, through three or four feet of water, the bottom of the sea, as if it were only separated from us by a thin gauze. Suddenly, one of M. Morel's sons-in-law aimed his harpoon, and drew it back with a kind of snake writhing at the end—it was a conger three or four feet long. I thought the thing very ugly, and determined to catch none like it.

This, at least, proved that we were entering inhabited domains.

The bottom of the sea, thus seen by fire at night, is one of the most curious things that can be imagined. Like the earth, it has parts that are covered, and parts that have nothing but sand and long, dark sea-weed on them, where the fish appear like gold and silver; then it has its open plains, where you perceive nautiluses and sea-urchins, loaded with their ponderous baggage, heavily wending their way, and leaving their trace behind. Wherever a rock appears, you are sure to discover, among the mussels and oysters that have established their sedentary domicile there, a few big-bellied polypuses, with their eyes starting out of their heads, and catching with their long, trembling arms, at the prey that their open mouths are always ready to receive. All these things were enjoying, each according to its instinct, their mysterious and submarine lives, when we made our appearance, and brought dire trouble both by fire and sword.

The boat began to fill; M. Morel and his sons-in-law seemed to be trying which of them should stick the most. Their success excited me. The boat, kept in motion by the movement of the sculls, continued to turn in a circle of light; and every now and then immense

moths, attracted by the fire, flapped against our faces. Suddenly, I saw something which looked like a frying-pan pass directly beneath my harpoon; I struck at it with all the force I could, and drew from the water the finest skate possible. I was proclaimed king of the sport. As I attributed, within myself, this magnificent stroke more to chance than skilfulness, I gave up my spear to the gentleman who had, till then taken care of the fire, and betook myself to the study of conchological manners.

They were interrupted by a decision of the ladies, who, on hearing Méry's complaints, declared that the sea-air began to get too cold; consequently, it was decided that we should continue our excursion on the Huveaume.

The Huveaume is a brook that falls into the sea, and takes advantage of its topographical situation to assume the name of a river; but there are two sorts of greatness, as St. Simon said, and there is no reason why the Huveaume, because it does what the Rhone and the Danube do, should fancy itself their equal. After all, the Huveaume has not, I think, such high pretensions. It is impossible for a river to have a more modest mouth, or to fall more silently into the Mediterranean. It is quite a pastoral river, such an one as Theocritus and Virgil loved—a river intended, not to carry boats, but to bathe the feet of nymphs in.

We went up it, under the overhanging branches of the tamarind-trees, that grew, in fantastic shapes, on each side, within reach of our sculls, as they glided down the middle. I now saw that I had been wrong to laugh at the Huveaume, before knowing it, for it runs with such ease and silence, that it is a pleasure to look at it; and I think that, after all, it is much more fortunate than the Mediterranean.

When we had explored it for half an hour the Huveaume refused to take us further, under the pretext that it was no longer navigable; so we were obliged to return back towards the sea, though we did not attempt to approach it. From the noise it made against the shore, we concluded that it was rising into a tempest. As to the river, it was below all such human vicissitudes; in consequence, it allowed us quietly to put in at one of its sides, and to enter a pretty orchard, through which we reached the Phœnician House.

M. Morel, as he had promised, gave me the manuscript found by his daughter in the old coffer, as the reader knows. He also granted me permission to copy it; in consequence, I have the pleasure of being able to present it to my readers.

Perhaps, when on my return I have been refused five or six times at the French Academy, this manuscript will procure me the honour of being received at the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles-Lettres.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE MAISON PHENICIENNE.

WE have now reached the 12th of September 1524. Marscilles was besieged by the Constable Bourbon, that illustrious madman, who went about ravaging Europe for the purpose of relieving his ennui. The trenches had been open twenty-one days. The noble lords of Aix and the commoners of Marscilles had united under the same bastions, and had sworn to defend them to the last, and bury themselves under their ruins, rather than surrender. The constable pressed forward his Italians, his Spaniards, and his lasquenets upon the walls. The tower of St. John, the breastwork of the Mills, and the tower of St. Paul, commanded their batteries, and poured down showers of bullets over the ramparts upon the hills of Lazaret and the Cannet road, where the standard of the constable floated, and as far as the foot of the abbey of St. Victor, where the Marquis de Pescaire had pitched his camp. A violent September tempest broke out towards the close of the day, and as night came on the darkness became so intense, that the time seemed peculiarly favourable for adventures of love or of war.

In consequence of this, Captain Charles de Montcoux, at the head of a hundred resolute citizens, marched to the Port Royal, at the foot of the Rue de Fabres, with the intention of venturing a *sortie* upon the gardens and flax-fields of Cannebière. Two heroic women accompanied him: one was the wife and the other the niece of Charles de Laval; they both carried richly ornamented pistols, and held in their delicate hands swords of such exquisite workmanship, that they had more the appearance of trinkets than weapons.

The besiegers had fled in disorder towards the Aubagne road, when the Spanish cavalry, which held that avenue, fell upon the Marseillais and compelled them to fall back upon the city. For many of them, the retreat was unfortunately cut off; they arrived at the Port Royal too late; it was already closed, and the raised drawbridge exposed to view a wide fosse full of water. Some of the Marseillais were taken prisoners there, and the others, taking advantage of the darkness, gained the open country. Among this number were the young Victor Vivaux, son of the master of artillery, and

the two females of whom we have already spoken, Gabrielle and Claire de Laval. Every kind of danger threatened them that night, surrounded by that impious army which had slaughtered, desolated, and dishonoured enough to merit the torments of hell, and which, three years later, was destined to violate Rome in the midst of incendiarism and rivers of blood.

Gabrielle, the wife of Charles de Laval, was about thirty-two years of age. Taken by surprise at the challenge of Captain Charles de Montcoux to accompany him in his adventure, she and her niece accepted it, with that adventurous temerity of which the women of that time have given so many examples; being unwilling to detain the commander of the expedition, she went dressed as she was, that is to say, in a wide robe of silk, with a long train in all its folds, with a close-fitting velvet corset on her shoulders, ending in a point below the bosom. On the upper border of the corset rose a high and stiff collar of lace, which exposed a beautiful swan-like neck. The countenance which gave life to this handsome form and dress had a very remarkable expression: the smooth white forehead admirably formed, the sweet expression which played in her large, clear, black eyes, the beautiful mouth, which, when she smiled resembled an opening rose, formed a divine ensemble which had been bequeathed to Marseilles by the sculptors of Mitylène and Délos. A flowing crown of jet-black hair adorned this fine head, and seemed in certain lights to throw off brilliant reflections, resembling those fiery tints, which in a dark night are seen enveloped in the black and moving folds of the sea waves.

The young girl who accompanied her, Claire de Laval, her niece, was not more than twenty. It might appear incredible that a female of that age should dare to face the hazards of war, if we did not know that at that unquiet time, when the lives of men and the honour of women were so continually imperilled, that the latter evinced in time of need a character of energetic resolution. The history of Marseilles indeed proves to the eternal honour of the fair sex, that they were at the same time heroic. Claire de Laval, who was dressed in nearly the same manner as her aunt, might have been taken for Gabrielle's sister. She had blonde hair richly scattered over her temples and shoulders, beautiful soft blue eyes, an admirable complexion vying with the lily and the rose, a striking and attractive expression of countenance, and a majestic grace in every movement of her body, as she tripped along with a charming heedlessness, her little feet, in slippers gilt like the sandals of an *odalisque*; when seated and thoughtful, she had that exquisite nonchalance peculiar to fair women, that radiant tranquillity, which always reminds one of a volcano at rest.

Their only companion, Victor Vivaux, was a tall and well-made young man of about four and twenty, celebrated for his gallantry among the most amiable of the scoundrels of the Square de Lenche; a free Marsellais of the middle ages, deeply coloured by the sun.

The two women, and the young officer, who served as a guide for them, pursued their way for some time at a rapid gallop across the country, in the same direction that they had taken at first; but the ground soon became so much broken by hedges and ditches, that their horses were not only useless, but inconvenient to them; and moreover might betray them, in case they should neigh. The three fugitives, therefore, abandoned their horses in a flax field, and continued their route on foot, without uttering a single word; for on every side the military sounds reminded them of the presence of the enemy. At length the two ladies, after submissively following their guide through rough and untrodden paths, reached the eminence which overlooks the valley of Auriol; there they turned their backs upon the city, and passing through the windings and hollows, they came out upon that sandy plain which runs in a curve from the white rocks to Mount Redon.

Every one knows that this coast exactly resembles that of a desert island; for the Marscellais being continually engaged in the pursuits of war, they never thought of cultivating any other land than that which was immediately under the protection of their ramparts. L'Huveaume forms at its mouth a delta of marshes, through the middle of which it runs into the sea; along the banks of the river are scattered, at long distances apart, a few solitary fishermen's cabins. At the extremity of a natural road of rock, often covered by the waves, stood an isolated house in the midst of the stagnant waters of a small stream, which seemed to protest against the solitude, and to remind the sailors voyaging towards Plainier of the ancient times, when that shore was visited by the galleys of Tyre and Sidon.

By the time the fugitives had reached this spot the sea was quite calm, notwithstanding the storm. Victor Vivaux was the first to leap upon the ledge of the rock, with the aid of the branches of a withered tamarind tree, and listening to the nocturnal noises, could not distinguish anything more than the rustling of the willows and reeds, and the roaring of the tempest, while towards the north a dull, rumbling sound, proceeding most likely from the guns of St. Paul, played a duet with the thunder of heaven.

He then stooped down, and gave his hand to Gabrielle, who, with his help, found herself in a minute by his side on the rock; then to Claire, for whom one might have observed that the young man evinced a very particular degree of attention, when he saw the two

ladies safely above, looking on the one side towards the sea, and on the other across the marshes, he exclaimed, breathing more freely,—“Now, ladies, I will permit you to speak; for we are now in a place of safety: there are neither soldiers nor marauders near us.”

“For my own part,” said Gabrielle, with a burst of laughter, “I shall never pardon Monsieur le Cointable for having shut my mouth for two mortal hours, that I have not so much as been able to address a compliment to the storm, which, however, as far as I was able to observe it, has appeared to me very grand.”

“Holy Virgin!—” cried Claire, “what sort of country have we come to? Are we upon the land or the sea?”

“Do not fear, Mademoiselle,” said Victor; “I know this place.”

“You know this barbarous desert, Monsieur de Vivaux?”

“Look here, Mesdames; see amongst those tamarinds there is a house which I know as well as my own.”

“We have been there a hundred times with M. de Beauregard, the captain of the tower of St. Jean.”

“Eh! what took you there, messieurs?” said Gabrielle, accompanying the question with a tone of raillery, while Claire regarded the young man with some uneasiness.

He understood this look, and answered, smiling and addressing both the ladies, although only one had questioned him.

“We went for a very simple purpose, mesdames. That little house belongs to M. de Beauregard, and there is no doubt that it will afford us shelter for the night.”

“Suppose the door should be fastened?” demanded Gabrielle.

“Then we must break it open,” answered Victor.

“Oh!” murmured Claire, to whom this way of introducing one’s self appeared, besides the danger, a little extraordinary.

“May the Holy Virgin protect us,” said Gabrielle; “I fancy I see a shadow of something above there, to the left.”

And with the point of her sword, which she had not yet replaced in its scabbard, she pointed towards the hills to the north.

Their eyes were fixed in that direction, and there was a moment of silence.

“Hush!” said Claire, starting.

“What is it?” demanded Victor, as he placed himself instinctively in front of her.

“I hear a noise,” replied Claire.

“Where?” asked Victor, in a whisper.

“There, there, quite close to us; among those black weeds,” answered Claire, so low that Victor was obliged to bring his cheek so near the lips of the young girl, that he felt her warm breath.

"It is either the sea or the wind," said he, after listening for a moment. "The danger is not there; it is there," added he in a low voice, in his turn pointing towards the Huveaume.

"Indeed, indeed," said Clare, seizing the arm of the young man, "Look! there, there; before us!"

Victor turned in the direction she pointed, and there indeed he perceived a tall black figure, rising from among the banks of the Huveaume, and advancing towards the spot where they stood.

"Silence!" said Victor.

And he allowed the apparition to pass along the narrow path, until it was within a few steps of him, then rushed forward, sword in hand, whilst the two females prepared themselves, if needful, to render assistance to their defender.

"Who are you? What do you want?" demanded the young man, pressing his sword against the breast of the stranger, who instead of defending himself, fell humbly upon his knees.

"Oh! Monsieur le Marsillais!" answered the good man, who had recognised his countryman in Victor's accent.

"Ah! ah!" said Victor, who had made the same discovery; "it is possible that we are not enemies, but no matter. When people meet at such times as these, and under such circumstances at this hour, there must be an explanation. I therefore repeat my question—Who are you? What do you want?"

"I am the steward, Bousquie, the fisherman of M. Beauregard."

"Eh! pardieu; it is true," said Victor. "Mesdames," added he, turning to them, "you have nothing to fear. We are where we shall be known."

"Really! it is monsieur!" exclaimed the fisherman, with a hoarse laugh, "and I did not know him. Good evening, Monsieur Victor."

"Good evening, my friend."

"Ah, bien! what a wonder to see you, when I thought you were behind the walls of the town. Is it possible this is another party like—"

"Hush!" said Victor.

"Ah! if it is so, the time is oddly chosen."

"You said just now that you were going to fish," interrupted hastily the young man, to whom the turn which the conversation had taken, appeared evidently disagreeable, and who wished to change it.

"Alas! yes, I am going to fish," answered the steward Bousquie, with a heavy sigh.

"How now! what is the matter?" demanded Victor. "I have known the time when that occupation was a pleasure to you."

"Oh! yes, when I was fishing for M. de Beauregard, or, indeed, for you, when you came with that little——"

"And for whom do you fish now?"

"Who do I fish for? The black madonna! I fish for those beggarly Italians, who come and eat my fish, and who pay with blows of their halberds."

"What! do the Italians come here?" cried Victor.

"Do they come? They never miss a night without coming; in an hour they will be here. Stay, do not talk about them, Monsieur Victor, they are perfect Turks, corsairs, Saracens, who seek for nothing but women and good cheer. They have with them two Germans; they are no conjurors, but they are not the better for that; come along!"

"Very well; we have gossipped long enough," said Victor; "good steward Bousquie, you see these ladies have need of repose. They have left the soles of their boots on the rocks, and have wounded their pretty feet. Have you a good bed for these two dames?"

"Oh! in my cabin," answered steward Bousquie, "the ladies would be very uncomfortable; it would only do at the best for the little girls."

"Ah, just so; but then," said Victor, interrupting him, "where are these ladies to pass the night?"

"If the sea was not so rough, I should say that they would be better off at their own house. We will get into my boat, and as the sea is free, since the fleet of La Fayette has driven away that d——d Moncade; I will engage to carry them in an hour to the mouth of the harbour."

"Very well," said Gabrielle; "that appears to me a capital plan. Let us get into the boat; we are courageous, and not at all afraid."

"Oh, no, madame, no!" said steward Bousquie, shaking his head; "no, that would be tempting God."

"But the sea is not so much troubled now," murmured Claire.

"Not here certainly; but the sea, mademoiselle, is just like the women; one must not judge from appearances. Here it is tranquil enough, but below there, do you see, off those rocks, where it is not sheltered by anything, it is playing the devil. No, no, Monsieur Victor, believe me, we must wait until it is calmer."

"But where shall we wait, since you say that your house offers us no safety?"

"Follow me," said steward Bousquie; "I will let you into the house of M. Beauregard; you will be more comfortable there than in mine. If the Italians should come, go up as fast as they do into the garret, where you will find a ladder and a trap door. You can get

on to the roof, and then draw up the ladder, and if they should pursue you as far as that, you will even then have a last chance, which is, to throw yourselves from the top of the house, if you are determined not to be taken."

"Let us go, then," said Victor Vivaux.

The fisherman led the way, and the three fugitives followed him in silence, and after a few minutes they passed in front of an arkour of marine plants, and ascended a flight of steps; steward Bousquie pushed against a door which opened easily.

"The deuce!" said Victor; if the door will not close better than that, you had better lead us somewhere else."

"We can barricade it inside," said Gabrielle.

"Be careful, *ma belle dame*," answered the fisherman; "that would betray you at once. No, no; they are accustomed to find the door open, leave it so, they will not perceive any difference, and perhaps they may not suspect anything. Trust to me, and do as I tell you."

"Do you think then that they will come?" inquired Claire, timidly.

"It is possible they may come, and it is possible they may not. Those rascally Italians are as uncertain as porpoises; one cannot be sure of them. In any case, I will endeavour to provide a supper good enough to keep them from the house."

"And here is something to pay for the supper that you give them," said Victor, slipping two pieces of gold into the hand of steward Bousquie.

"Ah! I have no need of that, Monsieur Victor, for it would take away the pleasure of obliging you for the love of heaven. However, I will not refuse it, for that would not be civil."

"Well then, put it in your pocket, and keep a good watch."

"Yes, yes! but be sure you do not shut the door; do you hear?"

"That is settled; do not fear."

"Then, good fortune! Apropos, mesdames," replied the steward, retracing his steps; if you have any little prayer of good effect,—I do not intend to allow myself to give you advice; but you understand, it would not be out of place to say it."

Then, as if frightened at his boldness, steward Bousquie made a parting sign with his head and his hand, and disappeared quickly.

Thus left alone, Victor and his two companions guided themselves by their hands; for in that low room their eyes were of no use; to have any kind of light whatever would have detected them. They were obliged therefore to find out where they were by groping about.

While he was searching, Victor heard in the silence the beating of the hearts of his companions, and fancied he could recognise that of Claire's. At last he found the ladder.

"This way," said he. The two women rallied at the sound of his voice. Victor put out his hand and seized a trembling hand. It was so from terror, no doubt. Victor himself had no need to ask to whom it belonged.

"Follow us, madame," said he, turning himself to the side where he thought Gabrielle was; "we are at the foot of the ladder."

"Go on, then," said Madame de Laval; "I have hold of Claire's dress."

"What are you looking for, aunt?" asked the young girl.

"Nothing: my handkerchief, which I have dropped."

"I will go down presently, and fetch it for you," said Victor.

All the three ascended the dark and narrow staircase, which led to the upper floors; then they felt about for the door of a room, and entered the first one they came to, with the intention of looking whether the sea had become calm. They could not observe how the furniture suited them, for the walls were buried in obscurity; but they were pleased to find under their hands something pliant or stuffed, which seemed like the wadding of a cushion.

"Victor," said Gabrielle, "if you will go down, we will endeavour to rest ourselves a while."

"You will keep watch over ~~me~~ will you not?" said Claire.

"Oh! as I would over myself, mademoiselle," answered Victor. "I am answerable for you; and no sentry can be more faithful to his post than I will be."

"And try to find my handkerchief, which might betray us, perhaps."

"I will," answered Victor; and they heard him descend the staircase."

The young man looked about for a quarter of an hour but could not find it.

During this time the two ladies put off their dresses, which they could not possibly sleep in.

"Imagine, aunt," said Claire, "in what anxiety M. de Laval must be at this time?"

"Pooh!" answered Gabrielle; "these are the accidents of war. M. de Laval supposes we are dead; but as he is on guard at the tower of St. Paul, he has no time to mourn for us. I very much wish I had a looking-glass."

"A looking-glass, aunt! for what?"

"To re-arrange my hair; which must be in an abominable state."

"But if you had one, aunt, it would be of very little use, in the darkness we are in."

"Pooh! by opening that window, our moon is so fine, we should

see as well as if it were full day. Push the shutter a little on one side, Claire."

"Oh, aunt! that is very imprudent."

"No, no! only to see if all is quiet."

Claire obeyed; and a ray of moonlight illuminated the room, displaying the beautiful head of the young girl standing near the window. One might have taken her for Amphitrite, the fair queen of Ocean, who cast a tender glance on the wild beauties of her domain.

During this time, Gabrielle, having found what she required; and placing herself a little behind Claire, but in the same light, she re-adjusted her hair."

"There, it is done," said she, after a few minutes; now let us lie down on the couch. We will recite the litany to the Virgin, and the *sub tuum*, before we go to sleep. I will repeat the verses, and you the response *ora pro nobis*. Are you coming?"

"Yes, aunt, yes," said Claire, drawing herself a little back, without however leaving the window; "but there is something seems to me——"

"What do you fancy?" asked Gabrielle.

"There are some men approaching along the same road by which we came here. I hear them, aunt, I hear them."

"Nonsense!" said Gabrielle: it is the wind which is shaking the tamarinds."

"No, aunt; look there. I can see them: there are five—six—seven——"

Gabrielle made a spring from the couch where she had laid down towards the window; and resting her hands upon the shoulders of Claire, raised herself on tip-toe, and looked over her head.

"Do you see?" said Claire, holding her breath.

"Yes, I see them."

The men exchanged a few words among themselves.

"Those are the Itakans," said Gabrielle.

"Oh, my God! my God! we are lost!" murmured Claire, clasping her hands.

Three gentle knocks at the door of the room startled the two women for the minute. Then they heard a voice say: "It is I; do not be afraid. It is Victor Vivaux."

Gabrielle ran to the door, and opened it.

"What is the matter?" said she.

"They are upon us."

"The enemy?"

"I am afraid it is."

"What is to be done?"

"Follow the advice of steward Bousquic. Go up higher, look for a good hiding-place, and do not make yourself uneasy about me. However far I may be off, I will not lose sight of you."

And without waiting an answer from them, he retired in the darkness of the stair.

"Claire?" said Gabrielle.

"Here am I, aunt."

"Come, and"——

With these words she took her hand, and hurried her away out of the room.

They reached the floor above, where they rested and listened, with their necks stretched over the balustrade of plaster which turned round with the stairs.

Outside, between the harbour and the steps, two men, who appeared to be the chiefs of a band of robbers, were talking loudly without any restraint, in a way to be heard all round in the silence of the night.

"I tell you, Taddeo," said one, "that I saw them pass like shadows, that I have measured their footmarks on the sand. They are a little longer than my finger, and as slender as my tongue. And then what do you say to those pieces of slippers which we found on the hills?"

"I begin to believe you have some reason," answered the other.

"*Per Bacco!* I believe indeed I have some reason; you see we lost their track about twenty steps from here below there, where the paving commences. If the goddesses are not taking a bath in that marsh, they are sleeping behind that door.—Good! where is my lansquenet? Here, Cornelius, come forward. But come at once. What the devil are you doing, rascal, gaping at the stars? Listen; go under that arch, my good Todesque, and watch the house on the other side to cut off the retreat, and by St. Peter, my pretty ladies, you shall not escape us."

"What is this?" said Taddeo, picking up the handkerchief which Gabrielle had dropped at the foot of the stone steps, and not as she thought in the vestibule.

"*Vive Dieu*, comrade!" answered Geronimo, taking the hand of his companion, "it is a handkerchief, laced and perfumed with essence of rose; this does not appear to me to have come out of the pocket of a fisherman; they do not catch fish with such a net as this."

"Let us go up; Geronimo; let us go up. And you, comrades, *zst!* *zst!* The rest of the band drew near. "Come, and wait there. Good! Now behave yourselves well, and you shall kiss the ladies' maid, if there is one."

"Oh, no! no! let us all go together; no preference here, we are all equal; and besides, the more there are of us the better we shall search. Eh! my lansquenet."

"Forster, Forster! Here, do you keep watch on these steps, with your dagger in your hand. These women have a cavalier with them for we saw his footsteps on the sand. Every care for the women, and a leaden ball for him: do you hear, my little German? That is your business."

"*Ja mein herr*," answered the lansquenet, while taking his stand on the steps in the place which his captain had pointed out.

Geronimo then opened the door, which as the steward Bousquie had advised, was not closed.

"One can't see here any better than in an oven," said one of the Italians. "Have you got your steel, Taddeo?"

"Do I ever march without it?" answered the soldier. At the same moment he struck a light, the tinder caught, and the feeble light of a match succeeded, but it was enough to enable Geronimo to find a lantern hanging in a corner of the vestibule.

"That is what we want," said he; "there is a Providence to provide for honest people. Light it! light it!"

Taddeo did not require to be told a second time. The Italians held up the lantern, which threw a light over the vestibule, but they did not perceive anything more than different kinds of fishing nets hung round the walls.

"Those are the nets of our foster father," said Taddeo, "we must not touch them."

"There is a scandal," answered Geronimo. "There are people, however, who say that we do not respect anything: they are back-biters."

"My friend, do not touch anything; you know that Bourbon does not make free with his neighbour's property."

"Are women property?" asked Taddeo.

"The regulations do not mention anything but the crops, furniture, and cattle; you see they have nothing to do with women."

"Now, then, let us go up to the first floor," said Taddeo; "you see very well there is nothing to be done here."

The band followed his advice, and entered the chamber, which the two women had just left.

"Oh! oh!" exclaimed Geronimo, "the bird is flown, but the feathers are here. Two princesses' robes, the deuce. If I were cardinal I would have a dalmatique of this stuff. My good fellow, look at this velvet, and tell me what they must be who wore it. Oh! if I could only catch them! The blood rises in my throat."

"Let us take these, however," said Taddco; "the things are of value."

"And see, there are two purses: gold! That is for us as much as Marseilles is for the constable. To-morrow we will divide it."

"Geronimo, the bed is not disordered; our beauties have only put off their dresses, and slipped away again. Feel the bed; it is as smooth and cold as marble."

"Search! search!" cried Geronimo; "we will find them in spite of the devil himself."

With these words he ran up the stairs. Gabrielle and Claire had not lost a single word of this horrible conversation. On hearing the last words they experienced a mutual terror, and their hair stood on end. But they had no time to lose, and rushing towards the corner where was the little wooden ladder, which led to the trap door in the roof, climbed up it, lifted up the trap, got out on the roof, drew up the ladder after them, and closed the trap-door again. The roof was surrounded by a low parapet, with the exception of one place in the middle, where it had a gentle inclination to carry off the rain. The two females crouched down into a corner.

After a few moments a great noise of voices, which sounded under their feet, told them that the gang had entered the chamber where the ladder was, and that their destiny must soon be decided. The two noble women restrained themselves from speaking, kissed each other tenderly, and with their arms round each other, and looking towards heaven, advanced rapidly nearly to the edge of the projecting tiles, some of which fell down. They fixed their eyes on the trap-door, and expected to see it raised. At that instant, and in that extreme case, they had resolved to throw themselves down from the roof on to the pavement below. They were long in suspense. The tiles cracked under their feet, and more than once by a convulsive action of the nerves they felt themselves, as it were, urged towards the precipice by an invisible hand. Standing thus immovably over their tomb, they resembled the statues of Modesty and Despair, raised above the ruins of a town that had been taken by assault.

By degrees, however, the noise of the voices below decreased, and the stairs creaked under heavy footsteps; a ray of hope passed across the faces of the two women, who raised their eyes to heaven, with an expression of infinite gratitude: then Gabrielle raised the trap-door cautiously, and distinctly heard the men express their disappointment. They followed the sounds as far as the door, which was reclosed. Soon after a light step sounded on the stairs, and

they heard an agitated voice calling from the other side of the partition. It was that of Victor Vivaux. The trap-door was opened, the ladder replaced; Victor uttered a cry of joy, and set his foot on the first step.

"We are here, Victor," said Gabrielle, very softly.

"Come along then, come quickly," answered Victor. "A minute lost would be death to us."

The two females descended the ladder with surprising activity, but when they reached the vestibule they heard the soldiers, who they had fancied were already far away, which made them stop suddenly. Victor pushed them under the large heap of nets which hung against the wall, and covering himself over with them, lent an attentive ear to all that passed, for a word misunderstood might have caused the death of all three.

"Well, captain," said Forster, "has the search been fruitless?"

"Alas! yes," answered Geronimo.

"But have you searched well everywhere?"

"We have not left a stone without smelling it."

"And you saw nothing either?"

"Nothing."

"Go down; I release you from your post."

"Thank you," said Forster, jumping heavily on the ground; "I am not sorry for it, for it is not a very pleasant one."

"What do you say?"

"I say, Captain, that when you amuse yourself by walking on the tiles I hope you will put me on guard somewhere else than under the gutter."

"And why so?"

"Because when it rains tiles and one has no umbrella, it is not agreeable."

"What! a tile fell on your head, did you say?"

"One? rather half a dozen; but I remained at my post;—the whole roof might have fallen, and I would not have budged."

"My friends," cried Geronimo, "they are on the roof. Lansquenot my good fellow, if what you say is true, I will give you six pieces of gold."

"The roof! the roof!" cried all the soldiers.

"Come along comrades, we are on the right scent now!" exclaimed Geronimo. "Cornelius Forster, come—come along, and hunt like good hounds, as you are."

And the band, full of fresh hope, re-entered the vestibule, and rushed towards the stairs. The fugitives listened until the sound of the heavy steps of the two Germans, who were behind had ceased.

"And how," said Victor Vivaux, "there is not a minute to be lost; with presence of mind and courage we may be saved." And, springing out from under the nets, he took the females by the hand, and went rapidly out of the house with them. All the soldiers were on the roof.

"Captain! Captain!" cried Forster, "look, there they go—see, see, there, there, there—take care—the devil!"

A loud and terrible cry, one of those cries of death which pierce the air when the soul perceives it is to be violently parted from the body, followed this exclamation. The three fugitives were fixed to the spot where they stood; they saw a hand pass by them in the air, and heard the sound of some body crushing on the pavement.

"It is the captain," said Vivaux, in a voice trembling with horror, "he must have gone so near the edge, and the roof have given way under his feet."

"Captain! captain!" exclaimed several voices. But no one answered, not even another cry or groan.

"He is dead," said Vivaux, "God have mercy on his soul! Let us look to ourselves." And, taking the ladies by the hand, he ran with them towards the water's edge. A boat was near the bank, which they approached; although it was still dark, the night was more calm.

"Push the boat out to sea," said Victor, "God has not saved us so miraculously, to forsake us at the last moment."

"Is that you, Monsieur Victor?" said a voice which issued from the boat, while a head was seen to rise a little above the taffrail of the vessel.

"We are saved," said Victor, "it is steward Bousquie."

"And the sea?" said Gabrielle inquiringly.

"As smooth as milk," said Bousquie, "there is just wind enough to cover the noise of the oars. Jump in, Jump in."

"Jump in ladies, said Victor."

The women entered the vessel, steward Bousquie went behind them, and pushed off the boat into the sea. Victor had already taken the oars.

"No oars! no oars!" said Bousquie, "they will make a noise. Hoist the sail, and may God protect us! Where do you wish to go, Monsieur Victor?"

"Straight to the mouth of the harbour, to the tower of St. John."

"Good, good," said Bousquie. "Take the helm. When I say

starboard, you turn it to the left; when I say larboard, turn it to the right. Do you hear?"

"Yes."

"Then let us go!"

And the vessel, as if it had waited for permission from its master, glided gently along the water. Steward Bousquie had conjectured rightly; the wind was favourable for them. The little sail, as dark as the waves, and invisible in the gloom, filled well. After about half an hour, the little vessel reached the quay; and Victor made himself known to the sentry of the battery level with the water.

At that moment, a solemn silence reigned over the besieged city. The sentinels were keeping their solitary watch on the ramparts; and the two armies were resting beneath their tents, after the fatigues of the watch, and gathering from sleep fresh strength for the battle of the morrow."

On the thirty-ninth day of the siege, Marseilles was a town of anguish, for a large breach had been opened from the foot of the tower of St. Paul, almost as far as the first arch of the aqueduct of Porte d'Aix. The Constable de Bourbon was arranging the last and most formidable of his assaults.

It seemed as if nothing but a miracle could have saved Marseilles; for its defenders, exhausted by a protracted resistance, sought to find some powerful aid, which might enable them, by a great effort, to repel his attack, even in their feeble state. It was then that there appeared in the midst of the burning and falling bastions, a new army coming to the aid of the town—an army of women! Gabrielle de Laval commanded these modern amazons, and Claire her niece carried the banner of the new Thermodon. At this sight the besieged raised a shout of reanimation, which struck terror into the Spaniards and lansquenets on the heights of Lazeret and of St. Victor; and afterwards, when the assault was made, the constable found the whole town in the breach: youths, women, and old men, a living rampart covered the ruins of the bastions; and Marseilles cried victoriously to her enemies, as God to the sea: "Thou shalt come no farther."

Five days after this, the marriage of Victor Vivaux and Claire de Laval was celebrated at the Maison Phenicienne. Steward Bousquie did not require any other reward than an invitation to the wedding. As for M. Beauregard, he swore never to touch a single stone of the ancient house, and to bequeath it, to his children, with its *vernis seculaire*, its double roof, its flight of steps, its vine arbours—just, in short, as it stood in the midst of the reeds, as a miraculous refuge, which was a means of saving two heroic women in a most terrible night.

It might have seemed as if all that had passed had been only a dream, had there not remained in the middle of the front roof a little place where the tiles had given way under the feet of Captain Geronimo.

Now, if our opinion is required as to the authenticity of this document, through which the Maison Phenicienne was saved from the destruction which threatened it, we confess that we strongly suspect our friend Méry of being its author, and of having concealed it, with a pious deceit, in M. Morel's residence.

THE END.

